TRAVEL & ADVENTURE AND SPORT



FROM

BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE


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Frank W. Mitchell

TRAVEL,

ADVENTURE, AND SPORT

FROM

'Blackwood's Magazine'

VOL. III.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT.

FROM 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

A REINDEER RIDE THROUGH LAPLAND.

BY FREDERICK TAYSEN.

[*MAGA.* AUGUST 1880.]

I.

THERE are few modes of locomotion novel to the literature of the present day. We have had "Walks" innumerable over many continents. "Rides" on all species of animals from the elephant to the donkey have recently become the rage. A volume is almost a necessary sequel to a yachting cruise; and even canoeing has provided us with a small library of its own. If reindeer travelling has been less fully described, it is because it has been

less generally resorted to. But Lapland no longer lies outside the possibilities of the tourist; and we have no doubt that many readers, to whom the experiences which we are about to record will be fresh, may be tempted on their own account to essay a tour by reindeer within the Arctic Circle; while others, less ambitious to be thought venturesome, may be pleased to have an opportunity of acquiring some information at second hand upon the subject.

At seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 16th March 1879, we left Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, by the little steamer Robert, bound for the inner reaches of the beautiful Alten Fjord. Our party consisted of four: the *amtmand*[1] of Finmarken and his son, the *forstmester*, and myself. Our immediate destination was Bosekop, where we expected to meet our Lapp guides with their reindeer, to take us over the fjeld to Vadsoe on the Varanger Fjord, fully three hundred miles away.

The weather was anything but propitious. Thick lowering clouds were gathering in the south-east, and everything seemed to threaten that in a very short time a severe snowstorm would fall upon us. This in itself would have been of no consequence had it not been that it would, firstly, hinder us from seeing the splendid rock-formations of Alten, and secondly,

[1] The office of *amtmand* corresponds to that of high sheriff or lord-lieutenant in this country, though the functionary most nearly resembling him is the French *préfet*.

greatly impede our progress through the country later on.

For a considerable distance beyond Hammerfest the scenery is very uniform, and not at all striking. Black or grey cliffs rise precipitously from the sea, without a particle of visible vegetation upon them, and even the very wildness and desolation of the scene, though at first impressive, ceased to have novelty, and at length became positively depressing. No number of jagged peaks and curiously narrow sounds and fjords can compensate for the absence of colour and life in the landscape. Still there was much to attract one's attention. In particular, the different old shore-marks on the cliffs were very interesting. The highest of these was over 100 feet above the present water-level; and two or three other distinct lines just like terraces were visible almost the whole length of the fjord. It is still an open question among scientific men whether these ancient sea-margin marks have been caused by a sinking of the waters or by an upheaval of the land. To me the latter supposition seemed the more tenable, as the irregularity of the lines, now dipping 10 feet, and then rising again, seem to point to the conclusion that such was their origin; for had they been caused by the sea-level falling, the lines would have been of equal height throughout.

All observation, however, speedily became impossible, as the long-threatened storm at last burst upon

us, and in a short time even the coast, only a few yards off, became but a mere dim outline. The storm continued till four o'clock. At that hour we passed a headland on one side of which all was dark and gloomy, with snow falling rapidly, while on the other side the sun was shining in all its splendour, and not a cloud was to be seen. Even behind, from where we had just come, there was not a cloud visible in the sky, but the snow lay like a fog-bank on the sea, forming a wall fifty or sixty yards high, above which the clear sky was visible. The scene before us was lovely. A calm expanse of sunlit water with a background of wooded hills was gradually succeeded in the distance by high, pure white mountains, still and serene. The sun was now sinking, and the ripples on the surface of the water shone like molten gold, while the white crests of the hills assumed a crimson glow, contrasting magnificently with their snowy drapery. In spite of the beauty of sun, mountains, and fjord, however, we could not help feeling the severe cold, which already, early in the afternoon, was about 20° to 25° of frost, though it is true that the calmness of the air caused it to be much less perceptible than might have been expected.

On the quay at Bosekop we found almost the whole population waiting to receive us, and among them were our Lapp drivers, who had come down from the fjeld the previous evening to meet us.

They had left their reindeer in the wood close to the town, as these animals, being very timid, do not tolerate the presence or neighbourhood of strange men and beasts, and would consequently, if kept in the town itself, have become utterly unmanageable. It was impossible to escape a slight conversation with the Lapps; but this being got through, we found our way quickly to the hotel, or rather lodging-house, where we were to spend a few hours before starting for the interior. This hotel was a very bad specimen of its kind; the only commendable thing about it was the ventilation, which, however, was entirely uncontrolled, for it came chiefly through holes and fissures in the plank-walls of the building; and ventilation, be it ever so desirable and healthy generally, has decidedly its drawbacks at a temperature of 3° below zero of Fahr., as the thermometer this evening registered.

In order to pass the spare time before our departure, two of us procured snow-shoes, and set off for a walk to Bugten, lying on the other side of a pretty thickly wooded and high peninsula north of Bosekop. We covered the distance to Bugten in a very short time, and on our arrival were much struck by the wonderful size and beauty of the trees about the place. Some Scotch firs we computed to be fully sixty feet high; while we were told that the birch in some few cases attains a height of fifty feet in this neighbourhood. Returning by another road, we

passed the place of execution of three Lapps, who, with others, had been found guilty of the murder of several people in Kautokino some years ago,—in an outbreak of religious fanaticism, it is said; but this, I think, must have been but a pretext. The real object must have been plunder, as every Lapp I saw was utterly indifferent to religion. One of the criminals pretended that his head could not be taken off; and, strangely enough, the executioner failed twice to make any impression on the neck of the condemned man, until the priest, who was present, reminded him of the ancient Norwegian law which decrees that, if an executioner fail three times, he himself shall be placed in the stead of the felon. This remark nerving the man, he made a desperate effort, and succeeded. On the priest telling another of the fellows that he had the "brand of Cain" upon him, he cleverly retorted in the words of the text, "Ah, the Lord set a mark upon Cain, *lest* any finding him should kill him!"

Twice a year a great fair is held in Bosekop, at which the Lapps obtain a good and ready market for their produce, consisting chiefly of reindeer articles and ptarmigan. This market or fair is largely attended by the traders of the neighbouring towns, and even Throndhjem firms send their representatives to make purchases, and to dispose of articles of finery to the nomads. The chief staple is, however, brandy, and the method of dealing generally barter. The

nomads are wonderfully sharp at a bargain, and are quite capable of taking charge of their own interests. But of them more hereafter.

It being our last evening in a civilised place for some days to come, we spent it at the hotel, retiring to rest early, in order to be able to rise in good time on the morrow, when our interesting journey was to commence. Our Lapps did not fail to pay us a visit, and were not at all backward in suggesting that a "tram" of *jugasta* (brandy) would be very agreeable in such cold weather.

At the appointed hour our *wapooses* (as the Lapp guides are called) arrived with their reindeer, and after getting Kari (the goodwife) to stuff our reindeer-skin boots well with a sort of dried grass, called *senne*, we donned our travelling costumes, which I must describe. You keep on your ordinary habit, and over that you generally put a thick woollen jersey or Shetland jacket. You next put on a pair of small skin-boots, and cover these again with huge wellingtons, also of reindeer-skin, reaching far above the knee. These being properly tied and fastened, you attire yourself in the chief garment of the whole, which is the blouse or *pesk*. This is open only at the foot and neck, and has a very high collar. On getting into it you must of course creep from below, which is decidedly an uncomfortable and difficult operation when you are not accustomed to it; and I, for my part, would never have succeeded in getting through had

not some one come to my assistance, and discovered that the neck was as yet tied, thus effectually hindering all my desperate attempts to emerge into the open air again. On escaping from my temporary confinement, I had next to allow a curious-shaped bonnet or hat of cloth, filled with eider-down, to be put upon my head; and after this it only wanted the huge reindeer-skin gauntlets to completely transform me into an aborigine of the country. As a reserve we also were provided with a tippet or collar of bear-skin, which, however, would only be of service in case a storm or snow-fog should arise. Nor did we omit to take with us a good-sized flask of cognac, and also a pair of blue spectacles,—these latter for the purpose of preserving our eyes from the glare of the snow. As may be imagined, it is exceedingly difficult to move about freely in this voluminous costume; and it was with a feeling of relief that we heard the *wapooses* give the word to take our places in our boat-shaped sleighs, called *poolks*. To a stranger these *poolks* at first sight seem awkward conveyances. They are constructed without runners, and have a keel from 3 to 5 inches wide, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch high. Made entirely of wood, pointed in front, and gradually becoming broader behind, they are very light and easily drawn. For one who has never sat in them before, it is almost impossible to preserve equilibrium; and the arms have constant employment to keep one from upsetting. M. Regnard, who travelled

in Lapland towards the end of the seventeenth century, says: "A Lapp sledge is called a *poolk*, and is elevated in front to keep out the snow. The prow consists of one plank, and the body is composed of several pieces sewed together with strong reindeer-sinews, and without a single nail. This is joined to another piece about four fingers broad, which goes beyond the rest of the structure, and is exactly like the keel of a ship. It is on this that the sledge runs, and from its narrowness constantly rolls from side to side. The traveller sits inside as in a coffin, with the lower part of his body covered, and being firmly tied there, with only his hands free in order to hold the rein. He must balance himself very carefully lest he should be killed, as the sledge descends the steepest hills with horrible swiftness." Though the traveller makes some mistake with regard to being tied up in the sledge, he is quite correct in the latter part of the quotation, as I soon found before I had proceeded many miles.

With the exception of one of the party, we were all greenhorns, and were therefore not permitted to drive alone, but were put in "leading-strings." Our reindeer was tied to the *poolks* in front, while another animal tied behind us acted as a kind of stop, and served also to assist in keeping a fair balance. It was, therefore, not exactly with *éclat* that our cavalcade of fifteen deer left Bosekop, setting off at a hard gallop towards the wilds we were to traverse. Even

with our balancing reindeer, it was desperately difficult to keep from capsizing; and as, from the number of trees and stones in the way at the beginning, it was dangerous to put out the arm, the *poolk* was as often uppermost as undermost. I, for my part, caught myself inwardly cursing my folly in having suffered myself to be inveigled into taking part in such a journey; and I began to heartily wish myself back in my old quarters at Bosekop. Some consolation, however, there was in the fact that I would be sure to find a surgeon only 150 miles further on, which was a guarantee that mortification of any possible wounds would *not* have had time to set in before obtaining medical aid.

After having driven pretty evenly for about seven miles, we came to the limits of civilisation in the shape of the last hut between Bosekop and Karasjok. Here several of us received the information from our *wapoos* that henceforth we were to drive alone; and before we were able to protest, the single rein was cast round and round our hand, and we were left to our fate. Being entirely ignorant what to do, I trusted wholly to Providence and my deer, and without daring to tighten the rein, allowed the animal to take its own way, which it did very properly and calmly.

The *forstmester* was not so fortunate. He had received a fast and very hot-headed brute, which, immediately on discovering that it had an extra load

to drag, commenced to gallop round and round in a small circle, very soon upsetting the *poolk*, and leaving its occupant ignominiously sprawling on the snow. After a good deal of struggling and hard work he regained his seat; and as the rest of us had by this time fairly started and were already some distance off, the deer set out to rejoin his fellows, and was soon trotting quietly enough in the rear of us all, only, however, to repeat its cantrips several times later on.

With the exception of this little *contretemps*, the start was successfully accomplished, and now we had time to examine the country. Hitherto, we had driven through a beautifully wooded valley, evidently a former riparian lake, as the shore-marks on the neighbouring heights seemed to indicate. Gradually, however, trees became fewer and fewer, and soon in front of us and on both sides we saw nothing but a wild waste of snow, stretching many miles away to the south-east, in which direction our course lay. Here the glare of the sun on the snow rendered it necessary for us to put on our coloured spectacles. Strangely enough, though the heat of the sun seemed to be considerable, it did not in the slightest degree affect the snow.

Up to this time the weather had been delightful, and even warm—at least so it seemed to us; while our faces were tanned by the sun much more than would have been the case in a southern latitude

during the same space of time. But now, snow-clouds began to gather on the western horizon, and as we accidentally came upon a patch of ground where reindeer-moss (the only food of these animals in winter) abounded, the *wapooses* thought it best to rest and feed a little before the threatening storm commenced. The deer were then cast loose and allowed to follow their inclinations. One would think it rather a risky proceeding to set half-tamed animals at liberty in the midst of such a large tract of ground as that we now were on; but it is very seldom that any attempt to escape; for their instinct would seem to tell them, that without man to assist and protect them, they would speedily fall a prey to the numerous wolves which infest Finmarken. When the time came to resume our journey, I felt curious to see how our Lapps would recapture the deer, which had now strayed to a considerable distance. The three *wapooses* walked in a most *nonchalant* manner slowly forward at an angle to where the deer were quietly browsing, and then gradually working their way round so as to get behind them, they gently take hold of any rein trailing on the ground, and having caught one, the capture of the rest is easily accomplished. Each *wapoos* had under his or her charge five deer; and except on these five animals they did not bestow a thought, leaving the others to each capture his own individual five as best he could. Even the old *wapoos*, Nilas by name, did not offer to

assist his better half, nor did she seem to expect such help. The animals having been speedily got in order, the next thing was to harness them, which is done in this fashion: The deer has a skin-collar round its shoulders, to which is fastened a long strap, also of untanned skin, which going between the legs of the animal, is tied to a ring at the prow of the *poolk*. The single rein with which we drive is made fast to the left side of the head, and is held in the right hand. In steering, you must, if you wish to turn to the right, cast the rein over to the right shoulder of the animal, and pull or rather tug a little. If you wish to go faster, you can strike with the rein on the animal's sides and back; though if you have a wild brute this is rather dangerous, as it on being struck becomes utterly unmanageable, and therefore it is generally quite sufficient to raise the left hand as if for a blow, which will cause the deer to rush off smartly enough.

The moment the foremost deer starts all the others follow in a long line, winding in and out according as the leader's tracks go. All deer cannot be induced to lead the way; in fact very many are trained to follow only, as they then become much more easily managed as baggage-deer. Over all Finmarken, and in fact all Lapland, one never sees two deer harnessed together or with proper gear. In this respect the Samoyedes are far more practical, and not only do they bring the animal to the same state of subjection as the horse

with us, but they use entire bucks for domestic purposes,—an unheard-of thing in Lapland, where even does are considered as too spirited to be safely used.

But to come back from this digression to our journey. To avoid accidents it had been arranged that the baggage-drivers should keep the rear, and on no account pass those who, though driving alone, were entirely inexperienced, and who therefore, in case of bad weather, ran a certain amount of risk of losing themselves. By this time a raging snowstorm had commenced, and the cold was severe, the thermometer being only 5° or 6° above zero. The flakes of snow cut our faces as if they had been needles. Worst of all, our cheeks took on a coating of ice and perfectly blinded most of us, the hollows of our eyes being entirely filled with frozen snow. At first I attempted to pick this away, but soon found that that was impossible, as it would not come away without the skin or flesh coming to. In spite of all my endeavours to keep ahead, every one of the baggage-deer and *wapooses* had now passed me, and I at last found myself in the midst of a wild snowstorm, with daylight almost gone, alone and semi-blind in the centre of a wide desert. All sorts of disagreeable visions rose up before me: tales of the many who had disappeared for ever on the fjeld; of others whose glistening bones were discovered to view by returning spring; rumours of the large hordes of wolves at present in the neigh-

bourhood; and lastly, fear of frost-bite, all combined to make me feel very uncomfortable. There was, however, "balm in Gilead," and noticing how contentedly my reindeer jogged along, following a track invisible to me, I felt somewhat reassured. Still, during the half-hour which followed, I often almost despaired of coming up with the others again. At last, however, the welcome sound of a dog's bark fell on my ear, my deer quickened its steps, and in a short time I was in the midst of my friends at the first fjeld-station, named Jotka Javre. My non-arrival had caused them some anxiety; for, as I had conjectured, my absence, owing to the darkness and snow, had not been noticed until they all arrived at the station, and they consequently could not know how far behind I might be. Had we not been so near the *fjeld-stué* when the storm came on, the consequences to me might have been disastrous. Naturally, after such a long day's work, we were very hungry, and viewed with satisfaction the preparations made for our refreshment. Never do I remember having partaken of food which I relished so well as in that humble *stué*. And then, what more agreeable drink than hot steaming cognac-toddy to serve as a night-cap to the weary traveller before retiring to rest? Owing to the cold the cognac seemed quite weak; and enormous quantities were consumed that evening, and continued to be consumed every evening during the trip.

The station we now found ourselves in was a very agreeable and cosy little place. Everything was clean and nice; our beds were simply shelves covered with dry birch-sprays, upon which were laid a reindeer-skin or two. This formed a comfortable, though very hard couch, which was most assuredly very welcome after a day's exertions in a *poolk*, where the bones suffer so much from the continual jolting. Well, to these birch couches we retired after our snug supper, well tired-out by our drive, but not forgetting to first take a look at the weather outside, so as to have some idea of our next day's probable trials. Though the snow was not now falling so thickly, it was still with gloomy forebodings that we laid ourselves down, and were soon in the arms of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." While the others are sleeping, it may be interesting to tell a little of the *fjeld-stué* and its inhabitants.

Situated between two somewhat extensive lakes, separated only by a very narrow strip of ground, this station is exactly thirty miles from the nearest house on one side, and fifty-six to sixty miles on the other, the country between being untraversed by regular roads, so that the distance is much more formidable than the mileage would seem to indicate. Jotka Javre, in common with the other *fjeld-stués*, was erected by Government some years ago, and the keeper is salaried by the State. As it is very difficult to get the soil to yield anything so far north,

the keepers of such places have much difficulty in making both ends meet, and they have often to endure great privations; in fact, should ptarmigan any season fail to visit the neighbourhood, their existence becomes very precarious indeed. This year only six of these birds had been snared there, and the family had suffered in consequence.

The lakes on either side of the station are full of pike, causing, of course, a scarcity of other fish; but as the people never eat pike (why, or for what reason, I could not make out), their fishery is of little value. The salary of the keeper was 320 *kroners*, or about £18 sterling; and this, added to the payments from strangers or visitors on stray occasions, made up the *fjeld-stué* keeper's annual receipts, out of which he had to provide for a family of a wife and six small children. With tears in his eyes he begged for a rise of salary; and the *amtmand* promising to recommend an increase to Government, made the poor fellow very happy. I had a little conversation with the man, and heard from him, with what truth I know not, that the climate is annually becoming more severe. He showed me patches of ground on which he alleged he formerly had grown barley with considerable success; but even potatoes would hardly grow on it now. From other sources I later on heard the same opinion expressed; and, in fact, from my own observations, I have almost come to the same conclusion.

At Jotka Javre there was no reindeer-moss, and it was therefore necessary, in order properly to prepare the deer for the long distance on the morrow, to take them some way off where moss was plentiful; but as it was impossible, owing to the number of wolves in the district, to leave the animals unguarded all night, the *wapooses* went out and slept on the snow-covered ground beside them. That the wolves were in great force was evident from the fact that a large pack had remained outside the house for a long time the evening before our arrival. They never venture so near except when in great numbers, and when half mad with hunger. Of course the Lapps had to get a good strengthener in the shape of *jugasta*, or brandy, before leaving, and another to recruit their benumbed bodies on returning. With regard to the brandy they consume the quantity is absolutely incredible. A quart daily is the common amount, and even this large *quantum* is often exceeded under trying circumstances. However, if we take into account the severe cold and the consequent weakness of the spirits, this is by no means so astonishing as it would seem at first sight.

We were awakened in the morning by our *wapooses* presenting themselves for their usual morning dram, at the same time hinting that an early start would be agreeable. Accordingly, after swallowing an extempore and hasty breakfast, and donning our garments of martyrdom, we set out in the best of

spirits. Contrary to the most sanguine expectations, the weather was delightful. The sun, just above the horizon, already at that early hour gladdened us by his warmth; while the stillness of the clear and pure air was exceedingly pleasant. Just as we were about to step into our *poolks*, one of our party gave vent to an exclamation, and pointed to the snow-clad lake before us. Yes, there far off was a dark moving line which, soon coming nearer, proved to be, as of course anticipated, another *raydn*, or train of *poolks*. We were all impatient to find out whether this *raydn* came from Kautokino or Karasjok, and were much disappointed to hear that it had started from the former place. Had it come from Karasjok we would have had a road or track (*spoor*) to follow the whole way, which would greatly have lightened our labour. Even as it was, we had cause to be grateful to the Lapp in charge of the *cortège* for setting out so soon, as by following his *spoor* which lay in our direction for more than seven miles, we would be saved much time and trouble.

The Kautokino Lapp differs from him of Karasjok considerably. For instance, the former drives his reindeer with the help of a long stick, which is never done by one from Karasjok; the latter also never takes a dog with him when on business excursions, while the former is never without one.

But to return to ourselves. After allowing the other *raydn* to pass, we also started. Our deer

having had a good night's rest and plenty of food, kept up a good pace; and as the state of the snow was just all that could be desired, we were sure of a quick and pleasant day's journey. Our way lay through a long and continuous chain of lakes, and was decidedly monotonous; not a tree, not a bush, not a living thing in sight to relieve the dreariness and dulness of that endless waste. Far, far away in the distance, rose a low ridge of hills, stretching completely across the horizon; this range formed the watershed of the district, and we had, consequently, until reaching it, almost entirely uphill work, but had, of course, the satisfaction of knowing that we should go quickly enough downhill after we had once attained the summit. Still, before coming to the real ascent, we had many miles of lake to traverse. The road across these large waters is marked out by branches of birch placed on the ice at regular intervals. The labour of setting up these way-marks every winter falls on the occupants of the *fjeld-stué*, and is by no means without its risks. For example, as the largest lake is seven or eight miles long and about the same breadth, it is no small matter to be in the middle of this large tract in a snowstorm or a fog.

As before mentioned, the deer I had was a staid and sensible animal, but withal too slow for my taste; and so, noticing that I was gradually falling behind as usual, I insisted on a change at the next stoppage. My *wapoos* did not like this, but he put on an inno-

cent look and agreed to my wishes. He selected from out of his group of five deer the most quiet-looking and solemn, and harnessing it delivered the reins to me. Hardly had I seated myself before the beast began dancing about, now on his fore-legs, now on his hind-legs, sometimes even rolling over and over in the snow. I took in the situation. In order to "pay me off" for occasioning him some trouble in changing my deer, the *wapoos* had given me a wild, or at least only a partly trained animal. However, I would not be beaten, and accordingly kept my seat, allowing the brute to race round and round with me in its wake. I held on as if "for dear life." At last an unexpected thing happened to me. My deer, suddenly leaving off galloping in a circle, made a dash for the centre of our cavalcade, jumping over the packing *poolks*, and finally over the unfortunate *amtmand*, who, with arms and legs outstretched, gasped for breath on coming from under the panting deer. After this escapade it was useless to attempt managing it alone; and so, in spite of my protestations, I was tied fast to the other *poolks* and was in this ignominious fashion dragged several miles, decidedly thankful when I was again allowed to get back my old steady-going jog-trot beast.

After six hours we came to the ruins of what had formerly been a *fjeld-stué*, having accomplished half our day's distance, though by far the tougher part was that before us. This *fjeld-stué*, Malasjok, was

supposed to be uninhabited, but we found a Lapp there who had passed the whole winter snaring ptarmigan, of which he had about 120. How any mortal could exist in such a place without a single companion, not even a dog, throughout the long and dark winter months, is extraordinary. Without any intellectual pursuit to occupy him indoors, and subsisting entirely on ptarmigan, without even a morsel of bread the whole time, his life must have been frightful; but so little was the man removed from the brute beast, that he showed not the slightest sign of pleasure at seeing a human face again.

Quickly getting ready a cold lunch and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, we were soon equal to attempting the remaining thirty miles before us. Strangely enough there was a stream of running water close to the hut, and we were informed that it never froze, even in the coldest weather, though the lake from which it flows is frozen seven months of the year. As there was no rapid fall, this circumstance was inexplicable to us, the more so as the water was not perceptibly warmer than the snow and ice around it.

The man who had lived there during the winter begged to be allowed to tie his *poolk* to one of our spare deer (he having none), while he himself accompanied us on snow-shoes; and as he seemed to be very anxious to leave Malasjok, we consented, stipulating, however, for a payment of twelve ptarmigan. Being uncommonly thick-headed even for a Lapp, he

took this proposal seriously, and was evidently very much annoyed at what he considered our stinginess. Still there was nothing for him but to agree to this bargain, which he did with a very bad grace.

Though still early in the day the cold was very severe, and it was with some misgiving that I occasionally touched my nose and chin to find out if these were yet intact, or if, as sometimes happens, they had, unknown to me, dropped off by the way. However, as yet no such calamity occurred. With the sun shining in cloudless splendour behind us, we now faced the hills, and after several hours of very rough work reached the summit. It was now afternoon, and the sun cast a glorious red glow over the whole fjeld, causing it to appear as if dyed with blood.

One disagreeable and curious result of the clear weather and strong sunshine was the absolute disappearance, if I may call it, of perspective. Looking before you, you would perhaps see what seemed to be a very high hill looming a great distance in front of you, which, however, in a very short time, turned out to be a small hillock a few yards away. It was on this line of march that we encountered our first sharp descent, which I shall here describe. We had been going slowly uphill, when suddenly I noticed the leading deer and *poolk* disappear as if into a hole; the same occurred to all the others before me, and, on my turn coming, I held fast to my place, expecting

a pit or something of that sort. However, it was only a momentary movement; for before I could realise the situation, I found myself flying downhill, at the heels of my deer, at a tremendous rate; and not being accustomed to such rapid motion, I soon flew out of the *poolk*, and was dragged on my face down the remainder of the declivity, with the *poolk* sometimes lying on me, and sometimes entangled about the deer's legs, and without doubt both *poolk* and deer entirely out of my control. On reaching the foot of the hill I found the others waiting for me, and ascertained that I was not the only one who had preferred to change his mode of travelling in order to relieve the back a little. The others praised me for having kept a hold of my brute, and for not slipping the rein. I cannot, however, say that this praise was exactly deserved, as it certainly was not my fault that the knot by which I had fastened the rein to my hand refused to undo itself.

After several such episodes (for we were now, as before mentioned, on the downhill track) we, at eight o'clock, arrived at our resting-place, having travelled about sixty miles that day, the way being chiefly uphill. Including stoppages and dinner-time, this distance took us about thirteen hours, which must be considered pretty fair, if we take into consideration the travelling already accomplished by the animals.

The country during the last mile or two had en-

tirely changed its aspect, and we were now in the midst of a well-wooded tract, which was a welcome change after the desert we had just passed through. Shortly before arriving at the station I felt a curious numb sensation on my chin, and on mentioning this, it was found, after examination, to be frost-bitten. Though but slight it was very disagreeable, itching fearfully the whole night. I am informed—and I up till now experience the truth of the statement —that the effects will continue for many years, especially showing themselves during every extreme of heat or cold. Half an hour after our arrival, the Lapp who had set out from Malasjok on snow-shoes along with us, arrived, seemingly not at all fatigued by his thirty-mile walk.

Ravna-stuen, the station, was kept by a poor widow, with a large young family, and only 200 *kroners*, about £11, a-year of salary. She did not possess that virtue of virtues—cleanliness; in fact, the dirt and squalor of her family and her house were such that we could not bring ourselves to allow her to cook anything for us: and so we contented ourselves with our tinned foods and a steaming glass of the "cratur." The warmth within effectually kept away the cold without, though that was not insignificant, for that evening there was $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Reaumur of frost, equal to from 34° to 36° below the zero of Fahrenheit; but a few degrees more and the mercury in the glass would have been frozen.

As a number of Lapps were at the time staying at Ravna, we took the opportunity of inspecting the apartment where they all "herded" together. In a large but rather low room, with walls and roof of rough-hewn planks, and with beams stretching from wall to wall in every direction, were assembled at least twenty-five persons of all ages and both sexes. Most of them had taken off their skin blouses, and hung them on the rafters near a huge wood-fire fit to roast an ox at. The half-stewed garments and the steam from the dirty persons of those in front of the fire, caused a most unsavoury odour, which tempted us to make our stay as short as possible. All round the apartment, except near the door, were ranged the sleeping-shelves, the major part of which were already occupied,—men, women, and children, all indiscriminately mingled together, not distinguishable to the unpractised eye the one from the other, and appearing like nothing else than mere animated bundles of fur. From the group congregated round the fire no cheerful laugh, no buzz of conversation, no noisy merriment, emanated—all were silent and still; perhaps they did not wish to disturb the sleepers; but judging from their solemn and lugubrious countenances, their gloominess seemed but too natural, and very far from assumed or constrained. Well, in the joyless and monotonous life those poor people lead, it is not surprising that all innate merriment about them is soon stifled.

The close and disagreeable atmosphere soon drove us from the room, but it took some time to dispel the unconquerable feeling of melancholy which the visit had engendered.

On our reindeer-skin couches, and covered with rugs and furs, it was not long before we were utterly oblivious of all around us, though the dead silence outside was occasionally broken by the stamp or bleat of the deer, or the shrill cry of their watchers, which, under ordinary circumstances, could not fail to have aroused us. Thus passed gradually our second night on the fjeld.

Refreshed by our healthful sleep, we walked out into the beautiful morning. Heedless of the cold, we watched the sparkling ice-crystals as they floated like gossamer on the rarefied air, slowly covering us with a thin layer like sparkling brilliants. In spite, however, of the poetry of our surroundings, the lower nature, strong in all of us, began to assert itself, and the welcome smell of coffee led us into the hut, where it and hot rolls formed, to our hungry palates, an unsurpassable breakfast.

We had now only about thirty miles between us and the fjeld town we were to visit, and as the road lay chiefly downhill, we anticipated covering the distance in about four hours. There is little to relate of this day's journey. The weather was cold but delightful. The *före* (that is, the state of the way) was all that could be desired. A few miles

from the station we passed our friend the Lapp from Malasjok, who, in company with the widow from Ravna, continued his journey to Karasjok on snow-shoes.

The country about us was thickly covered with trees, and seemed likely to afford good pasturage in summer. The *forstmester*, however, was much alarmed to observe that a great number of the best trees were dead or in a state of decay. The reason probably was, as he stated, the excessive heat of the previous summer, accompanied by a long-continued drought; on the other hand, the Lapps maintained that this general destruction of timber arose from the very low temperature of the winter, which here, as over the rest of Europe, was unusually severe in 1878-79. But the *forstmester* held that the effects of this year's cold could not already be visible, and therefore adhered to his former opinion. As the district over which he presides contains about 200 square miles of forest, besides many square miles of scattered woods, it can easily be imagined that the damage done is not inconsiderable.

But to continue. We now came to the worst part of the whole route—viz., the last few miles to Karasjok. The road ran through a thick wood and had evidently been pretty much used lately, for it was furrowed up into deep holes here and there, and for the whole way there was at least a *poolk* track visible. We were, of course, going downhill, and downhill we

did go at a terrific pace; "full gallop" does not adequately express the speed! The deer literally flew, and it was no easy job to keep inside the *poolk*, it being dangerous to use the arms as balancers owing to the number of tree-stumps lying in the path. We were now nearing the long and very steep descent called the "Karasjok bakken," which was the climax of difficulty on the whole route. After reaching the foot of any declivity more than usually abrupt, I asked my friend, "Was that the Karasjok hill?" and always got the answer, "No;" and the next question of course was an anxious inquiry, "Is the Karasjok hill worse than the one we have just come down?" When I was told that the dreaded place was come at last; when I observed the *amtmand* and his son leave their *poolks* and prepare to walk down; and when, lastly, the *wapooses* made extraordinary precautions with the harness and accoutrements of their beasts,—I felt a somewhat sinking sensation at my heart. I must admit that I had a sort of faint hope that the *wapoos* would advise *me* also to get out and walk, which, with seeming reluctance, and with many protestations, I would have done with secret joy. But no. They had eventually overlooked me entirely, or, as I fondly flattered myself, thought me already so good at reindeer-driving as to be quite capable of managing the descent.

Holloa! The *cortège* already now begins to move; the foremost deer disappears over the brow of the hill,

quickly followed by all the rest, their speed enhanced by seeing the figures of those who had got out standing at the side of the road. My turn comes, and with tremendous velocity we sweep down the hill. Here is no talk of trying to regulate the speed. No. Speaking vulgarly, you must simply "go for it." The worst bit comes. The road bends at a sharp angle. The occupant of the *poolk* before me is thrown out, and a like fate seems to threaten me. I hold on to the *poolk* with grim determination, and am hurled right forward, *poolk* and all, as the deer turns the corner; then, for an instant, the *poolk* stops, only immediately to continue its mad race downhill at the heels of the deer. Thus was passed the, in Finmarken, celebrated "Karasjok bakken." Though keeping up a hard pace, all danger is now past, as the declivity leads straight down to the river's bed; and soon, without accident, we are drawn up on the frozen river a mile from Karasjok, which place, all beflagged and adorned in honour of the *amtmand's* visit, we see directly in front of us. When our less adventurous companions come up to us, the word to start is given, and in a short time we find ourselves in the midst of a Lapp crowd, "the cynosure of twice a hundred eyes," in front of the principal house in the place—viz., that of the resident trader. That worthy is of course there to bid us welcome, which he does with an evident sincerity which promises well for our intercourse with him during our sojourn in Karasjok.

Assembled also are the *foged* of the district, the *lensmand* (doctor), *retstolk* or official interpreter, and the sexton, who, with their families and that of the clergyman, form the civilised portion of Karasjok society.

Hastening to disencumber ourselves of our heavy garments, we are soon inside the comfortable house, and have our bedrooms assigned to us. It can be easily imagined that one of the first things we did was to have a right good wash, after which only we felt ourselves fit to sit at a civilised board, and discuss a civilised dinner.

Karasjok, on the river Kara, is a collection of wooden huts, in the midst of which a small church raises its by no means lofty spire. The population is about 400 or 500, and consists almost exclusively of Lapps, the exceptions being the persons before mentioned. At this time of the year the usual half-yearly court is held (the other taking place about midsummer), and the criminal cases that have arisen in the interval are disposed of. Thus it was we found collected in the hamlet many (comparatively speaking) civilised beings. Here was the district doctor, whose *clientèle* hardly equals the number of square miles under his jurisdiction! The *foged* of Tana (the office of *foged* resembles closely that of a *sous-préfet*), and his satellite the interpreter, also for the moment gladdened the place by their presence. Both officials, doctor and lawyer, appear to thrive among the populace. The former has a very profitable practice, sell-

ing, as he does, extremely large quantities of "*pediculæ* destroyer," the fabrication of which can cost him but little. *Pediculæ* is a common everyday thing with the good Lapps, the majority of whom quietly permit its molestations without hindrance. The *foged* administers justice to the community, and acts on the principle that it must be done in small quantities. The only recognised crime here is reindeer-stealing; almost every other departure from the usual moral code—excepting, of course, murder—is quietly overlooked. Let a pair of Lapps half demolish one another: why, the law maintains, and correctly too, that they probably only both get a very salutary thrashing, and consequently no further action is necessary. Let words be uttered which in *this* country would bring the perpetrator within the grasp of the libel laws, *there* they are passed over without notice; for, knowing that they are all equally and alike rascals, what does it signify if, for once, this knowledge is put into words and proclaimed abroad? But let an unfortunate Lapp for one moment forget the difference between *meum* and *tuum* as regards reindeer, and the crime is visited upon him with the utmost rigour of the law.

One, however, can hardly wonder at the enormous amount of deer-stealing that goes on, considering that the brutes are in a more than semi-wild state, and have often but slight marks to distinguish them by. In fact the reiving of deer can be but looked upon in the same light as smuggling was regarded in the old

days, and as poaching now is. The ingenuity expended in the abduction of a deer is often worthy of a better cause, and sometimes borders on the incredible. The quantity of reindeer owned in Karasjok amounts to about 20,000; and in Kautokino about 30,000 is the figure given. Not many years ago the number was nearly double. One old apoplectic toper in Karasjok owned at least 5000 deer, which represents a capital of over £2000 sterling; yet there seemed to be but little attention paid to him—"toadyism" having probably not yet found its way into these regions.

It seemed at first strange to us that several of the natives could speak a little English, but I found out that these had been in London in 1870. These English-speakers were for ever bothering me to give them something or other; the art of begging evidently having been taught them all too well in the London "Zoo" where they had been exhibited.

The present church in Karasjok was erected in 1807; but even before 1750 a church had existed in the place. It is seated for about 200 persons, and is even pretty inside. The best seats are railed off from the body of the church, and are reserved for the Norsk portion of the congregation, while the poor Lapps must worship at a respectful distance.

On the second day of our stay in Karasjok I started, in company with my *wapoos*, to visit a reindeer *by* or town, situated about five or six miles from Karasjok.

The journey had to be accomplished on snow-shoes. The *by* lay up on the brow of a hill rising steeply from the river, and was made up of about 600 to 700 reindeer. The place was somewhat difficult of access owing to the depth of the snow; but after an hour's hard work we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of the deer, who lay in holes in the snow, with nothing but the tips of their antlers visible. The deer that had drawn me from Bosekop lay there among the rest, apparently not a whit the worse for our long trip. There were also several entire deer, that seemed to look twice as majestic as the others; and the *wapoos* cautioned me against disturbing or irritating these, for were a fit of rage to come over them they would not hesitate an instant to attack us. Altogether the *by* was a curious and interesting sight, from which I found it difficult to tear myself away.

Of all the bodily exercises I know of, there is none, in my opinion, that can come up to snow-shoeing as it is done in Norway. Skating is nothing compared to this sport. What can equal the splendid sensation of flying across the deep snow at the rate of many miles an hour, without hardly moving a muscle? And then, going downhill, staff in hand, no exertion necessary, other than to keep the balance, while gliding softly but swiftly onward. Unlike the Canadian snow-shoes, these *ski* (pronounced *shēē*) of the Norwegians are often fully twelve feet long, curving upwards at the prow, and are not broader than three

to four inches. Throughout their whole length they are provided with a groove for the purpose of keeping them from slipping when going at an angle downhill. Although by no means slow when used across level ground, it is yet downhill that they are most effective, for their long length and their polished under-surface on the frozen snow cause a speed more like flying than any other motion I know of. The inhabitants of Telemarken, in the south of Norway, are the most efficient *ski* runners; and at the annual competitions at Christiania, generally bear off the prizes. At the competition there in 1879, one of these men leaped, according to a local newspaper, a distance of thirty Norwegian *alen*, or fully sixty feet! Into this country it will not be possible to introduce them, as of course there would be little or no opportunity for using them—the snow never lying long enough, or becoming sufficiently deep.[1]

Karasjok, among other things, also contains a prison, which when I visited it was tenanted by two poor deer-stealers, whose extradition had been demanded by the Swedish authorities. Though nominally prisoners, they seemed to do pretty much as they liked, as they left the prison whenever they had occasion to do so. On my inquiring how this state of affairs was permitted, I was informed that

[1] Since the above was written I have worn my pair several times in Britain, and found them to do very well, although the snow was only about two or three inches deep.

these men could not possibly get away from the place even if they tried, which was unlikely; as, being Swedish Lapps, and without friends to procure reindeer and *poolk* for them, they would have been entirely helpless had they even succeeded in getting out into the waste. I further learned that these two gentlemen were to be our travelling companions on the following day, accompanied by their keepers, who were to deliver them to the authorities further down the river.

It was with great regret that I left Karasjok, as I had met with much kindness from its inhabitants. Any information I had desired had always been readily accorded me; and on leaving the house of good Mr Fandrem, the trader, he refused all remuneration for my board and lodging. Mr Fandrem was a very interesting old man, and had been presented by the king with a gold medal "pour le mérite civile." His time is divided between his establishment at Karasjok and his summer residence at Komag Fjord, a minor inlet in the great Alten Fjord. At the latter place Mr Chambers, of the well-known journal of that name, had once spent some time with him, and he still looked back to that time with pleasure.

From him I got much information about the social and moral condition of the people, who, it seems, must be placed very low indeed in the human scale. They have no recognised head-man or chief; and

their priests have also but little influence over them. This, however, is not at all strange, for these priests are of a different race, and all feel more or less the habitual Norwegian contempt for the Lapps. The clergy in these regions always live in hope that their ministrations may speedily be rewarded by a living in the south of Norway. They consequently regard their stay in Finmarken merely as a *temporary* hardship, but in reality they exist in thought and sympathy far away from the poor Lapps. Of course there are exceptions, but these are few and far between. As a rule, the clergy are represented in Finmarken by young inexperienced men, who—perhaps from pecuniary considerations, perhaps with a view to serving their apprenticeship in their profession among a people whose powers of criticism are of the lowest,—consent to be, what they consider, buried alive, until the end they have in view be accomplished. Under these circumstances the relations between priest and people are very slender and precarious; and between want of trust and faith on one side, caused by want of sympathy on the other, the Gospel is preached to unwilling ears; and thus, except in name and outwardly, the natives are as far from Christianity as ever.

The moral condition of the Lapps is, as before stated, very low. Conjugal faithfulness is known, but left unpractised; and intercourse between the sexes is on the freest footing. This is, of course,

prejudicial to the long continuance of the Lapp race, which, already now dwindling, will, it is feared, before many years have rolled on, be a thing of the past. Another reason favouring the supposition that the Lapps are doomed to early extinction — the usual fate of nomads, or those who try to stem the great tide of civilisation—is, that the Quæns, or natives of Russian Finland, are now already supplanting them everywhere. The Quæns, who mainly compose the population of the towns on the east and north coasts of Norway, are hard-working and more intelligent, and also much better adapted for the higher branches of manual labour than their Lapp neighbours, who never will, and never can, be anything else than nomads. By no means unconnected with the decline of the race, is the failure, or rather difficulty, of obtaining sufficient reindeer-moss during the winter (Lapp and reindeer are so identified that it is impossible to separate the two). Formerly the deer were marched into Russian territory, and there suffered to feed at will; but the Russian nomads, thinking their rights violated, obtained a law forbidding the crossing of the frontier, under pain of destruction of the herds transgressing. And one of the first results of this was, that a sort of reign of terror was established on the frontier, with mutual recrimination and slaughtering of herds. One poor Norsk Lapp had strayed inside the frontier a few hundred yards, and was then surprised and forced to

witness the slaughter of 500 deer—his all; and he was thus reduced by one fell stroke from comparative affluence to poverty. Many such instances occur; and though it may be apparently reasonable and even lawful to take such stringent measures, yet, taking into account the extreme length and unguardedness of the frontier, and the consequent temptation to transgress which must come to a man whose moral sense, on account of his training, is not of the highest, and who knows that one thin imaginary line is all that divides him and his hungry herds from the richest pastures,—taking all this into account, one cannot help sympathising with the Norwegians, and feeling that the Russian lawgivers might have made some regulation more suitable to the race and country for which it was intended.

Thus it is but too certain that the Lapps are doomed. Without religion, without art, without a single higher or noble attribute, living merely for the day, and not looking beyond it, how can they long continue to block the way for more able workers in this earthly beehive? Further to the north they cannot get, and, therefore, silently and slowly they will disappear, and vanish for ever from among the peoples of the earth, leaving no mark behind them, and no sign to show that they have been.

II.

On a lovely morning, the 22d of March, we started in excellent spirits and with light hearts on our expedition down the river to Vadsoe, or rather to the last stopping-place before leaving the river, and going overland to Vadsoe.

Our cavalcade was comprised of twenty-two reindeer, each drawing his man; and twenty more deer had left early in the morning with our luggage. The twenty-two *poolks* made a goodly show; and it was thus with great *éclat* that we set forth, each and all madly striving to be first. Our deer were not the same as those that had conveyed us from Bosekop; and those we now had had not been used for many months, so that they were as "fresh as paint." We all rushed madly down the river, whose broad bosom formed a splendid road for us. Being as yet by no means proficient at deer-driving, I urged my beast forward far too strongly at the outset, with the natural result of rendering it slow and spiritless long before any of the others showed even the slightest symptom of fatigue.

I forgot to mention that the *beau élite* of Karasjok had accompanied us one Norsk mile (seven English) on our way down-stream, and before leaving us we had, of course, a stirrup-cup from them. The provider of this (the deputy *lensmand*, and a Lapp)

produced a bottle, marked "fine old port," with an almost antediluvian date, and proceeded forthwith to distribute the nectar unsparingly among us travellers. Never shall I forget that awful mixture. Thinking to escape a second supply, I urged him to fill the *glass*—there was only one—up to the brim every time,—but no! He was not going to act as a common peasant, but would do what Norwegian etiquette demands—viz., only fill it half full; so there was nothing left but to swallow the medicinal decoction with as good a grace as possible, and to pray for no evil results. To have refused to take the wine would have been deemed as great an affront to the Lapp as to refuse bread and salt from a Russian, or betel from a Burmese.

After the departure of the good Karasjokians, we made for *terra firma*, and pushed rapidly on, every one exhilarated by the glorious sunshine and the magnificent scenery around. At Karasjok itself, and for a considerable distance down the river, the *terrain* rises in terraces, very regularly and singularly formed, rather abruptly from the water's edge, and the whole formation seems indubitably to indicate that the surface-level of the river had, on two or three occasions, suddenly been lowered. Not being a geologist, I was unable to determine the nature or period of these revolutions; but I feel convinced that a scientific man would find a boundless field for his researches in that district in the north of Norway lying between Alten Fjord and the Tana river inclusive.

The clean-cut terraces were covered with trees, chiefly Coniferæ. These had now taken the place of the birch which almost entirely predominates on the other side of Karasjok; and though as yet leafless and melancholy-looking, the pines produced a highly picturesque effect, with their sprays and branches crested with pure white snow—such white snow as is never seen elsewhere than in the arctic regions. But, holloa! What's the matter? The foremost Lapp suddenly stops, jumps up and puts his face close to the ground, examining something very carefully. He calls the others towards him, and a short conversation ensues, the result of which is given us by the *forstmester*, who had also joined in the "confab." It seemed that the marks just discovered proved that not ten minutes before our arrival a deer had passed by hotly pursued by a wolf. That the chase was in its last stages was evident from the fact that the deer's strides were so short that the wolf had made use of them to follow in the same footsteps; it was consequently calculated that by following the track for half an hour or so we would be sure to come up to the scene of slaughter. Some eager souls still hoped to be able to save the poor deer, and were for starting at once; but the majority decided that, as we had a pretty long road to travel before reaching our night-quarters, it would be necessary to leave it to its fate, which was accordingly done.

As formerly mentioned, the wolves are the great

scourge of Finmarken, and great depredations are annually committed by them, so much so that a premium of 20 *kroners* (or £1, 2s. 3d.) is set on their head.

Their usual method of procuring, or rather killing, deer, is to make a rush into the midst of a *by*, and to select an individual from out of the crowd in the rush or stampede that follows. This poor animal, once singled out, rarely if ever escapes, as the relentless pursuer never swerves, be he left ever so far behind at the outset; and at last, tired and hungry, the poor creature sinks panting on the snow, which very shortly after is dyed by its life's blood. Sometimes a wolf, out of mere wantonness, will destroy half a herd without eating a single one. This, however, I suppose, is common to all animals of the canine race,—as witness the amount of sheep-worrying in our own country. The premium of 20 *kroners* is, in the opinion of the people, hardly commensurate to the risk and trouble of killing such an animal. The prevailing wish is that the premiums paid for the killing of other beasts and birds of prey should be lowered, and that for wolves at least doubled, in which case it would pay to import weapons, &c., to engage in the common cause against *lupus*, when, it is confidently expected, its depredations would soon be reduced to a bearable figure.

Well, leaving the spot where a tragedy *en miniature* was being enacted, we continued on our way; and after making a short stop for the purpose of feeding the deer and of taking a snack ourselves, we

started again for the river, passing now and again a few huts which were wretched in the extreme. The inhabitants of these mud-pies looked at us in an apathetic sort of way as we passed, and even the dogs barked at us in a solemn, half-hearted sort of style, sometimes not even taking the least notice of our presence.

The river was reached after a rather stiff hill, and the impetus given us in the descent took us a good bit out on its surface; and shortly we reached the spot where we were to pass the night — viz., Seilnæs. There was but one bed in the house, and much as we would have liked to have slept in one, it was thus left without a tenant all night, as each of us, with extreme politeness, and I may say unselfishness, insisted that the others were more entitled to the honour of — being done to death by fleas. During the night a change took place in the weather, which, though still fine, became suddenly disagreeably mild. The frost, of course, still held, but there was more of the English element in it,—*i.e.*, the thermometer standing at 15° to 20° Fahr., or something like 12° to 17° of frost—a considerable difference from the 66° we had so lately experienced. This comparative warmth told upon our reindeer in two ways: firstly, they stopped more frequently to lap the snow; and secondly, the snow being softer, did not support them well, and also retarded the progress of the *poolk* by adhering more easily to its sides.

At this place the first accident occurred. As usual, we all stood each by the side of his conveyance, and then, when the leader gave the signal, stepped back, and as soon as the deer began to run, flung ourselves into the *poolk*. This performance is always attended with some difficulty, not to say danger, as the animals being fresh and lively, rush off the moment one or other makes the faintest move; they generally, also, first indulge in some antics before they can be brought to go quietly.

On this occasion we had all started pretty fairly, and had observed nothing particular, when our attention was drawn to a reindeer, with its empty *poolk*, going full speed up the river, while at the same time the *forstmester* was noticed trying to support himself against a wooden post, and evidently greatly hurt. He stated that, having lost all control over his brute, he had been smashed up against the post while going past it at full gallop. He received the full force of the blow upon his chest; in consequence he expectorated a great quantity of blood, and was unable to move for several hours. As for the deer, it was now long out of sight, closely followed by a *wapoos*, who confidently expected to overtake it in a very short time and bring it back uninjured; but after waiting an hour or so, and neither *wapoos* nor deer appearing, I lost patience and set out alone, having fifteen miles to travel to dinner. Travelling alone being rather tedious, and as nothing of interest

occurred, I shall pass that day over altogether. With regard to the *forstmester*, he arrived late at night. His deer had been captured fourteen miles from the spot from where it started: it was found in the forest, where the *poolk* had entangled itself between two trees, thus effectually making it a prisoner. Had it got away altogether, both the *forstmester* and I would have been in a nice dilemma, as all our cash was placed in a small compartment of his *poolk*. As for the deer, it was utterly spoiled, not on account of its forty-three-mile run, but because of the speed kept up the whole time.

We were now on Russian territory, and spent the worst night since our arrival on the fjeld. Imagine six grown-up persons in a small room not more than ten feet by twelve, in which a bed, a large chest of drawers, and other articles of furniture, necessarily occupied most of the space. Well, there was nothing for it! Two of us occupied the bed, while the others took up a position and jostled each other on the floor. Cramped and chilled, we were all only too glad to leave Sirma, as the place is called, as early as possible next morning.

We now had a long drive through Russian territory (without passports), and noted the hang-dog look of every one with whom we came in contact, as well as the obsequious manner in which they saluted us, and at the same time asked for a glass of *vodka*.

The falls of Tana are on this day's route; but we

decided to save the corner, and cut straight across the tongue of land which juts out into the river, or rather round which the river makes a bend, just at the falls. However, these are not of much consequence, but are the rendezvous of large quantities of the salmon with which the river abounds. Our way took us down an extremely steep hill—the worst we had as yet encountered—as there were two very large stones right in the centre of the descent. Just as we had anticipated, the deer, taking fright at the large black rocks sticking out of the snow, suddenly swerved to the side with the result of capsizing almost all of us, and jumbling us up in a terrible muddle. Deer and *wapoos*, men and *poolk*,—all were wildly mingled together. Here a rein entangled round some one's leg; there a *poolk* lying on the top of another poor individual, who, his hands not being free, could not possibly extricate himself without assistance. Add to this the darkness, the strange guttural oaths of the Lapps, and the grunt or bleat of the deer, with now and then an execration in blunt Norwegian, and you can form a faint idea of the scene. As for me, never before was I in such danger, the rein having wound itself round and round my neck, and threatening every moment to strangle me if the deer should try to break away. Move I did not dare to, as I well knew that the slightest tug at the "ribbon" would cause the animal to rush wildly away, in which case I would have been dragged down the rest of the hill by the

neck with a result easily imagined. How we got clear I never to this day can determine; but somehow or other down that hill we did get, and after half an hour's driving, found ourselves safe and sound in the hospitable shelter of Polmak.

Polmak is the abode of the river *opsynsmand* or superintendent, and lies on the right bank of the river Tana, which is here joined by the smaller Polmak river. At this place we exchanged our deer for small Finmarken horses, the road further on being badly suited for reindeer. The *opsynsmand* was one of the most curious fellows I ever fell in with. Popularly supposed to have "a bee in his bonnet," his conduct on this occasion by no means belied that accusation. On the contrary, he seemed a much fitter inmate for an asylum than the occupant of a government situation. As an example of his stupidity or madness, I know not which, it will suffice to say that he solemnly declared that the water of Polmak contained more strength (*sic*) than that of Tana, as he found he did not require to put so much spirit in it when brewing his usual glass of toddy. No amount of reasoning, or cajoling, or threatening—ay, nor of ridicule, that strongest shaft of all—could drive this idea out of him.

The *opsynsmand* had, however, at this time committed a very serious mistake. He had openly declared his intention, by fair means or foul, to promote and further the scheme of delivering over the

whole of Tana river to the Russians! This, of course, amounted to high treason, and as such could not be allowed to go unpunished. The *amtmand*, the *foged*, and the *forstmester* determined, therefore, to make an example of him, which they allowed me to witness. After reriting into a room by themselves, the trio sent for the unfortunate delinquent, and on coming in he was politely requested to sit down on a chair that stood facing the semicircle, which the three self-appointed judges formed. His terror was extreme; and when, after an examination of some length, during which he by turns denied and admitted the allegations, the *forstmester* proposed *concilium abiunde*, the poor fellow almost fainted. He was then dismissed from his appointment, but was reconstituted *pro tem.* until another official could be appointed in his stead. From these instances it will be seen how utterly devoid he was of that common-sense and tact so requisite to every frontier official.

With regard to the idea of Russianising the whole of the Tana river, which would have the effect of depriving Norway of Vardoe and Vadsoe, as well as of the best coast for the great cod-fisheries, it is by no means a new one. Russia has always had an eye on those districts, which would give her an *open port all the year round* in these regions. It is, of course, useless to credit mere hearsay in such affairs; but even the *amtmand*, who was well versed in such matters, and who from his high position was in con-

stant communication with his Government, declared his belief that the time was not far distant when the whole of the district mentioned would be Russian. The acquisition of this territory would be of great value to Russia, who has not a single open or useful naval station in all its dominions; while Vardoe, or even Vadsoe, though now but insignificant fishing towns, could easily be metamorphosed into valuable ports, from which, at all times and seasons, fleets and armies might be freely directed to any quarter. Besides the political reasons, there are also powerful economical grounds to show that the district might be — and with reason — coveted by Russia. With the northern subjects of the Czar fish is a staple article of food, especially during the long winter months. The fisheries commence about the end of March, and last all through April and May into June, and during these three months at least ten millions of cod-fish are taken and dried. To these fisheries swarms of Russians flock from Kola, some even from Onega, and are hired at nominal prices to assist in cutting up and assorting the fish. They obtain a wage of about 20s. a-month with free lodging, and as much fish as they like to eat. Of this wage they spend nothing during their sojourn in Norway, and yet are able to take home one or more barrels of fish with them to their homes; and on this and on their accumulated savings they and their families drag through the winter. Without doubt

it would be decidedly beneficial to Russia to get these fisheries into her own hands; and, judging from the usual Muscovite perseverance and unscrupulousness, I fear that before long that event will be a *fait accompli.*

We left Polmak early in the morning, having paid off our Lapps and reindeer, and chartered a sleigh with two ponies for each of us. We had only half an hour's drive to the residence of the Polmak *lensmand*, where we were to breakfast, and on arriving we were magnificently received. And what a breakfast!

The host was the most cringing sycophant I ever saw, and his set smile and ready bow quite disgusted me. Perhaps he was only the exact counterpart of most society people at home, but my long association with natural beings (I mean Norwegians in general, not those most *natural* of beings the Lapps) had probably caused me to see all the more readily the difference. The breakfast was really sumptuous; in fact, I do not think a better service of plate or a greater variety of dishes could be met with even in central Europe among people of his or even of higher station.

We finished up with a dozen of champagne, and in consequence of this left the house in a sadly muddled state. Indeed I must here confess that the joint effects of the champagne and of the easy, rocking motion of the sleigh, was to send me into a tranquil

sleep, from which I did not emerge till we came in sight of the sea, as represented by the arm of the Varanger Fjord which runs past Vadsoe and Nyborg. Its inmost part was frozen over for an extent of several miles; and as the road was bad, we preferred travelling on the ice, over which we went at a rattling pace. Very shortly after, we turned in at the township of Nyborg, having now completely left the wilds behind us. One of our party, who had travelled with a reindeer, had arrived half an hour before us.

The road to Vadsoe leads along the shore of Varanger Fjord, and at some places dangerously skirts the precipitous rocks which form the shore. At such places great caution is necessary, as one false step would without doubt send men and horses literally *ad undas*. At Clubben, one of the most dangerous spots on the route, the way runs along a narrow platform, from which the rocks above and below are almost perpendicular. Here we sometimes felt ticklish about the possibility of getting on; but in spite of the difficulties which beset us, we managed without accident to arrive at Vadsoe, passing on the way several villages of the sea Lapps. These sea Lapps are extremely miserable-looking creatures. When a nomad Lapp, or, as they call him, "fjeld Lapp," loses all his reindeer, or from other causes is debarred from following his usual mode of life, he generally, but only as a last resource, settles down by the sea-shore and endeavours there to eke out a

miserable existence on the spoils of the ocean. Once a sea Lapp he very seldom, if ever, regains his former free life; and his children having no other path open to them, are forced to follow in his footsteps. Living in houses more like pigsties than human habitations, and on a diet of fish and nothing else, their *physique* is horrid. I saw several full-grown men whose legs were as thin as those of children in other countries, and very few attain even middle height. Their physiognomy is extremely ugly, and skin diseases seem very prevalent among them. Hardly a single individual, too, but was affected by some eye complaint. Of late years the fishing in the inner reaches of the Varanger Fjord has been very unproductive, in fact almost entirely at a standstill, and the misery of those beings whose whole means of sustenance depend on the fishing has been extreme. The dress of these people is the same as that of the "fjeld Lapps," though here and there garments made of sheepskins after the Russian fashion may be seen. One or two individuals who were fortunate enough to own a few sheep were evidently considered by the others as very wealthy, though to me they appeared not a whit less poor or wretched than the rest of them.

The sheep and other domestic animals roam in and out of the dwellings at pleasure, and on the whole lead as miserable a life as their owners. They are left to shift for their food, and as a natural consequence they eat everything,—they are omnivorous! Nothing is out

of their line. Many a time I caught myself inwardly wondering whether any amount of starvation would cause me to partake of mutton in that neighbourhood, and I invariably answered my own question in the negative. The look of the animals was enough to send all thoughts of dinner to the winds.

We arrived in Vadsoe late in the afternoon, and found ourselves again within the pale of civilisation. It is a small town of about 1800 inhabitants, these consisting chiefly of Quæns, but at the time of my visit it was computed that at least 1000 strangers were in the town for the purpose of participating in the fishing. It was therefore very lively and noisy. Vadsoe is built of wood, and in rather a straggling fashion. Its chief trade is in fish and the products of fish, such as fish-guano and cod-oil. Within the last few years an industry hitherto unknown has sprung up in the little place — viz., whale-fishing. This fishing is carried on by means of small steamers armed with a curious weapon of destruction called a harpoon-gun. With this gun the whales are shot at from the steamers, and by some mechanism or other the harpoon explodes on entering the body of the cetacean, thereby causing instantaneous death. The carcass is then towed into port, there to be cut up and converted into oil, guano, &c. How immensely profitable this undertaking must be is shown from the fact that the Norwegian Income-tax Commissioners in 1878 assessed the profits of the whale factory at

£15,000, being the net gain accruing from the capture of ninety-four whales only. With results like these, it is very curious that only one company should have engaged as yet in the undertaking, along the whole extent of that barren but yet rich coast.

After leaving Vadsoe the interest of the trip ceases, and we fairly enter into the beaten track of tourists and commercial travellers.

Vardoe, though but a little town of 1200 inhabitants, can boast of being the most northerly fortress in the world. It is defended by about twenty pretty modern cannon, and has a garrison of one lieutenant, one sergeant, a corporal, and *ten* men. Being the centre of the great fisheries, just then in full swing, the place swarmed with Russians, who protruded their ugly visages everywhere, jostled everybody in the streets, and, in short, made themselves as disagreeable as they possibly could.

Our progress from Vardoe onwards was but slow. Every fjord, every creek, every inhabited islet, demanded a call, which, though extremely tiresome to through passengers, is a great blessing to the poor fishers, who would otherwise be entirely cut off from communication with the outer world. Some of the scenery is very grand, especially at the mouth of the Tana Fjord, where the Tana Horn, a high cone-shaped mountain, rises majestically from the sea.

Precisely at midnight we doubled Nord Kyn—the most northerly point on the mainland of Europe. It

was not quite dark, but only gloomy enough to make us feel more intensely the solemnity of the place and hour. At the base of the great rock, which from the steamer seemed to erect itself perpendicularly from the waves, twinkled a few lights. Even to this barren and dreary place, where not a leaflet, not a blade of grass, ever shows itself—human beings find it worth their while to come, to wrest, with great danger and many privations, a miserable livelihood from the ocean.

On the rocks which form the cape, a colony of sea-birds have taken up their abode; but even these, usually so shrill and discordant, seemed to have sunk into sleep, and did not break the stillness which prevailed.

I was sorry not to obtain a view of the North Cape, though on arriving at Gjæsvær, a fishing-station about half an hour's sail from it, a hill-top was pointed out to me as the summit of the land-side of the cape,—and with this I was forced to be satisfied.

From Gjæsvær we steered through innumerable straits and passed countless islands, all more or less wild and rugged, and arrived in the evening at Hammerfest, pretty well pleased to be so near home.

And here my narrative ends. A few hours from Hammerfest will bring me to Tromsoe—my temporary home. We steam out into the open sea, and then,—past Loppen, that wave-beat isle; past Fugleö (Bird Island), on whose lofty snow-capped summit the rude

fishermen affirm that the entire skeleton of a mighty whale lies bleaching in the sun;[1] past Quänangen and Lyng Fjord, where hundreds of the living leviathans may be seen disporting themselves—into the still clear waters of Tromsoe Sound;—my journey is over.

[1] The belief that the skeletons of whales are to be found on the summits of even the highest mountains is very general among the common people in the north of Norway, and is shared by many who ought to be better informed; it is of course utterly unfounded and ridiculous. Near Vardoe a place was pointed out to me where such a skeleton was said to be, but on ascending to the spot not a vestige of such a thing was to be seen.

THE
VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

[*MAGA.* NOVEMBER 1874.]

THE cut bridle-path, which has been dignified by the name of "The Great Hindústhan and Tibet Road," that leads along the sides of the hills from Simla to the Narkunda Ghaut, and from Narkunda up the valley of the Sutlej to Chini and Pangay, is by no means so exasperating as the native paths of the inner Himáliya. It does not require one to dismount every five minutes; and though it does go down into some terrific gorges, at the bottom of which there is quite a tropical climate in summer, yet, on the whole, it is pretty level, and never compels one (as the other roads too often and too sadly do) to go up a mile of perpendicular height in the morning, only to go down a mile of perpendicular depth in the afternoon. Its wooden bridges can be traversed on horseback; it is not much exposed to falling rocks; it is free from avalanches, either of snow or granite; and it never compels one to endure

the almost infuriating misery of having, every now and then, to cross miles of rugged blocks of stone, across which no ragged rascal that ever lived could possibly run. Nevertheless, the cut road, running as it often does without any parapet, or with none to speak of, and only seven or eight feet broad, across the face of enormous precipices and nearly precipitous slopes, is even more dangerous for equestrians than are the rude native paths. Almost every year some fatal accident happens upon it, and the wonder only is that people who set any value upon their lives are so foolhardy as to ride upon it at all. A gentleman of the Forest Department, resident at Nachar, remarked to me that it was strange that, though he had been a cavalry officer, he never mounted a horse in the course of his mountain journeys; but it struck me, though he might not have reasoned out the matter, it was just because he had been a cavalry officer, and knew the nature of horses, that he never rode on such paths as he had to traverse in Kunáwar. No animal is so easily startled as a horse, or so readily becomes restive: it will shy at an oyster-shell, though doing so may dash it to pieces over a precipice; and one can easily guess what danger its rider incurs on a narrow parapetless road above a precipice where there are monkeys and falling rocks to startle it, and where there are obstinate hillmen who will salaam the rider, say what he may, and who take the inner side of the road, in order to prop their burdens against the rock, and to

have a good look at him as he passes. One of the saddest of the accidents which have thus happened was that which befell a very young lady, a daughter of the Rev. Mr Rebsch, the missionary at Kotgarh. She was riding across the tremendous Rogi cliffs, and, though a wooden railing has since been put up at the place, there was nothing between her and the precipice, when her pony shied and carried her over to instant death. In another case the victim, a Mr Leith, was on his marriage trip, and his newly married wife was close beside him, and had just exchanged horses with him, when, in trying to cure his steed of a habit it had of rubbing against the rock wall, it backed towards the precipice, and its hind feet getting over, both horse and rider were dashed to pieces. This happened between Serahan and Taranda, near the spot where the road gave way under Sir Alexander Lawrence, a nephew of Lord Lawrence, the then Governor-General. Sir Alexander was riding a heavy Australian horse, and the part of the road which gave way was wooden planking, supported out from the face of the precipice by iron stanchions. I made my coolies throw over a large log of wood where he went down; and, as it struck the rocks in its fall, it sent out showers of white splinters, so that the solid wood was reduced to half its original size before it reached a resting-place. In the case of the wife of General Brind, that lady was quietly making a sketch on horseback, from the road between Theog and Mut-

tiana, and her syce was holding the horse, when it was startled by some falling stones, and all three went over and were destroyed. Not very long after I went up this lethal road, a Calcutta judge of one of the subordinate courts went over it and was killed in the presence of some ladies with whom he was riding, owing simply to his horse becoming restive. An eye-witness of another of these frightful accidents told me that when the horse's hind foot got off the road, it struggled for about half a minute in that position, and the rider had plenty of time to dismount safely, and might easily have done so, but a species of paralysis seemed to come over him; his face turned deadly white, and he sat on the horse without making the least effort to save himself, until they both went over backwards. The sufferer is usually a little too late in attempting to dismount. Theoretically, it may seem easy enough to disengage one's self from a horse when it is struggling on the brink of a precipice; but let my reader try the experiment, and he will see the mistake. The worst danger on these cut roads is that of the horse backing towards the precipice; and when danger presents itself, there is a curious tendency on the part of the rider to pull his horse's head away from the precipice towards the rock wall, which is about the worst thing he can do. The few seconds (of which I had some experience further on) in which you find yourself fairly going, are particularly interesting, and send an electric thrill through the entire system.

I rode almost every mile of the way, on which it was at all possible to ride, from Chinese Tartary to the Kyber Pass, on anything which turned up—yaks, zo-pos, cows, Spiti ponies, a Khiva horse, and blood-horses. On getting to Kashmir I purchased a horse, but did not do so before, as it is impossible to take any such animal over rope and twig bridges, and the rivers are too rapid and furious to allow of a horse being swum across these latter obstacles. The traveller in the Himáliya, however, ought always to take a saddle with him; for the native saddles, though well adapted for riding down nearly perpendicular slopes, are extremely uncomfortable, and the safety which they might afford is considerably decreased by the fact that their straps are often in a rotten condition, and exceedingly apt to give way just at the critical moment. An English saddle will do perfectly well if it has a crupper to it, but that is absolutely necessary. Some places are so steep that, when riding down them, I was obliged to have a rope put round my chest and held by two men above, in order to prevent me going over the pony's head, or throwing it off its balance. But on the Hindústhan and Tibet road I had to be carried in a *dandy*, which is the only kind of conveyance that can be taken over the Himáliya. The dandy is unknown in Europe, and is not very easily described, as there is no other means of conveyance which can afford the faintest idea of it. The nearest approach

to travelling in a dandy I can think of, is sitting in a half-reefed topsail in a storm, with the head and shoulders above the yard. It consists of a single bamboo, about 9 or 10 feet long, with two pieces of carpet slung from it—one for the support of the body, and the other for the feet. You rest on these pieces of carpet, not in line with the bamboo, but at right angles to it, with your head and shoulders raised as high above it as possible; and each end of the pole rests on the shoulders of one or of two bearers. The dandy is quite a pleasant conveyance when one gets used to it, when the path is tolerably level and the bearers are up to their work. The only drawbacks then are that, when a rock comes bowling across the road like a cannon-shot, you cannot disengage yourself from the carpets in time to do anything yourself towards getting out of the way; and that, when the road is narrow, and, in consequence, your feet are dangling over a precipice, it is difficult for a candid mind to avoid concluding that the bearers would be quite justified in throwing the whole concern over, and so getting rid of their unwelcome and painful task. But when the path is covered with pieces of rock, as usually happens to be the case, and the coolies are not well up to their work, which they almost never are, the man in the dandy is not allowed much leisure for meditations of any kind, or even for admiring the scenery around; for, unless he confines his attention pretty closely to

the rocks with which he is liable to come into collision, he will soon have all the breath knocked out of his body. On consulting a Continental *savant*, who had been in the inner Himáliya, as to whether I could get people there to carry me in a dandy, he said, "Zey vill carry you, no doubt; but zey vill bomp you." And bump me they did, until they bumped me out of adherence to that mode of travel. Indeed they hated and feared having to carry me so much, that I often wondered at their never adopting the precipice alternative. But in the Himáliyan states the villagers have to furnish the traveller, and especially the English traveller, with the carriage which he requires, and at a certain fixed rate. This is what is called the right of *bigár*, and without the exercise of it travelling would be almost impossible among the mountains. I also had a special *purwannah*, which would have entitled me, in case of necessity, to seize what I required; but this I kept in the background.

The stages from Simla to Pangay, along the cut bridle-path, are as follows, according to miles :—

	Miles.		Miles.
Fagú, . .	10	Taranda, .	15
Theog, . .	6	Poynda, .	5
Muttiana, .	11	Nachar, .	7
Narkunda, .	12	Wangtú, .	10
Kotgarh, .	10	Oorni, . .	5
Nirth, . .	12	Rogi, . .	10
Rampúr, .	12	Chini, . .	3
Gaura, . .	9	Pangay, .	7
Serahan, .	13		

This road, however, has four great divisions, each with marked characteristics of its own. To Narkunda it winds along the sides of not very interesting mountains, and about the same level as Simla, till at the Narkunda Ghaut it rises nearly to 9000 feet, and affords a gloomy view into the Sutlej valley, and a splendid view of the snowy ranges beyond. In the second division it descends into the burning Sutlej valley, and follows near to the course of that river, on the left bank, until, after passing Rampúr, the capital of the state of Bussahir, it rises on the mountain-sides again up to Gaura. Thirdly, it continues along the mountain-sides, for the most part between 6000 and 7000 feet high, and through the most magnificent forests of deodar, till it descends again to the Sutlej, crosses that river at Wangtú Bridge, and ascends to Oorni. Lastly, it runs from Oorni to Pangay, at a height of nearly 9000 feet, on the right bank of the Sutlej, and sheltered from the Indian monsoon by the 20,000 feet high snowy peaks of the Kailas, which rise abruptly on the opposite side of the river.

The view of the mountains from Narkunda is wonderful indeed, and well there might the spirit

> "Take flight;—inherit
> Alps or Andes—they are thine!
> With the morning's roseate spirit
> Sweep the length of snowy line."

But the view down into the valley of the Sutlej is

exceedingly gloomy and oppressive; and on seeing it, I could not help thinking of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The same idea had struck Lieut.-Colonel Moore, the interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, whom I met at Kotgarh, a little lower down, along with Captain De Roebeck, one of the Governor-General's aides-de-camp. No description could give an adequate idea of the tattered, dilapidated, sunburnt, and woe-begone appearance of these two officers as they rode up to Kotgarh after their experience of the snows of Spiti. Colonel Moore's appearance, especially, would have made his fortune on the stage. There was nothing woful, however, in his spirit, and he kept me up half the night laughing at his most humorous accounts of Spiti, its animals and its ponies; but even this genial officer's sense of enjoyment seemed to desert him when he spoke of his experience of the hot Sutlej valley from Gaura to Kotgarh, and he said, emphatically, "It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death." I was struck by this coincidence with my own idea, because it was essential for me to get up into high regions of pure air, and I could not but dread the journey up the Sutlej valley, with its vegetation, its confined atmosphere, its rock-heat, and its gloomy gorges. I had a sort of precognition that some special danger was before me, and was even alarmed by an old man, whose parting benediction to us was, "Take care of the bridges beyond Nachar." This was something like, "Beware the pine-tree's

withered branch," and I began to have gloomy doubts about my capacity for getting high enough. Mr Rebsch, the amiable and talented head of the Kotgarh Mission, gave me all the encouragement which could be derived from his earnest prayers for my safety among the *hohe Gebirge*. There were two clever German young ladies, too, visiting at Kotgarh, who seemed to think it was quite unnecessary for me to go up into the high mountains; so that, altogether, I began to wish that I was out of the valley before I had got well into it, and to feel something like a fated pilgrim who was going to some unknown doom.

Excelsior, however, was my unalterable motto, as I immediately endeavoured to prove by descending some thousand feet into the hot Sutlej valley, in spite of all the attractions of Kotgarh. I shall say very little about the journey up to Chini, as it is so often undertaken, but may mention two incidents which occurred upon it. Between Nirth and Rampúr the heat was so intense, close, and suffocating, that I travelled by night, with torches; and stopping to rest a little, about midnight, I was accosted by a native gentleman, who came out of the darkness, seated himself behind me, and said in English, "Who are you?" I had a suspicion who my friend was, but put a similar question to him; on which he replied, not without a certain dignity, "I am the Rajah of Bussahir." This Bussahir, which includes

Kunáwar, and extends up the Sutlej valley to Chinese Tibet, is the state in which I was travelling. Its products are opium, grain, and woollen manufactures, and it has a population of 90,000, and a nominal revenue of 50,000 rupees; but the sums drawn from it in one way or another, by Government officers, must considerably exceed that amount. Its rajah was exceedingly affable; and his convivial habits are so well known that I hope there is no harm in saying that on this occasion he was not untrue to his character. I found him, however, to be a very agreeable man, and he is extremely well-meaning—so much so, as to be desirous of laying down his sovereignty if only the British Government would be good enough to accept it from him, and give him a pension instead. But there are much worse governed states than Bussahir, notwithstanding the effects on its amiable and intelligent rajah of a partial and ill-adjusted English education, in which undue importance was assigned to the use of brandy. He caused some alarm among my people by insisting on handling my revolver, which was loaded; but he soon showed that he knew how to use it with extraordinary skill; for, on a lighted candle being put up for him to fire at, about thirty paces off, though he could scarcely stand by this time, yet he managed, somehow or other, to prop himself up against a tree, and snuffed out the candle at the first shot. On the whole, the rajah made a

very favourable impression upon me, despite his peculiarity, if such it may be called; and my nocturnal interview with him, under huge trees, in the middle of a dark wet night, remains a very curious and pleasant recollection.

The other incident was of a more serious character, and illustrated a danger which every year carries off a certain number of the hillmen. Standing below the bungalow at Serahan, I noticed some men, who were ascending to their village, racing against each other on the grassy brow of a precipice that rose above the road leading to Gaura. One of them unfortunately lost his footing, slipped a little on the edge, and then went over the precipice, striking the road below with a tremendous thud, after an almost clear fall of hundreds of feet, and then rebounding from off the road, and falling about a hundred feet into a ravine below. I had to go round a ravine some way in order to reach him, so that when I did so he was not only dead, but nearly cold. The curious thing is, that there was no external bruise about him. The mouth and nostrils were filled with clotted blood, but otherwise there was no indication even of the cause of his death. The rapidity of his descent through the air must have made him so far insensible as to prevent that contraction of the muscles which is the great cause of bones being broken; and then the tremendous concussion when he struck the road must have knocked every particle of life out of

him. This man's brother—his polyandric brother, as it turned out, though polyandry only commences at Serahan, being a Lama and not a Hindú institution, but the two religions are mixed up a little at the points of contact—reached the body about the same time as I did, and threw himself upon it, weeping and lamenting. I wished to try the effect of some very strong ammonia, but the brother objected to this, because, while probably it would have been of no use, it would have defiled the dead, according to his religious ideas. The only other sympathy I could display was the rather coarse one of paying the people of Serahan, who showed no indications of giving assistance, for carrying the corpse up to its village; but the brother, who understood Hindústhani, preferred to take the money himself, in order to purchase wood for the funeral pyre. He was a large strong man, whereas the deceased was little and slight, so he wrapped the dead body in his plaid, and slung it over his shoulders. There was something almost comic, as well as exceedingly pathetic, in the way in which he toiled up the mountain with his sad burden, wailing and weeping over it whenever he stopped to rest, and kissing the cold face.

The road up to Chini is almost trodden ground, and so does not call for special description; but it is picturesque in the highest degree, and presents wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur. It

certainly has sublime heights above, and not less extraordinary depths below. Now we catch a glimpse of a snowy peak 20,000 feet high rising close above us, and the next minute we look down into a dark precipitous gorge thousands of feet deep. Then we have, below the snowy peaks, Himáliyan hamlets, with their flat roofs, placed on ridges of rock or on green sloping meadows; enormous deodars, clothed with veils of white flowering clematis; grey streaks of water below, from whence comes the thundering sound of the imprisoned Sutlej—the classic Hesudrus; almost precipitous slopes of shingle, and ridges of mountain fragments. Above, there are green alps, with splendid trees traced out against the sky; the intense blue of the sky, and the dark overshadowing precipices. Anon, the path descends into almost tropical shade at the bottom of the great ravines, with ice-cold water falling round the dark roots of the vegetation, and an almost ice-cold air fanning the great leafy branches. The trees which meet us almost at every step in this upper Sutlej valley are worthy of the sublime scenery by which they are surrounded, and are well fitted to remind us, ere we pass into the snowy regions of unsullied truth untouched by organic life, that the struggling and half-developed vegetable world aspires towards heaven, and has not been unworthy of the grand design. Even beneath the deep blue dome, the cloven precipices and the sky-pointing snowy peaks, the gigantic

deodars (which cluster most richly about Nachar) may well strike with awe by their wonderful union of grandeur and perfect beauty. In the dog and the elephant we often see a devotion so touching, and the stirring of an intellect so great and earnest as compared with its cruel narrow bounds, that we are drawn towards them as to something almost surpassing human nature in its confiding simplicity and faithful tenderness. No active feeling of this kind can be called forth by the innumerable forms of beauty which rise around us from the vegetable world. They adorn our gardens and clothe our hillsides, giving joy to the simplest maiden, yet directing the winds and rains, and purifying the great expanses of air. So far as humanity, so dependent upon them, is concerned, they are silent; no means of communication exist between us; and silently, unremonstrantly, they answer to our care or indifference for them, by reproducing, in apparently careless abundance, their more beautiful or noxious forms. But we cannot say that they are not sentient, or even conscious, beings. The expanding of flowers to the light, and the contraction of some to the touch, indicate a highly sentient nature; and in the slow, cruel action of carnivorous plants, there is something approaching to the fierce instincts of the brute world. Wordsworth, than whom no poet more profoundly understood the life of nature, touched on this subject when he said—

"Through primrose turfs, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

. . . . . .

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

If anything of this kind exists, how great and grave must be the sentient feeling of the mighty pines and cedars of the Himáliya! There is a considerable variety of them,—as the *Pinus excelsa*, or the "weeping fir," which, though beautiful, is hardly deserving of its aspiring name; the *Pinus longifolia*, or Cheel tree, the most abundant of all; the *Pinus Khutrow*, or *Picea Morinda*, which almost rivals the deodars in height; and the *Pinus Morinda*, or *Abies Pindrow*, the "silver fir," which attains the greatest height of all. But, excelling all these, is the *Cedrus deodara*, the Deodar or Kedron tree. There was something very grand about these cedars of the Sutlej valley, sometimes forty feet in circumference, and rising almost to two hundred feet, or half the height of St Paul's, on nearly precipitous slopes, and on the scantiest soil, yet losing no line of beauty in their stems and their graceful pendant branches, and with their tapering stems and green arrowy spikes covered by a clinging trellis-work of Virginia creepers and clematis still in white bloom. These silent giants of a world

which is not our own, but which we carelessly use as our urgent wants demand, had owed nothing to the cultivating care of man. Fed by the snow-rills, and by the dead lichens and strong grass which once found life on the debris of gneiss and mica-slate, undisturbed by the grubbing of wild animals, and as undesirable in their tough green wood when young as unavailable in their fuller growth for the use of the puny race of mankind which grew up around them, they were free, for countless centuries, to seek air and light and moisture, and to attain the perfect stature which they now present, but which is unlikely to be continued now that they are exposed to the axes of human beings who can turn them "to use." If, as the Singalese assert, the cocoa-nut palm withers away when beyond the reach of the human voice, it is easy to conceive how the majestic deodar must delight in being beyond our babblement. Had Camoens seen this cedar he might have said of it, even more appropriately than he has done of the cypress, that it may be a

> "Preacher to the wise,
> Lessening from earth her spiral honours rise,
> Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray,
> Points to the Eden of eternal day."

The view from Chini and Pangay of the Raldung Kailas, one portion of the great Indian Kailas, or Abode of the Gods, is very magnificent. At

Pangay there is a large good bungalow; and the Hindústhan and Tibet road there comes to an end, so far as it is a cut road, or, indeed, a path on which labour of any kind is expended. It is entirely protected by the Kailas from the Indian monsoon; and I found a portion of it occupied by Captain and Mrs Henderson, who wisely preferred a stay there to one in the more exposed and unhealthy hill stations, though it was so far from society, and from most of the comforts of life. The easiest way from Pangay to Lippe is over the Werung Pass, 12,400 feet; but Captain Henderson, on his returning from a shooting excursion, reported so much snow upon it that I determined to go up the valley of the Sutlej, winding along the sides of the steep but still pine-covered mountains on its right bank. So, on the 28th June, after a delay of a few days in order to recruit and prepare, I bade adieu to civilisation, as represented in the persons of the kind occupants of the bungalow at Pangay, and fairly started for tent-life. A very short experience of the "road" was sufficient to stagger one, and to make me cease to wonder at the retreat of two young cavalry officers I met, a few days before, on their way back to Simla, and who had started from Pangay with some intention of going to Shipki, but gave up the attempt after two miles' experience of the hard road they would have to travel. The great Hindústhan and Tibet affair was bad enough, but what was this I had come

to? For a few miles it had once been a cut road, but years and grief had made it worse than the ordinary native paths. At some places it was impassable even for hill ponies, and to be carried in a dandy over a considerable part of it was out of the question. But the aggravation thus caused was more than compensated for by the magnificent view of snowy peaks which soon appeared in front, and which, though they belonged to the Kailas group, were more striking than the Kailas as it appears from Chini or Pangay. Those enormous masses of snow and ice rose into the clouds above us to such a height, and apparently so near, that it seemed as if their fall would overwhelm the whole Sutlej valley in our neighbourhood, and they suggested that I was entering into the wildest and sublimest region of the earth. These peaks had the appearance of being on our side of the Sutlej, but they lie between that river and Chinese Tartary, in the bend which it makes when it turns north at Buspa; they are in the almost habitationless district of Morang, and are all over 20,000 feet high. My coolies called them the Shurang peaks; and it is well worth while for all visitors to Pangay to go up a few miles from that place in order to get a glimpse of the terrific Alpine sublimity which is thus disclosed, and which has all the more effect as it is seen ere vegetation ceases, and through the branches of splendid and beautiful trees.

At Rarang, which made a half-day's journey, the

extreme violence of the Himáliyan wind, which blows usually throughout the day, but most fortunately dies away at night, led me to camp in a sheltered and beautiful spot, on a terraced field, under walnut and apricot trees, and with the Kailas rising before my tent on the other side of the Sutlej. Every now and then in the afternoon, and when the morning sun began to warm its snows, avalanches shot down the scarred sides of the Kailas; and when their roar ceased, and the wind died away a little, I could hear the soft sound of the waving cascades of white foam—some of which must have rivalled the Staubbach in height—that diversified its lower surface, but which became silent and unseen as the cold of evening locked up their sources in the glaciers and snow above. Where we were, at the height of about 9000 feet, the thermometer was as high as 70° Fahrenheit at sunset; but at sunrise it was at 57°, and everything was frozen up on the grand mountains opposite. Though deodars and edible pines were still found on the way to Jangi, that road was even worse than its predecessor, and Silas and Chota Khan several times looked at me with hopeless despair. In particular, I made my first experience here of what a granite avalanche means, but should require the pen of Bunyan in order to do justice to its discouraging effects upon the pilgrim. When Alexander Gerard passed along this road fifty-six years before, he found it covered by the remains of a granite avalanche. Whether the same avalanche

has remained there ever since, or, as my coolies averred, granite avalanches are in the habit of coming down on that particular piece of road, I cannot say; but either explanation is quite sufficient to account for the result. The whole mountain-side was covered for a long way with huge blocks of gneiss and granite, over which we had to scramble as best we could, inspired by the conviction that where these came from there might be more in reserve. At one point we had to wind round the corner of a precipice on two long poles which rested on a niche at the corner of the precipice which had to be turned, and which there met two corresponding poles from the opposite side. This could only have been avoided by making a detour of some hours over the granite blocks, so we were all glad to risk it; and the only dangerous part of the operation was getting round the corner and passing from the first two poles to the second two, which were on a lower level. As these two movements had to be performed simultaneously, and could only be accomplished by hugging the rock as closely as possible, the passage there was really ticklish; and even the sure-footed and experienced hillmen had to take our baggage round it in the smallest possible instalments.

At Jangi there was a beautiful camping-place, between some great rocks and under some very fine walnut and *gnew* (edible pine) trees. The village close by, though small, had all the marks of moderate afflu-

ence, and had a Hindú as well as a Lama temple, the former religion hardly extending any further into the Himáliya, though one or two outlying villages beyond belong to it. Both at Pangay and Rarang I had found the ordinary prayer-wheel used — a brass or bronze cylinder, about six inches long, and two or three in diameter, containing a long scroll of paper, on which were written innumerable reduplications of the Lama prayer—"Om ma ní pad ma houn"—and which is turned from left to right in the monk's hand by means of an axle which passes through its centre. But in the Lama temple at Jangi I found a still more powerful piece of devotional machinery, in the shape of a gigantic prayer-mill made of bronze, about seven or eight feet in diameter, and which might be turned either by the hand or by a rill of water which could be made to fall upon it when water was in abundance. This prayer contained I am afraid to say how many millions of repetitions of the great Lama prayer; and the pious Ritualists of Jangi were justly proud of it, and of the eternal advantages which it gave them over their carnal and spiritually indifferent neighbours. The neophyte who showed the prayer-mill to me turned it with ease, and allowed me to send up a million prayers. The temple at Jangi, with its Tibetan inscriptions and paintings of Chinese devils, told me that I was leaving the region of Hinduism. At Lippe, where I stopped next day, all the people appeared to be Tibetan; and beyond that

I found only two small isolated communities of Hindú Kunaits, the one at Shaso and the other at Namgea. The *gnew* tree, or edible pine (*Pinus Gerardina*), under some of which I camped at Jangi, extends higher up than does the deodar. I saw some specimens of it opposite Pú at about 12,000 feet. The edible portion is the almond-shaped seeds, which are to be found within the cells of the cone, and which contain a sweet whitish pulp that is not unpleasant to the taste. This tree is similar to the Italian *Pinus pinea;* and varieties of it are found in California, and in Japan where it is called the *ginko.*

The road to Lippe, though bad and fatiguing, presented nothing of the dangers of the preceding day, and took us away from the Sutlej valley up the right bank of the Pijar, also called Teti, river. In colder weather, when the streams are either frozen or very low, the nearest way from Jangi to Shipki is to go all the way up the Sutlej valley to Pú; but in summer that is impossible, from the size and violence of the streams, which are swollen by the melting snows. At this large village a woman was brought to me who had been struck on the head by a falling rock about a year before. It was a very extraordinary case, and showed the good effects of mountain air and diet, because a piece of the skull had been broken off altogether at the top of her head, leaving more than a square inch of the brain exposed, with only a thin

membrane over it. The throbbing of the brain was distinctly perceptible under this membrane; and yet the woman was in perfect health, and seemed quite intelligent. I once saw a Chinaman's skull in a similar state, after he had been beaten by some Tartar troops, but he was quite unconscious and never recovered; whereas this young woman was not only well but cheerful, and I recommended her to go to Simla and get a metallic plate put in, as that was the only thing which could be done for her, and her case might be interesting to the surgeons there.

But at Lippe it became clear to me that, while the mountain air had its advantages, the mountain water, or something of the kind, was not always to be relied upon, for I found myself suffering from an attack of acute dysentery of the malignant type. As to the primary origin of this attack I was not without grave suspicions, though far from being sure on the subject. At Pangay one day I congratulated myself on the improved state of my health as I sat down to lunch, which consisted of a stew; and half an hour afterwards I began to suffer severely from symptoms correspondent to those caused by irritant metallic poisoning. I spoke to my servants about this, and have not the remotest suspicion of Silas; but it struck me that another of them showed a certain amount of shamefacedness when he suggested bad water as the cause; and though Captain and Mrs Henderson had been living for a month at Pangay,

they had found nothing to complain of in the water. It is very unpleasant when suspicions of this kind arise, because it is almost impossible to disprove them; and yet one feels that the harbouring of them may be doing cruel injustice to worthy men. But, some time before, I had become convinced, from a variety of circumstances, that drugging, which the people of India have always had a good deal of recourse to among themselves, is now brought to bear occasionally upon Anglo-Indians also, when there is any motive for its use, and *where covering circumstances exist*. It may seem easy to people who have never tried it, and have never had any reason to do so, to determine whether or not poisonous drugs have been administered to them; but they will find that just as difficult as to dismount from a horse when it is going over a precipice. Such is the fact even where the poison is one which can be detected, but that is not always the case; and, in particular, there is a plant which grows in almost every compound in India, a decoction of the seeds of one variety of which will produce delirium and death without leaving any trace of its presence behind. The pounded seeds themselves are sometimes given in curry with similar effect, but these can be detected, and it is a decoction from them which is specially dangerous. Entertaining such views, it appeared to me quite possible that some of the people about me might be disposed not so much to poison me as to arrest my journey by means

of drugs, whether to put an end to what had become to them a trying and hateful journey, or in answer to the bribery of agents of the Lassa Government, whose business it is to prevent Europeans passing the border. I don't suppose any one who started with me from Simla, or saw me start, expected that I should get up very far among the mountains; and, indeed, Major Fenwick politely told me that I should get eaten up. A nice little trip along a cut road, stopping a week at a bungalow here and another bungalow there, was all very well; but this going straight up, heaven knew where, into the face of stupendous snowy mountains, up and down precipices, and among a Tartar people, was more than was ever seriously bargained for.

I could not, then, in the least wonder, or think it unlikely, that when it was found I was going beyond Pangay, some attempt might be made to disable me a little, though without any intention of doing me serious injury. However, I cannot speak with any certainty on that subject. If the illness which I had at Pangay was not the producing cause of the dysentery, it at least prepared the way for it. What was certain at Lippe was, that I had to meet a violent attack of one of the most dangerous and distressing of diseases. Unfortunately, also, I had no medicine suited for it except a little morphia, taken in case of an accident. Somehow, it had never occurred to me that there was any chance of my suffering from true

dysentery among the mountains; and all the cases I have been able to hear of there, were those of people who had brought it up with them from the plains. I was determined not to go back—not to turn on my journey, whatever I did; and it occurred to me that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary stationed at Pú, near the Chinese border, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr Chapman, would be likely to have the medicines which were all I required in order to treat myself effectually. But Pú was several days' journey off, more or less, according to the more or less bad road which might be followed; and the difficulty was how to get there alive, so rapidly did the dysentery develop itself, and so essential is complete repose in order to deal with it under even the most favourable circumstances. The morphia did not check it in the least. Chlorodyne I was afraid to touch, owing to its irritant quality; and I notice that Mr Henry Stanley found not the least use from treating himself with it when suffering from dysentery in Africa, though it is often very good for diarrhœa.

The next day's journey, from Lippe to Súgnam, would have been no joke even for an Alpine Clubsman. It is usually made in two days' journey; but by sending forward in advance, and having coolies from Labrang and Kanam ready for us half-way, we managed to accomplish it in one day of twelve hours' almost continuous work. The path went over the Rúhang or Roonang Pass, which is 14,354 feet high;

and as Lippe and Súgnam are about 9000 feet high, that would give an ascent and descent of about 5300 feet each. But there are two considerable descents to be made on the way from Lippe to the summit of the pass, and a smaller descent before reaching Súgnam, so that the Rúhang Pass really involves an ascent of over 8000 feet, and a descent of the same number.

Here, for the first time, I saw and made use of the yak or wild ox of Tibet, the *Bos grunniens*, or grunting ox, the *Bos poephagus* and the ποίφαγος of Arrian. It certainly is a magnificent animal, and one of the finest creatures of the bovine species. In the zoological gardens at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, there are some specimens of yaks from Siberia; but they are small, and are not to be compared with the great yak of the Himáliya, the back of which is more like an elephant's than anything else. The shortness of its legs takes away somewhat from its stature; and so does its thick covering of fine black and white hair, but that adds greatly to its beauty. Indeed it is the shaggy hair and savage eye of the yak which make its appearance so striking, for the head is not large, and the horns are poor. The tail is a splendid feature, and the white tails of yaks are valuable as articles of commerce. The zo-po, on which I often rode, is a hybrid between the yak and the female *Bos indicus*, or common Indian cow. It is considered more docile than the yak, and its appearance is often

very beautiful. Curiously enough, when the yak and the zo-po are taken to the plains of India, or even to the Kúlú valley, which is over 3000 feet high, they die of liver-disease ; and they can flourish only in cold snowy regions. I was not fortunate enough to see any of the wild yaks which are said to exist on the plains of the upper Sutlej in Chinese Tibet, and in some parts of Ladak. I heard, however, of their being shot, and that the way this was accomplished was by two holes in the ground, communicating with each other beneath, being prepared for the hunter in some place where these animals are likely to pass. If the wild yak is only wounded, it rushes, in its fury, to the hole from whence the shot came, on which the hunter raises his head and gun out of the other hole and fires again. This rather ignoble game may go on for some time, and the yak is described as being in a frenzy of rage, trampling in the sides of the holes and tearing at them with its horns. Even the yaks of burden, which have been domesticated, or rather half domesticated, for generations, are exceedingly wild, and the only way they can be managed is by a rope attached by a ring through the nose. I had scarcely had time at Lippe to admire the yak which was brought for my use, than, the man in charge having dropped this rope, it made a furious charge at me; and I found afterwards that yaks invariably did this whenever they got a chance. I cannot say whether this was done because I was evidently

a stranger, or because they regarded me as the cause of all their woes; but certainly, as we went up that terrible and apparently endless Rúhang Pass, with one man pulling at the yak's nose-ring in front, and another progging it behind with the iron shod of my alpenstock, the *Bos grunniens* had an uncommonly hard time of it, especially when he tried to stop; he did not keep grunting without good reason therefor; and I could not help thinking that my Poephagus had been perfectly justified in his attempt to demolish me before starting.

If my reader wants to get an idea of the comfort of riding upon a yak, let him fasten two Prussian spiked helmets close together along the back of a great bull and seat himself between them. That is the nearest idea I can give of a yak's saddle, only it must be understood that the helmets are connected on each side by ribs of particularly hard wood. The sure-footedness and the steady though slow ascent of these animals up the most difficult passes are very remarkable. They never rest upon a leg until they are sure they have got a fair footing for it; and, heavy as they appear, they will carry burdens up places which even the ponies and mules of the Alps would not attempt. There is a certain sense of safety in being on the back of a yak among these mountains, such as one has in riding on an elephant in a tiger-hunt; you feel that nothing but a very large rock, or the fall of half a mountain, or something of that kind, will make it

lose its footing; but it does require some time for the physical man to get accustomed to its saddle, to its broad back, and to its deliberate motion when its rider is upon it and not in a position to be charged at.

So up I went on a yak along a most curious pathway which slanted across the face of an immense slate precipice. From below it appeared impossible for any man or animal to pass along it, and sometimes I had to dismount, and even the saddle had to be taken off my bulky steed, in order that it might find room to pass. From the top of this precipice there was a descent of about 800 feet, and then a tremendous pull up to what I fancied was the top of the pass, but which was far from being anything of the kind. The path then ran along a ridge of slate at an elevation of about 13,000 feet, affording most splendid views both of the Morang Kailas and of the great mountains within the Lassa territory. After a gradual descent we came upon an alp or grassy slope, where we were met by people from Labrang and Kanam, all in their best attire, to conduct us the remainder of the way to Súgnam. These mountaineers, some of whom were rather good-looking women, tendered their assistance rather as an act of hospitality than as a paid service; and the money they were to receive could hardly compensate them for the labour of the journey. There is a Lama monastery at Kanam, in which the Hungarian Csomo de Körös lived for a long time when he commenced his studies of the Tibetan language and

literature. It is well known now that the Maggyars are a Tartar race, and that their language is a Tartar language; but thirty years ago that was only beginning to appear, so Csomo de Körös wandered eastward in search of the congeners of his countrymen. At that time Central Asia was more open to Europeans than it has been of late years; so he came by way of Kaubul, and, on entering the inner Himáliya, found so many affinities between the Tibetan language and that of his countrymen, that he concluded he had discovered the original stem of the Maggyar race. Years were passed by him at Kanam, and at the still more secluded monastery of Ringdom, where I found he was well remembered; and he made himself a master of the Lama religion and of the Tibetan language, besides preparing a number of manuscripts regarding the Tibetan literature. But this did not content him, for he was anxious to penetrate into Chinese Tibet as far as Lassa; and finding all his efforts to do so from Kunáwar were frustrated, he went down into India, and ascended the Himáliya again at Dárjiling, with the intention of penetrating into Tibet from that point in disguise. At Dárjiling, however, he died suddenly —whether from the effects of passing through the Terai, or from poison, or from what cause, no one can say, nor have I been able to learn what became of his manuscripts. I suppose nobody at Dárjiling knew anything about him; and Dr Stoliczka told me he had met some Hungarians who had come to India

in search of their lost relative Csomo, and it was only by some accident he was able to tell them where the Hungarian they sought was buried.

Before me lies a cold windy plateau 13,000 feet high, with a gradual descent to some white granite and mica-slate precipices, which have to be painfully climbed up; while beyond, a steep and terribly long ascent leads up to a great bank of snow, which must be crossed before it is possible to commence the 5500 feet of descent upon Súgnam. Feeling myself becoming weaker every hour, I must confess that my heart almost failed me at this prospect; but to have remained at that altitude in the state I was in would have been death; so, after hastily drinking some milk, which the pretty Kanam women had been considerate enough to bring with them, we pushed on. No yaks could go up the white precipice, and there was nothing for it there but climbing with such aid as ropes could give. High as we were, the heat and glare of the sun on these rocks was frightful; but as we got up the long slope beyond and approached the bank of snow, the sky darkened, and an intensely cold and violent wind swept over the summit of the pass from the fields of ice and snow around. There was no difficulty in passing the bank of snow, which turned out to be only patches of snow with a bare path between them; but at that height of 14,354 feet, or nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, with its rarefied air, the effect of the violent icy wind

was almost killing, and we could not halt for a moment on the summit of the pass or till we got hundreds of feet below it. Hitherto I had been able to make little use of my dandy, but now I could do little more than stick to it. This was very hard on the bearers, who were totally unused to the work. One poor man, after a little experience of carrying me, actually roared and cried, the tears ploughing through the dirt of ages upon his cheeks (for these people never wash), like mountain torrents down slopes of dried mud. He seemed so much distressed that I allowed him to carry one of the *kiltas* instead; on which the other men told him that he would have to be content with two annas (threepence) instead of four, which each bearer was to receive. To this he replied that they might keep all the four annas to themselves, for not forty times four would reconcile him to the work of carrying the dandy. But the other men bore up most manfully under an infliction which they must have regarded as sent to them by the very devil of devils. They were zemindars, too, or small proprietors, well off in the world, with flocks and herds of their own; and yet, for sixpence, they had to carry me (suspended from a long bamboo, which tortured their unaccustomed shoulders, and knocked them off their footing every now and then) down a height of between 7000 and 8000 feet along a steep corkscrew track over shingle and blocks of granite. How trifling these charges are, though the

work is so much more severe, compared with the six francs a-day we have to give to a Swiss *portatina* or *chaise à porteur*, with three francs for back fare, and the six or eight francs for a guide on ordinary excursions. Meanwhile, the individual suspended from the bamboo was in scarcely a happier plight. I could not help remembering a prediction of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's, that if I ever did reach Kashmir, *or anywhere*, it would be suspended by the heels and neck from a bamboo, with tongue hanging out of my mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets. Things certainly had an unpleasant appearance of coming to that pass, and this reflection enabled me to endure the suffering of the dandywallahs with some equanimity. Fortunately, till we got near to Súgnam, there was no precipice for them to drop me over; and when we at last reached one, and had to pass along the edge of it, I got out and walked as well as I could, for I felt convinced that outraged human nature could not have resisted the temptation; and I also took the precaution of keeping the most valuable-looking man of the party in front of me with my hand resting on his shoulder.

There is a route from Súgnam to Pú, by Lío and Chango, which takes over two 14,000 feet passes, and probably would have been the best for me; but we had had enough of 14,000 feet for the time being, and so I chose another route by Shaso, which was represented as shorter, but hard. It was a very small

day's journey from Súgnam (which is a large and very wealthy village, inhabited by Tartars) to Shaso, and the road was not particularly bad, though I had to be carried across precipitous slopes where there was scarcely footing for the dandywallahs. My servants had not recovered the Rúhang Pass, however; and I was so ill that I also was glad to rest the next day at this strange little village in order to prepare for the formidable day's journey to Pú. Shaso consists of only a few houses and narrow terraced fields on the left bank of the Darbúng Lúng-pa, with gigantic and almost precipitous mountains shading it on either side of the stream. My tent was pitched on a narrow strip of grass amid large willow-trees, apricot-trees, and vines, which promised to bear a plentiful crop of large purple grapes. It was here I engaged the services of the youth Nurdass, who proved so useful to me on my further journey. A boy, to be generally useful, had been engaged at Kotgarh; and as no one except himself could pronounce his name or anything like it, he was dubbed "the Chokra," or simply boy. Of all things in the world, he offered himself as a *dhobi* or washerman, for certainly his washing did not begin at home; and he disappeared mysteriously the morning after his first attempt in that line, and after we had gone only six marches. Some clothes were given him to wash at Nachar; and whether it was the contemplation of these clothes after he had washed them—a process which he prolonged far into

the night—or that he found the journey and his work too much for him, or, as some one said, he had seen a creditor to whom he owed five rupees,—at all events, when we started in the morning no Chokra was visible, and the only information about him we could get was that he was *udher gya*—"gone there," our informant pointing up to a wilderness of forest, rock, and snow. Nurdass was a very different and much superior sort of youth. His father—or at least his surviving father, for, though inhabited by an outlying colony of Hindú Kunaits, polyandry flourishes in Shaso—was a doctor as well as a small proprietor, and his son had received such education as could be got among the mountains. The youth, or boy as he looked though fifteen years old, spoke Hindústhani very well, as also Kunáwari, and yet was never at a loss with any of the Tibetan dialects we came to. He could go up mountains like a wild cat, was not afraid to mount any horse, and though he had never even seen a wheeled carriage until we got to the plains of India, yet amid the bustle and confusion of the railway stations he was cool and collected as possible, and learned immediately what to do there. He was equally at home in a small boat on a rough day in Bombay harbour; and after seeing three steamers, compared them as critically with one another as if he had been brought up to the iron trade, though there was nothing of the conceited *nil admirari* of the Chinaman about him, and he was full of wonder and admiration. It was really a bold

thing for a little mountain youth of this kind to commit himself to an indefinitely long journey with people whom, with the exception of Phooleyram, he had never seen before. His motive for doing so was a desire to see the world and a hope of bettering his condition in it, for there was no necessity for him to leave Shaso. There was great lamentation when he left; his mother and sisters caressing him, and weeping over him, and beseeching us to take good care of him. The original idea was that Nurdass should return to the Sutlej valley along with Phooleyram, when that casteman of his should leave us, whether in Spiti or Kashmir. But in Chinese Tibet Phooleyram pulled the little fellow's ears one night, and, in defence of this, most gratuitously accused him of being tipsy, when, if anybody had been indulging, it was only the Múnshi himself. This made me doubtful about sending him back the long way from Kashmir to the Sutlej in company with Phooleyram alone; and on speaking to him on the subject, I found that he was quite frightened at the prospect, and was not only willing but eager to go with me to Bombay,—both because he wished to see a place of which he had heard so much, and because the season was so far advanced he was afraid he might not be able to reach his own home before spring. So Nurdass came on with me to Bombay, were he excited much interest by his intelligence and open disposition; and I might have taken him on farther with me had he been in-

clined to go; but he said that, though he was not afraid of the *kala pani*, or dark water, yet he would rather not go with me then, because he had made a long enough journey from his own country, and seen enough wonders, for the first time. Several distinguished persons on our way down wished to take him into their employment; but one day he came to me crying, with his hand upon his heart, saying that there was something there which made him ill, and that he would die unless he got back to his own *pahar*, or mountains. He could not have heard of the *heimweh* of the Swiss, and I was struck by his reference to the mountains in particular. There was evidently no affectation in the feelings he expressed; so, knowing his wonderful cleverness as a traveller, but taking various precautions for his safety, which was likely to be endangered by his confidence in mankind, I sent him back from Bombay alone to the Himáliya, and have been glad to hear of his having reached Kotgarh, without any mishap, where, I am sure, the kind-hearted Mr Rebsch would see that he was safely convoyed to his little village high up among the great mountains.

Thus reinforced by a small but mighty man, we started from Shaso at five in the morning of the 4th July, and I managed to reach Pú at seven that night, more dead than alive. The distance was only fourteen miles, and the two first and the last two were so easy that I was carried over them in my dandy; but

the intervening ten were killing to one in my condition, for the dandy was of no use upon them, and I had to trust entirely to my own hands and feet. These ten miles took me exactly twelve hours, with only half an hour's rest. The fastest of my party took nine hours to the whole distance, so that I must have gone wonderfully fast considering that I had rheumatism besides dysentery, and could take nothing except a very little milk, either before starting or on the way. The track—for it could not be called a path, and even goats could hardly have got along many parts of it—ran across the face of tremendous slate precipices, which rose up thousands of feet from the foaming and thundering Sutlej. Some rough survey of these *dhung* or cliffs was made, when it was proposed to continue the Hindústhan and Tibet road beyond Pangay, a project which has never been carried out; and Mr Cregeen, executive engineer, says of them, in No. CLXVI. of the "Professional Papers on Indian Engineering," "in the fifth march to Spooi,[1] the road must be taken across the cliffs which here line the right bank of the Sutlej in magnificent wildness. The native track across these cliffs, about 1500 feet above the crossing for the Hindús-

[1] Pú is the name of this place, but the natives sometimes call it Púi, the *i* being added merely for the sake of euphony, as the Chinese sometimes change *Shu*, water, into Shui. In the Trigonometrical Survey map it has been transformed into Spuch. Where Mr Cregeen found his version of it I cannot conceive.

than and Tibet road, is considered the worst footpath in Bussahir. This march will, I think, be the most expensive on the road; the whole of the cutting will be through hard rock." Any one who has had some experience of the footpaths in Bussahir may conceive what the worst of them is likely to be, but still he may be unable to comprehend how it is possible to get along faces of hard rock, thousands of feet above their base, when there has been no cutting or blasting either. It must be remembered, however, that though the precipices of the Himáliya look almost perpendicular from points where their entire gigantic proportions can be seen, yet, on a closer examination, it turns out that they are not quite perpendicular, and have many ledges which can be taken advantage of by the traveller.

In this case the weather had worn away the softer parts of the slate, leaving the harder ends sticking out; and I declare that these, with the addition of a few ropes of juniper-branches, were the only aids we had along many parts of these precipices when I crossed them. Where the protruding ends of slate were close together, long slabs of slate were laid across them, forming a sort of footpath such as might suit a chamois-hunter; when they were not sufficiently in line, or were too far distant from each other, to allow of slabs being placed, we worked our way from one protruding end of slate to another as best we could; and where a long interval of twenty or thirty feet did not allow of this latter method of

progress, ropes of twisted juniper-branches had been stretched from one protruding end to another, and slabs of slate had been placed on these, with their inner ends resting on any crevices which could be found in the precipice wall, thus forming a "footpath" with great gaps in it, through which we could look down sometimes a long distance, and which bent and shook beneath our feet, allowing the slabs every now and then to drop out and fall towards the Sutlej, till shattered into innumerable fragments. It was useless attempting to rely on a rope at many of these places, for the men who would have had to hold the rope could hardly have found a position from which to stand the least strain. Indeed the worst danger I met with was from a man officiously trying to help me on one of these juniper-bridges, with the result of nearly bringing the whole concern down. And if slabs of slate went out from underneath our feet, not less did slabs of slate come crashing down over and between our heads occasionally; for it seemed to me that the whole of that precipice had got into the habit of detaching itself in fragments into the river beneath. I may add, that having sent my servants on in front—to set up my tent and make other preparations in case of Mr Pagell being away, of which I had heard a rumour—I was entirely in the hands of the Súgnam *bigarries*, of whose Tebarskad I hardly understood a word; and that the July sun beat upon the slate, so that every breath from the rock was

sickening. Beneath there were dark jagged precipices and an almost sunless torrent—so deeply is the Sutlej here sunk in its gorge—foaming along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour; above there were frowning precipices and a cloudless sky, across which some eagle or huge raven-like Himáliyan crow occasionally flitted.

I saw this footpath in an exceptionally bad state—for it is only used in winter when the higher roads are impassable from snow; and after all the damage of winter and spring it is not repaired until the beginning of winter. But no repairing, short of blasting out galleries in the face of the rock, could make much improvement in it. It was not, however, the danger of this path which made it frightful to me; that only made it interesting, and served as a stimulus. The mischief was that, in my disabled and weak state, I had to exert myself almost continuously on it for twelve hours in a burning sun. The Súgnam men did all in their power to assist me, and I could not but admire, and be deeply grateful for, their patience and kindness. But the longest day has an end, as Damiens said when he was taken out to be tortured; and we reached Pú at last, my bearers, as they approached it, sending up sounds not unlike the Swiss *jödel*, which were replied to in similar fashion by their companions who had reached the place before them. Pú is a large village, situated about a thousand feet above

the bed of the Sutlej, on the slope of a high, steep mountain. I found that my tent had been pitched on a long terraced field, well shaded with apricot-trees, on the outskirts of the village, and that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary, was absent on a long journey he was making in Spiti. Mrs Pagell, it appeared, was living with some native Christians near by, in a house guarded by ferocious dogs; but as she spoke neither English nor Hindústhani, only German and Tibetan, Silas had been unable to communicate with her, and the use of Nurdass as an interpreter had not then been discovered. This was serious news for a man in my condition; but I was in too deathlike a state to do anything, and lying down in my tent, did not make any attempt to leave it until the day after next.

Whenever able, I staggered up to Mrs Pagell's residence, and explained the position I was in. She at once gave me access to her husband's store of medicines, where I found all I required to treat myself with—calomel, steel, chalk, Dover's powder, and, above all, pure ipecacuanha, which nauseous medicine was to me like a spring of living water in a dry and thirsty land, for I knew well that it was the only drug to be relied on for dysentery. This good Moravian sister was distressed at having no proper accommodation in her house for me; but, otherwise, she placed all its resources at my disposal, and soon sent off a letter to be forwarded from village

to village in search of her husband. Considering that, in ten years, Mrs Pagell had seldom seen a European, it was only to be expected that she should be a little flustered and at a loss what to do; but her kindness was genuine, and I was greatly indebted to her.

I had hoped, by this time, to be leaving the Valley of the Shadow of Death, its rock heat and its ever-roaring torrent, but had to remain in it for a month longer, lying on my back. I reached Pú on the 4th July, and Mr Pagell did not arrive until the 25th of the month; so that for three weeks, and during the critical period of the disease, I had to be my own doctor, and almost my own sick-nurse. Only those who have experienced acute dysentery can know how dreadfully trying and harassing it is; and the servants of the heroic Livingstone have told how, in the later stages of it, he could do nothing but groan day and night. Then the ipecacuanha, which I had to take in enormous doses before I could contrive to turn the disease, kept me in a state of the greatest feebleness and sickness. The apricot-trees afforded grateful shade, but they harboured hosts of sand-flies, which tormented me all night, while swarms of the common black fly kept me from sleeping during the day. There were numbers of scorpions under the stones around, both the grey scorpion and the large black scorpion with its deadly sting, of the effects of which Vambéry has given such a painful account.

Curiously, too, this was the only place in the Himáliya where I ever heard of there being serpents; but long serpents there were—six feet long—gliding before my open tent at night. This was no dream of delirium, for one was killed quite close to it and brought to me for examination; and a few weeks after, Mr Pagell killed another in his verandah. I was far too ill to examine whether my serpent had poison-fangs or not, and was fain to be content with an assurance that the people of Pú were not afraid of these long snakes; but the Moravian found that the one he killed had fangs, and at all events it was not pleasant, even for a half-dead man, either to see them in moonlight, or hear them in darkness, gliding about his tent. One end of the field in front of me touched on a small forest, which ran up a steep valley and was likely to harbour wild beasts. The position was lonely, also, for I had to make my servants camp a little way off, on the side away from the forest, in order not to be disturbed by their talking and disputing, or by their visitors; and so, weak as I was, they were barely within call even when awake. But I was much disturbed by the singing and howling of a number of Chinese Tartars who had come over the border on a pilgrimage to the Lama temple in Pú. These pious persons were silent all day till about two or three in the afternoon, when they commenced their infernal revels, and (with the aid of potent liquor, I was told) kept

up their singing and dancing for several nights till morning. In addition to all this, huge savage Tibetan dogs used to come down the mountain-sides from a Lama nunnery above, and prowl round my tent, or poke into it, in search of what they could find; and the letting them loose at all was highly improper conduct on the part of the virtuous sisterhood. One splendid red dog came down regularly, with long leaps, which I could hear distinctly; and I had quite an affection for him, until, one night, I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by finding his mouth fumbling at my throat, in order to see if I was cold enough for his purposes. This was a little too much, so I told Silas to watch for it and pepper it with small-shot from a distance; but, either accidentally or by design, he shot it in the side from close quarters, killing it on the spot, its life issuing out of it in one grand, hoarse, indignant roar. Possibly it occurred to my servant that the small-shot from a distance might be a rather unsafe proceeding. As if these things were not enough, I had a visitor of another kind, one night, who puzzled me not a little at first. I was lying awake, exhausted by one of the paroxysms of my illness, when a large strange-looking figure stepped into the moonlight just before my tent, and moved about there with the unsteady swaying motion of a drunken man, and with its back towards me. My first idea was that this was one of the Chinese Tartars encamped beside the temple, who

had come in his sheepskin coat to treat me to a war-dance, or to see what he could pick up; and so I let my hand fall noiselessly over the side of the couch, upon the box which held my revolver. It was only natural that I should think so, because it is very rarely that any animal, except *homo sapiens*, moves erect upon its hind legs, or, I may add, gets drunk. But still there was something not human in the movements of this creature, and when it began slowly to climb up one of the apricot-trees in a curious fashion, I could not help exclaiming aloud, "Good heavens! what have we got now?" On this it turned round its long head and gave a ferocious growl, enabling me both to see and hear that it was one of the great snow-bears which infest the high mountains, but enter seldom and only by stealth the villages. I thought it prudent to make no more remarks; and after another warning growl, evidently intended to intimate that it was not going to be balked of its supper, the bear continued up the tree, and commenced feasting on the apricots. As may be supposed, I watched somewhat anxiously for its descent; and as it came down the trunk, the thought seemed to strike it that a base advantage might be taken of its position, for it halted for an instant and gave another warning growl. It repeated this manœuvre as it passed my tent, on its four legs this time, but otherwise took no notice of me; and there was a curious sense of perilous wrong-doing about the

creature, as if it were conscious that the temptation of the apricots had led it into a place where it ought not to have been. I did not mention this circumstance to Silas, for he was extremely anxious to have a shot at a bear, and I was just as anxious that he should not, because he had no sufficient qualification for such dangerous sport, and to have wounded a bear would only have resulted in its killing him, and perhaps some more of us. After that, however, though never troubled with another visit of the kind, I had a sort of barricade made at night with my table and other articles in front of the tent, so that I might not be taken unawares; for my visitor was not a little Indian black bear, or even an ordinary Tibetan bear, but a formidable specimen of the yellow or snow bear (*Ursus isabellinus*), which usually keeps above the snow-line, is highly carnivorous in its habits, and often kills the yaks of Pú, and of other villages, when they are sent to graze in summer upon the high alp. Shortly after this I discovered that the way to deal with the horrible irritation of the sand-flies was to have my tent closed at night, and to smoke them out of it with burning fagots, which almost entirely freed me from their annoyance, and was an immense relief, though the plan had some disadvantages of its own, because I did not like to strike a light for fear of attracting the sand-flies; and so the moving of creatures about and inside my tent became doubly unpleasant when there was little or no moon,

for, in the darkness, I could not tell what they might be.

It was in this way that I spent the month of July, when I had hoped to be travelling in Chinese Tibet. Trying as this combination of horrors was, I think it did me good rather than harm, for it made life more desirable than it might otherwise have appeared, and so prevented me succumbing to the disease which had got all but a fatal hold of me. Moreover, the one visitor neutralised the effect of the other: you cease to care about scorpions when you see long snakes moving about you at night, and Tibetan mastiffs are insignificant after the visit of an *Ursus isabellinus*. During this trying period Mrs Pagell paid me a short visit every day or two, and did all in her power to afford medical comforts. My servants also were anxious to do all they could, but they did not know what to do; and I was scarcely able to direct them to do more than weigh out medicines and to leave me as undisturbed as possible, complete repose being almost essential to recovery. I could only lie there, remembering the lines—

> "So he bent not a muscle, but hung there,
> As, caught in his pangs
> And waiting his change, the king-serpent
> All heavily hangs,
> Far away from his kind, in the pine,
> Till deliverance come."

After I had recovered, and we were away from Pú,

Mr Pagell told me, with a slightly humorous twinkle in his eye, and being guilty of a little conjugal infidelity, that one great cause of his wife's anxiety on my account was that she did not know where I was to be buried, or how a coffin was to be made for me. About the 10th and 12th of July it looked very like as if the time had come for arrangements of that kind being made; and poor Mrs Pagell was, naturally enough, greatly at a loss what to do in the absence of her husband. Ground is very valuable at Pú, and difficult to be had, being entirely artificial, and terraced up on the mountain-side. For a stranger to occupy any portion of it in perpetuity would have been a serious and expensive matter; and Moravian feeling revolted at the idea of growing vegetables or buckwheat over my grave. Then, as everything should be done decently and in order, the question as to a coffin was very perplexing. Had the practical missionary himself been there, he could at least have supervised the construction of one by the Pú carpenters; but his wife felt quite unequal to that, and was much distressed in consequence. Had I known of this anxiety, I could have put her mind at rest, because it never occurred to me that, in the circumstances, the responsibility of making arrangements would fall upon any one except myself. Death never appeared to myself so near as the people beside me believed it to be; and my determination was, if it became inevitable, to make arrangements to have

my body carried up, without a coffin, high up the mountains above the snow-line. I had fully considered how this could have been ensured, and have always had a fancy, nay, something more than a fancy, to be so disposed of, far away from men and their ways. There are wishes of this kind which, I believe, have a real relationship to the future, though the connection may be too subtle to be clearly traced. There is a twofold idea in death, by virtue of which man still attaches himself to the earth while his spirit may look forward to brighter worlds; and for me it was a real consolation to think of myself resting up there among the high peaks—

> "There, watched by silence and by night,
> And folded in the strong embrace
> Of the great mountains, with the light
> Of the sweet heavens upon my face."

But it had not come to that. By day I watched the sunbeams slanting through the apricot-trees, or looked up longingly to the green slopes and white snows of the "Windy Peak" of Gerard's map. Eve after eve I saw the sunlight receding up the wild precipices and fading on the snowy summits. Night after night the most baleful of the constellations drew its horrid length across a space of open sky between the trees, and its red star, *Cor Scorpii*, glared down upon my sick-bed like a malignant eye in heaven. And while the crash of falling rocks and the move-

ments of stealthy wild creatures were occasionally heard, night and day there ever rose from beneath the dull thunderous sound of the Sutlej, to remind me, if that were needed, that I was still in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A NIGHT'S PERIL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

[*MAGA.* JANUARY 1848.]

TWO days before I sailed from Mauritius, I was sitting at breakfast on one of the packages containing my traps. The walls were stripped of their pictures, the cherished whips and pipes were gone from the chimneypiece—the crockery which ministered to my occasions was borrowed. The Sarah transport floated in the harbour, and almost sent the tail of her pendant into my window.

There was no mistake about it,—I was on the move; and, of course, as I was bound to Old England, I ought to have been in ecstatics. But there is no such thing as "of course" in human affairs. Of them, the tide is subject to so many perturbations, that, like Mrs M'Stinger, there is no saying which way they may head at any moment. For myself, I have ever been somewhat of a cosmopolite, and felt it to be bad policy for a creature of condition so erratic as man, to circumvent too closely with particulars

of locality his idea of home. It is a narrowing of our capabilities to anchor our hopes in some village or county, and to persuade ourselves that thence they cannot be started without shipwreck. If ever any of the sons of men were senseless of ambition and the *auri sacra fames*—those circulating forces that draw men from the native hearth, and prevent the stagnation of societies—they would need a triple defence against Necessity to fortify such a position. When this "Daughter of Jove" descends in her might, and hurls them from their strongholds—when go from home they must, even then will men sometimes go resistingly, which is the same thing as to go painfully. A man who should cling to some particular post or pillar till torn thence by mechanical force, would probably be wounded in the struggle. And so is it that the mental lacerations which some emigrants exhibit as the work of cruel necessity, are but the effect of their own obstinate clinging to some spot or outward object from which the fiat of necessity has separated them. Such men are cruel to themselves, and must often move the pity of their fellow-wayfarers. Such men are to be seen nursing their sorrows, blinding their eyes, and denying the sympathies of their immortal and infinite spirits. *The World* is man's habitation; and a good Providence has so adorned its every part, that nowhere can we be called to dwell where a wise man may not be happy and at home. The sacred asylum of home is of no

geographical nor material limitation. Its building is of love, and faith, and peace; and these foundations may be laid anywhere, for they dwell within the spirit of man, and are evoked by the voice of wisdom. Be wise, then, oh wanderer from the land of thy sires! Open thine arms to thy new brethren and sisters, and live no longer as though possessing no higher innate powers than an oyster or a cauliflower. Here, where you are, you have what may serve your present aptitude; for aught more you must wait till hereafter.

I by no means intend to infer that it required any high strain of philosophy to accommodate one's self to the circumstances of a few years' sojourn at Mauritius. One might, perhaps, assume it to be one of the most beautiful islands in the world. The good merchants and planters exhibit hospitality in its very pink, and abundantly evoke for your benefit the resources of the island. Objections, on the score of climate, I look upon as unworthy of a prudent traveller; for to one who will be at the pains of a little concession to circumstances, all climates soon become the same. 'Tis but an extra cloak at St Petersburg, and an hour or two's siesta at Calcutta. The one really assailable point in the constitution of Mauritius is, that it is a little out of the twopenny-post line,—but as I was not in love, this mattered little to me.

When I say that I was not in love, I must be understood as speaking irrespectively of Mauritius. Till

I set foot on those bewitching shores I had deservedly enjoyed the character of a hard-hearted, impregnable bachelor. It would be tedious to sum up the names of my messmates, whom one after another I had seen fall victims to eyes that had vainly expended fascination on me. The girls always gave me up as a bad job within three weeks of our arriving at new quarters. But now my time was come—*dedi manus*—I had stretched my tether to the utmost; and soon after I had set foot on the island of Paul and Virginia I had ceased to be a free man.

Now, put all these things together, and you will not be surprised to hear that I was not out of my wits with joy at being ordered home.

Mine was one of those complicated cases of love that will occur sometimes; not *one* flame, but many consumed me,—not *one* image of female loveliness, but many such specimens, beset my reveries. I would turn out in the morning with the perfect conviction that Maria was the real girl after all, and so rest satisfied, till some person or thing, envious of my peace, would call up to my mind's eye Lucie, or some other of the score of pretty names that rejoice Echo in that favoured spot. Thus did I shift my allegiance from one to another, and live in such uncertainty, that had Hymen's self decked for me the altar, I should have been so long in settling what name should thereon be inscribed, that he would infallibly have put his torch out in disgust.

So tempered I sat breakfasting. With the confusion of softer feeling, which I have tried to describe, was mingled a little indignation at a letter which I had just received from my old friend Jack Hardy. He did me to wit, that he had heard of my goings on, and congratulated me on being ordered off, before I was regularly nabbed. In case of the worst,—and this was the part for which I could have thrashed him,—in case of the nabbing aforesaid having actually taken place, he suggested that I need be under no alarm, since now I had an obvious opportunity of going home to "consult my friends." Considering how often I had myself used this weary old joke, I remember it did seem to me a little odd that I should so wince at it then. "Nabbed," thought I; "I only wish that Jack, or anybody else, would tell me by whom." And then I began to think how like my state was to that of a hypochondriac, who, assailed by fifty symptoms at once, knows not which to regard, and so misses the cause of all the evil. Authorities agree in stating, that a man can be in love with but one person at one time; so in spite of appearances, I was obliged to conclude that some one particular young lady was the motive power of the distraction I exhibited.

But little mattered it who, or how many, the girls might be; I was going to leave them all. Soon Mauritius and its happy company would have to exist for me dreamily, and as an image of the past,

the vivid lights of its actuality pushed into obscurity by some harsher present. Soon the popular —th would be gone, and be succeeded by some other no less popular regiment—and then, thought I, how long will the girls be before their grief finds consolation from among the new arrivals? Will any inconsolable one remember us? Will any remember me? A buzz of the island *patois* broke in upon my meditations, just as I was beginning to make out the image of one fair friend, who seemed to stand forth in favourable relief from among the multitude. It was very annoying to be forced from hope just nascent in distinguishable form; but the ideal must ever, experimentally, give way to the real.

I approached the window, where a Babel of tongues was raging—"*Gaitli donc, gaitli! li grand mossieu, su li petit cheval.*"[1]

The cause of the commotion was apparent, in the person of my friend Hamilton, who, at the precise moment of my reaching the window, had managed to make his way through the crowd, and was dismounting. I might have guessed, before seeing him, who was the comer, for he never stirred out, in his then fashion, without causing a disturbance of the popular quiet. He was a tremendous big fellow, who had a fancy for riding the smallest pony, that would keep his legs well bent up from trailing on the ground. This sight, for some reason or other, particularly

[1] "Look there, look at the big gentleman on the little horse."

tickled the fancy of the local vagabonds; and they habitually made a point of affording him a guard of honour on his excursions.

On this occasion the noise waxed louder than usual, and soon let me see that something more than common was in the wind. As soon as I could make out the personal appearance of the steed, I saw that his garniture was out of the ordinary equestrian fashion. About his saddle was slung a collection of parcels, and over his neck depended two uncovered and uncommonly good-looking bottles. Besides this, Hamilton had in his hands a basket, and was evidently made up in all respects for a start or a cruise some whither.

"Whither away my man?" said I as he entered, mustering up the most facetious look I could, to hide the possible traces of melancholy on my physiognomy; for I knew him of old as a desperate roaster.

"Where you are coming with me, Jack," replied Hamilton—"so get your traps together in a quarter less no time."

"But, my good fellow, I cannot; you know I sail the day after to-morrow, and have lots to do. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am a little, just a little out of sorts."

"Melancholy, and so forth," said my friend; "but let me tell you, that's exactly the reason why I've come to fetch you. Here, read this *billet-doux*, and then give me your answer."

He threw me a pretty little three-cornered, rose-coloured, scented note, whose superscription set my heart palpitating. It was the caligraphy of Virginie G——, and addressed itself, comprehensively, "To all whom it might concern."

In pretty mock heroics, it set forth the commands of certain undersigned fair inhabitants of the colony, to all and sundry the officers of her Majesty's —th Regiment, to repair to a spot some little distance on the other side of the harbour, there to hold *fête champêtre*, by way of parting festivity. I looked over the names of the fair despots, and saw that among them were most of those who had especially made happy the last few years of my experience. Virginie G—— herself was certainly the one on whom I thought the most frequently in connection with the two days that alone remained to me.

"My dear fellow," said I, when I had spelt over the list of names, "here is enough to tempt one; but let us be discreet as we grow old. What can come of my going, but fresh regrets? Can I forget that in two days I am off, bag and baggage, and that some new fellow will succeed to all my tender interests here, just as naturally as he will to my quarters?" Hamilton had lit a cigar, and smoked on thus far in silence, though I felt that he was watching me.

"I have not done my business yet," said he, "nor shall I without a little bit of treachery. Virginie wrote that letter."

"There's no treachery in telling that, for I knew it at once."

"But there is treachery in telling that she laid her commands on me to show the document to you: more especially, as I believe she would blush extravagantly if she thought you knew it."

Now let me say, that though I had for Virginie that kind of sentiment that made me feel ill at ease under the inquisitorial eye of my friend, I had never felt sure that she cared for me *accordingly*. Some girls are so excessively tender, that they can spare more love to a canary-bird than others can afford to a declared suitor. Virginie was of this affectionate sort; so, though she had been tender to me, I lacked assurance that this tenderness contained in it any thing of distinction.

I will confess, then, that it touched me rather, to hear that she had actually vouchsafed me a particular remembrance.

"Jack," said my friend, "you must come. I'll be candid, and tell you at once that I've read you like a book. You're in love with one of those girls, and don't exactly know which it is. Well and good—that has been many a good fellow's lot before you. However, here's a chance for you to try to learn your own mind."

"Alas! and much good that would do me!"

"Good—of course it will. You will have them all together, and there's nothing like comparison for

helping on a judgment. Besides, if you do nothing else, you will at least have a pleasant day, and leave a good impression."

I cannot say that I felt particularly disposed to join a mirthful party. But at least I should see once more assembled in their glory the kind creatures on whom I depended for pleasant recollections. I should be able to see whether any of them appeared sorry to leave us, who had borne them company in so many a deed of mirth. And as at all events I should escape a fair portion of the twice twenty-four hours' moping that otherwise must be endured, I determined to go, though at the risk of sharpening the regrets of parting.

There was also another reason why I was the readier to go; and as thereby hangs the adventure of this present inditing, I may as well explain at once. This was the last day on which I could write myself owner of my pretty little Mudian boat, the Wave. I had sold her off with my nag and the usual encumbrances, and the next day she was to be the property of a new master. Any one who knows the island within the last few years will remember the Wave, that used to beat everything in her waters. The only thing that at all came up to her was the launch of the old Bucephalus. This was the fancy-boat of the first lieutenant, who after many experiments had hit upon the lug as the becoming rig. With the wind well on the quarter, the old launch would beat me, and close

hauled I would beat her; but which after all was the better boat was a question we could never settle. However, it was for no want of trying. As surely as it blew at all fresh, so surely would the little Wave be seen cruising about among the shipping, and passing under the stern of the Bucephalus; and so surely also would the launchers be piped away on board the big craft. Many was the prophecy uttered that the little barkey would be my coffin, and so once she certainly would have been, had we not had water ballast aboard, when she capsized in a heavy squall, to which I would not shorten sail.

I liked mightily the idea of a farewell cruise in my poor little boat in such pleasant company. Objections touching her unprovisioned state were met at once by Hamilton, who had laid in abundance, and was carrying about him some of the odd trifles forgotten in the first instance. He had fully bargained to go in my boat, and as my companion. Boating was no usual fancy of his; but somehow he had a great idea of my nautical skill, and a high opinion of the craft herself, that made him sometimes willing to enlist as my companion. He was a very good fellow, but, I am bound to say, more useful and agreeable on shore than at sea. He would sit down in the little hatch and smoke his pipe rationally enough when all was smooth. But directly we felt the wind, and began to lie over the least bit in the world, you might see him eyeing the dingy's sculls, or any stray

bit of plank as a stand-by in case of capsize. Once I saw him pull his jacket off for a swim ashore when well out of soundings. Put all this together, and you will understand my friend to have been of a temperament nervous as touching the water. However, he was a very good fellow; more particularly one to whom I least feared to communicate any little romantic episode that might turn up. A good deal in this way I had already told him; and, far from laughing at me, he had seriously set himself to help me at my need.

We settled then that we should go together to take this last day's sail out of the Wave, and to make the most of the ladies' society before the act of severing should take place. It would be difficult to say what were the hopes that seemed to peep out at me from the prospect of our arrangement; but plainly enough I did encourage the hope of some good that was to come of it. Perhaps I was brightened up by the change for the better that my lively and somewhat whimsical friend had introduced into my morning society. Certainly he was much wittier, and more amusing than my own thoughts, which had been my only companionship before. At any rate, having once agreed to the convention, I set about the preparation of myself and my traps with a good will. The day was lovely, and by happy accident not too hot. A light breeze was springing up, which would carry us nicely out of the harbour. The only difficulty in

the way of a start was touching the due manning of my craft, as Pierre and his little son Antoine, who had composed my former crew, had been paid off the day before, and were shipped aboard another craft by this time. Right sorry, too, they had been at the change, for both skipper and craft had been exactly to their taste. I was not up to navigating the boat entirely by myself, and had no great opinion of the value of my friend Hamilton as a watch-mate. However, he volunteered with such hearty good will, and the weather promised to afford so little room for seamanship, that I thought he might do at the pinch. It was the first time we had ever been out alone, for, frequently as we had been together, he had been constant to his character as a passenger.

"Now, Hamilton," said I, "you must work your passage. You must stand by to clap on a rope or run to the tiller."

"Ay, ay," said he, "never fear; I'll not shirk my work. I've had a wet jacket before I saw your craft. Did I never tell you about my cruise on the Cam?"

"Never, Tom."

"Then you do not know half my nautical experiences. Let me ask you how often you have been capsized in one day?"

"Never but once, I am happy to say, and that was when Pierre held on too long at the sheet, against that old launch of the Bucephalus."

"I've been before this twice fairly foundered, and

once hard and fast ashore in one day. I was on a visit to Bob S——'s brother at Magdalen, and among the amusements of the season was boating: most unseasonable work it was just then, for the weather was bitter cold. We started, a lot of us, intending to navigate the river as far as Ely. None of us happened to know anything about nauticals, so we blindly submitted ourselves to the guidance of a fresh man who wore a remarkably hard-a-weather pilot-coat, and waddled in walking like a man unused to *terra firma*. He took the command as naturally as possible—never dreaming of so far doubting our judgments as to mistrust his own ability. We had hardly got well away when a squall laid us right over, and fairly swamped the boat. This we regarded as an accident that might overtake the most skilful; and I verily believe that we even the more highly esteemed our Palinurus on account of the coolness which, we must all do him the justice to say, he exhibited. But when, soon after, he ran us regularly under water, we began to be suspicious, and hints flew about that he had undertaken more than he was up to. On this Mr Tarpaulin, with all imaginable complacency, asked us what the row was about, and whether we thought that any of us would have done better, if this had been the first time in our lives that we had exercised naval command. After this confession we were no more surprised at accidents. We regarded it as rather an easy let off that the con-

cern was driven hopelessly hard ashore, in a stiff clayey soil, that allowed no idea of getting her off that night. All this may sound very little to a regular old salt like yourself; but add to this little sketch the idea of a driving sleet, and a seven or eight miles' walk to Ely at midnight, without shoes, which the greedy loam sucked from off our feet, and the *ensemble* of hardship is enough to satisfy a landsman like myself. Since that time I have been little given to boating, and, as you know, never go out except with you."

"Well, I'll try never to play you such a trick as did your tarpaulin friend. But the sea is a ticklish element, and the sky is a treacherous monitor."

"They never, either of them, promised better than they do to-day, so let us be off, or Virginie will start in search of pleasure with a cloud on her pretty face."

We bundled up our traps and started accordingly. The distance between my quarter and the little mole where the Wave lay rocking in the gentle undulations was soon passed over. I felt the influence of feelings far more serious than I wished to have perceived, and Hamilton evidently respected them. Like a good fellow, he pulled away at his cigar and said nothing. His little animal, under the guardianship of one of the ragged *gamins*, had preceded us to the water-side, and was there waiting our arrival, in order to the due discharge of its burden.

Poor little Wave! she was not accustomed to be lying in harbour when her sister craft were under way. One might have fancied that, with a sentiment of desolation, she allowed her burgee to droop listlessly, flapping it against her mast, as a bird makes sorrowful action with her wings. It did seem too bad to sell her;—and again I went over in my mind the bargain I had driven, and the price I had taken for her. After all, the conclusion was unavoidable, that I could not take her with me; and besides, I was going where I could not use her.

All the rest of the fellows had started, and already were hidden from us, as we then stood, round the rocky point. There was no one to hail for a dingy, and we were beholden to a dusky gentleman in a country boat for a passage alongside. We had a job to get the anchor up; for it had so happened that when last we came in all the buoys were occupied, and as I had little idea of wanting to use her again, I had let go her anchor. When we were fairly under way, I began to look a little into our capabilities. She had been sold "all standing," so that the general complexion of her gear was much what it had been under my catering. But there were already some symptoms of a change of masters. The sail locker was empty; and I remembered that her old suit had been exempted from the general bill of sale, and made over as a legacy to old Pierre. He had walked off with them; and thus we were left with no second

suit of sails in case of accident. Those on deck were all she had to show. However, this deficiency was far from causing me any alarm; nothing in the way of sea accident seemed less probable than that we should carry away any of her rags that day. We were going, merely for easy locomotion, amidst a fry of small craft, some of whom would be sure to lend us whatever by any accident we might want. My present mate, moreover, had a special objection to "carrying on." There was a convention between us, by virtue of which it was understood that whenever he came with me, we were to slope along on an even keel. His apprehension of disaster comprehended nothing but fear of a capsize from carrying too much sail. I think he would have preferred going unprovided as we were, to leaving it in my power to make sail in case of accidents. All he realised was, that without sail a craft would not "turn the turtle"; and as to her fetching port, he had in this particular a blind confidence in the skill of his skipper for the time being.

There was scarcely enough wind for us to work out of the harbour, as the set of the sea carried us strongly towards the bluff of rock that stretches nearly across the entrance. But as I have said, there were few boats could go to windward of the Wave, and perhaps none that "went about" more readily, and with less loss. So we managed to shave past, and came into full view of the little squadron. We were signalised at once,

not by the ordinary bits of bunting, but by general acclamation, and waving of handkerchiefs by our fair friends. On board the largest yacht a committee of ladies had established themselves, with plenary powers of command. This was the Queen Bee, whose motions the rest were to follow. At the moment of our coming in sight she set the example of making sail, and making the best of our way to our rendezvous; and forthwith all the rest, who had been lying-to for us, followed her motions. The idea of the party was to get, as best we could, with the light breeze that then served, to the rendezvous. For our return, we were almost sure of the land-breeze, which would help us along homeward without any trouble. They were all in tip-top spirits,—especially, I thought, on board the Commodore. In about half an hour we ranged up alongside of her, and there we found collected what might be called the bouquet of the party. Among them was Virginie, whom I had half hoped to find, but whom I could not flatter myself that I really did find, subdued at the parting with so many of her friends—more especially at parting with myself. She bore the air of happiness triumphant. Still I could not but fancy, when she waved her pretty hand to me, that it was with something of *empressement*. I know that I must have been considerably *empressé* in my salutation; for a host of latent associations stirred within me at this, as I deemed it, farewell meeting. I had no desire to make myself ridiculous,

so I kept my own counsel as well as I could. But I felt seriously unhappy, and repented for the moment that I had obeyed the invitation. I will not detail the history of the *fête*—it passed with every advantage of weather and sociability. The poor sentimentalists, if any there were besides myself, must have felt themselves sadly out of their element. All seemed as jovial as though no such thing as parting existed as a human necessity. Amid all I grew sadder and sadder, and blamed my own folly in coming. Already I thought that many of the damsels showed an unaccustomed disregard of my presence, as though it were no longer worth while to distinguish with attention a man who was on the eve of leaving them for ever. Virginie was unequivocally an exception to this rule. She was, as she ever had been, kind, and made many inquiries as to my future movements, even speculating on our meeting again. But she seemed thoroughly content that I should go, and as though no such dream had ever entered her head as that I might, under any circumstances, remain with her. Altogether I was so far from entering into the spirit of the party, that I suffered an access of misanthropy. In my own mind I condemned her as having been utterly spoiled by education and early associations. She had been used to intimacy with so many, and such constantly changing friends, that she was utterly incapable of the stability of friendship. The devotion of love

could not, I thought, be found with her; and without this devotion hearts are not given.

On the melancholy pasturage of my own thoughts I became at last so visibly doleful, that I acted quite as a wet blanket on the party. Some of the giddier among the girls rallied me, more wittily than compassionately, on my love-tokens, and wished to try me by a sort of jury, to discover which of themselves it was that caused my grief. The effect of this badinage on me was to kindle no little exasperation against the principal persecutors, and to make me pretty considerably unamiable to all. I felt that I was behaving in a way that would be likely to leave behind me no good impression, and yet I could not constrain myself to propriety.

Thus far my expedition seemed to have answered ill. I have now to tell how it anon seemed to threaten worse, and then turned out in the happy issue which I at present enjoy.

The time came for us to think of returning. There was every probability of our finding this an easy task, as we were able pretty well to calculate on the rising of the land-breeze. The wind had fallen during the day, and for some hours there had been a dead calm. The breeze that was to succeed it was very long in coming. The revellers were so well pleased with their entertainment that no thought was breathed of getting ready for a start, till the gentle sighing of the neighbouring sugar-canes told us that the elements

would serve our turn. Such a large and straggling party was not got together and re-embarked without difficulty; and the upshot of all was that, by the time we were under way homewards, it was well on in the evening. This gave us little uneasiness; the nights were clear, the breeze was generally steady, and as the land lay pretty well astern, the only difficulty that occurred to me was concerning the orderly behaviour of some of the men, who had taken too much wine to be quite manageable.

As it concerns our subsequent adventure, I may as well say that none of the uproarious ones were on board the Wave. They none of them would patronise a craft (so they said) which was commanded by such a long-faced skipper. So Hamilton and myself were the complement returning, as we had been coming. He was as sober as a judge, and just as much disposed as ever to be "handy Billy," or, in common language, to do a turn of work wherever he might be useful. I should think that we must have numbered, in all, at least twenty boats. It did not seem unlikely that some of them might fall on board of each other, as they were crowded very thickly, and some of them kept poor watch. Some of the steersmen were too jolly to be careful, and the girls did not by any means call them to order. It is almost a peculiarity of colonial girls to be without fear. Perhaps it is because they see so much of change, that few things strike them as strange,—and it is

strangeness that generally terrifies. As I had sold my yacht and bargained for her price, I felt that I ought to be particularly careful of what had become another man's property. I was unwilling to run the risk of injuring even her paint-work, which I supposed to be about the extent of damage threatened by a collision. So I held on till the whole set of them were started, and then got under way, keeping in their wake. There was no great distance between us, only just sufficient to keep us well clear of them.

Merry sounds of song and talk resounded from the tiny specks that floated on ocean. Good-humoured hails were sent back to me, and many an offer made of a tow-rope to help me to my station. Some of them had musical instruments with them, and gave the harmony of voice and string to be blended with the evening air. A happier or securer party never enjoyed themselves, nor any, I should say, that fancied for themselves a more perfect exemption from the possibility of danger.

Things went thus for about an hour and a half, the gradual change of evening into night being scarcely perceptible in the lengthened twilight. The wind, which had been gradually falling, seemed then fairly to expire. Nothing more was to be done by sailing, and the boats remained bobbing up and down in the slight swell, without the least homeward motion. It was plainly a case of "out oars." Sadly

against the grain did it go with us to pull off our jackets and set to work; but there remained no choice. We could not stay there all night, and if we meant to fetch our port we must pull. Some of them managed very well, as they were helped by the man-of-war boats that had joined the cruise. They got considerably ahead, and thus a division was produced in our little flotilla. The Wave was amongst the sternmost, as for want of hands we had been able to do but little; and besides that, we were in no working humour. One by one they all forged ahead so far as to be out of sight at that time of night; yet still not so far but that we occasionally heard them hailing, or singing at their oars.

As we had no fancy for a hard spell at pulling, we took things coolly as they came. We kept all sail set to take advantage of any little breeze that might come, and meanwhile waited as patiently as we could. Some three-quarters of an hour probably passed in this way, and then the face of the night began to undergo a change. The clouds showed a disposition to concentrate in a particular point over to landward, and light cat's-paws to play upon the water. Soon the breeze steadied a bit, and allowed us to lie on our course; and before long we were going through the water at the rate of five knots. We held on thus, till I knew that we must be coming close on to the ugly reef that lies about three miles S.S.W. of Port St Louis. The clouds had become blacker, and without

doubt a squall was brewing. Judging from experience, I fancied that it would be only of rain; and, at any rate, it seemed not yet to be so near as to require us to take in canvas. So we held on everything, and I ran forward to look out for the reef, and left Hamilton at the tiller. I at no time particularly liked to have him for a steersman, but now I had no choice, for he would not by any means have done for a look-out man.

"Now, Hamilton," I said, "look out; keep her as she goes a bit, and have one eye to windward, for there is a regular sneezer brewing, and we shall have it hot and strong in a jiffey."

As I ran forward, I looked at him to see whether he appeared to be at all in a stew, but was rejoiced to find him cool as a cucumber. He stepped confidently to his post, and looked out to windward like a regular sea-dog.

We had now come to that point of our course where the wind ceased to be right astern. The head of the coast makes it necessary to beat up a bit, in order to weather the headland. We were perfectly able to do this, and to have even a point or two to spare, only we should want a more skilful helmsman than Hamilton. However, we were just clearing the reef, and in a minute or so more I should be able to return to my post. Meanwhile, I kept her as she was a bit, till I should be able to put her round myself.

I had been for some minutes too much occupied

with the pilotage to think of the weather, so had implicitly trusted the observation of this to my watch-mate. He ever and anon reported things looking worse and worse.

A fine dust of rain, as it were beating into my face, made me look up, and I saw that we were in for it.

"Stand by there," I sang out.

"Ay, ay," said Hamilton, and he did stand by with the air of a regular blue-jacket.

This was all the caution for which I had time. The same moment the squall broke heavily upon us, and the poor little Wave was thrown nearly right on her beam-ends.

"Luff there," I cried; "luff, man, quick."

"Ay, ay," was the ready rejoinder; but, alas! just the contrary was the thing done. Whether Hamilton was flurried, or whether he never rightly knew what luffing meant, he put the helm hard up. In swinging off before the squall, she caught the full force of the wind, and for one moment I thought all was over with us. She went so far over that it seemed impossible that she should not capsize. But at the same instant, and before one could well think of the predicament, a jerk was felt, an explosion as of a pistol was heard, and the little craft righted. The mainsail had been blown clear away from the stay-rope, and was fluttering about in ribbons.

In a moment I saw the danger of our position.

The squall had been the first burst of a regular built gale, which was now blowing tremendously off shore. Had we been all a-taunto we might have managed to beat against it, but even then it would have been a tedious business, and would have required careful steering. At present, with only our jib standing, it was perfectly impossible to dream of such a thing. No earthly power could prevent our drifting out to sea.

Does any man who has not been placed in such a position think that he can realise the feelings of two human beings thrown thus, like us, waifs on the wide ocean? I believe that no man can; but to assist the imagination of such a one, let him consider one or two things. The waters before us came, with scarcely the break of an island, from the ice-fields of the south pole,—and behind us the waste might almost be called boundless. In a few minutes we should, as things went, find ourselves clear of the lee of the land, and then the Indian coast might be considered the nearest breakwater. The billows that would roll after us would come with all the force collected within such mighty limits, under the excitement of the gale. Had our bark been of proportions to combat the elements, we could have found no safety in an unvictualled refuge. She would at most have afforded us the means of prolonging agony. But I cannot say that the want of provisions seemed to me then to enhance the horrors of our condition. Our

death by drowning seemed so certain, and so immediately imminent, that no room remained for remoter apprehensions.

For one moment, I believe, we both lost our self-possession. Hamilton was alarmed at the heeling over, and at the noise, but when the boat righted he seemed to think all the danger was over. My blank look, however, somewhat alarmed him, and he did not quite understand why it was that we were sailing off-shore at such a rate. "Halloa," said he, "what makes you look so grave? A miss is as good as a mile. We're all right now, ain't we?" I did not answer him in words; but leaving him to gather intelligence from my looks, I ran to the tiller to see whether there remained any hope of getting her sufficiently near to the wind to enable us to fetch any part of the coast.

The attempt was but a forlorn hope. I might just as well have tried to sail her in the wind's eye. I could not "bring her to" in the least, but she went tearing on right before the wind. "Hamilton," I said, "we are in a bad way. She cannot beat against this gale under her jib, and you know that we have not a stitch of spare canvas."

Strange as it may seem, he did not seem at first to catch the idea of the danger we really were in. He had so accustomed himself to think of one kind of peril only, that he could see nothing alarming in our state so long as we carried on under easy canvas.

"Do you mean to say," he at last asked gravely, "do you mean to say that we are in any danger?"

"Danger!" I said, "do you think there is much safety to be found in a craft like this, out on the Indian Ocean, with a gale blowing?"

"Out on the ocean!"—here his face fell with the expression of a dawning apprehension; "what have we to do with the ocean?"

"How are we to keep out of it? Our last chance was to get her round and run her on the reef,—a poor chance, but all that we could dream of. You saw me try her just now, and saw that it was impossible."

"Then you mean to say nothing can prevent our drifting out to sea?" My silence and dejection gave him the sorrowful answer.

Poor Hamilton! he was a brave enough fellow in his way, and willing to stand any risk for the good of the service,—this was all in the way of business, and he felt it to be right enough,—but the idea of being drowned on a picnic excursion seemed to strike him as something altogether out of his way. I will not say that he was afraid on the occasion, because I do not believe he would admit the influence of fear. But he gave me the idea of a man labouring under the strangeness of an inadmissible proposition. It seemed as though a strong sense of injured innocence were mixed with his apprehensions, as if he felt himself to have been *done* and ill-treated.

"You don't mean to say that you cannot get her round?"—this was said to me in a tone that seemed to imply that I could if I would.

"If I could," I answered, "I should have run her on the reef; she would certainly soon go to pieces there, but it was our only chance."

"Never mind her going to pieces," said he; "I will pay half the damage."

It annoyed me, even at that terrible moment, to hear our condition made a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. I felt angry, too, with him, when I reflected that we had been brought to this predicament simply by his clumsiness. I so far gave way to anger as to tell him that, if we got safe to land, I never would go sailing with him again, nor trust myself on salt water with a watch-mate who didn't know what "luff" meant, and who wanted to sail in the wind's eye under a jib. Poor Hamilton, who now seemed fully to appreciate our peril, contented himself with assuring me that I might rest quiet, for I never should go sailing again with him or with anybody else.

A growing and abiding sense of the truth of this probability soon checked the spirit of squabbling within each of us. We were every moment drifting out farther and farther. So long as the lights of the island had been visible, they had imparted some degree of comfort. They at least showed whither our course would lay, in case matters should so far

mend as to enable us to choose our own course. But our distance was each moment increasing, and the night was waxing darker continually. A few more minutes, and the lights were hidden from us; and we were left simply and literally without any knowledge of our position, on the Indian Ocean. The sea had got up prodigiously, the wind blew harder than ever, and the night was as dark as pitch. Though she was flying before the wind, we could not keep the sea out of her,—it washed in over her quarter every few minutes, and it was all that we could do to keep her free by bailing. Happily we had a couple of buckets with us, that served the turn well.

I shudder when I look back to this part of that fearful night. Later on in the season of our peril we did not feel so acutely the horrors of our position, because our sensibilities had been then pretty well exhausted by the struggle for existence. So little hope remained at last, that our spirits scarcely retained the vitality necessary for suffering. We were as though already dead, and already taken away from living pains and feelings. But with the earlier part of the evening are connected associations of far more active pain—I mean during that part when I had not resigned hope. I know that there is a theory current that the living spirit never resigns hope; that a man sinking alone in the midst of the Atlantic, or bowed down for the stroke of the descending guillotine, never believes it to be impossible that he shall

escape. I cannot pledge my own experience to the truth of this theory. The spirit of man is so firmly wedded to hope, that it is in extremity only that this blessing can be torn from us. But the divorce may be effected at last, even while the tide of life beats in the veins. I am quite sure that, during some hours of this night, we both felt perfectly devoid of hope, and that we could not have felt more certain of death had we actually passed the gloomy portals. But this was only latterly, when our physical energies had succumbed under protracted exertion, when every expedient we could devise for prolonging our chance seemed to have failed. At first I could not make up my mind that our case was hopeless, nor familiarise myself with the idea of approaching death. No rational ground remained of expecting anything that could rescue us; and yet I could not forego the expectation that something would turn up. Our perishing seemed too bad a thing to be true. It could not be that our jocund morning should have such an issue; that we, so recent from the companionship of youth and grace, should be hurried to the contact of death. And yet all the while that I thus yielded to the promptings of natural instinct, I felt that we were drifting on each moment rapidly to the catastrophe.

While any room for activity remains, there is to be found some relief in exertion. The full bitterness of our condition was not felt till we had tried every device that we could think of, and had been

reduced to inaction—without resignation. Our last resource was one on which I had been sanguine enough to build up some hope. It occurred to me that if we were to let go her anchor, the weight of that, together with her eighteen fathoms of chain, might bring her bodily up. I only regretted that we had no spare spars wherewith to form a sort of breakwater, for I have great faith in the powers of a boat to ride out a gale and heavy sea under the lee of such a defence. Still I thought that we might manage to check her way effectually before we had driven too far out to sea; and then in the morning we might still find ourselves in sight of the island. There are circumstances under which one learns to make much of a very little hope, and I had made the most I could of this. We watched till we got into a smooth place, and then "let go." The extremity of peril had been reserved for this moment. The sudden check certainly brought her up as we expected, but other effects of our manœuvre followed which were beyond our calculation. She rounded too abruptly, and swung head to wind. But the weight of her anchor and chain hanging at her bows seemed as if they would pull her under water. The depression was so great that we saw that not a minute was to be lost, and that our only chance lay in heaving up again as quickly as possible. In our haste we both ran forward to the windlass, and by so doing nearly completed our destruction, for the additional weight had

a most alarming effect on her immersion. It became evident that we must at once get rid of the weight, and that it must be done without any additional strain. Our only plan was to slip the cable, and let both it and the anchor go by the run. This I accordingly did, but not even in this extreme peril without a pang of regret. Being relieved, she rose instantly, and in a moment was before the wind again. It had been a narrow escape for us, and, but that we had chosen a smooth place, we must have been swamped there and then. She had shipped a great deal of water, and we had hard work to clear her; and then once more all our work to begin again, for she shipped seas almost as quickly as we could bale them out.

For some little time we worked like men, and as if we really thought that we might work to good purpose. But soon it became quite manifest that we must be beaten. Our utmost exertion barely sufficed to keep her clear; and any little respite that we allowed to ourselves begat a terrible accumulation of water. This could not go on long. Hamilton was the first to admit this conclusion, and to give up the struggle for existence. I observed the particular moment when hope died within him, and noted it by the token of his sinking listlessly on the locker, and expressing in his countenance no sign of interest in our proceedings. To him there remained no more of the interest of speculation; there was for him but one idea, that of death, present and painful. I can-

not say that I considered it all over with us yet. I am far from laying claim to any superior degree of courage, or thinking myself a braver man than was my companion. Perhaps my love of life was greater —at any rate I did not yet give in, and by after inquiry I know that Hamilton did. I am thankful that it was so; for my experience made me afterwards acquainted with this state of feeling, and taught how paralysing are its effects. It may be that, had I earlier shared my friend's despondency, we neither should have survived to tell the tale. What I contrived to do, though little enough, was yet sufficient probably to make the difference of some hour or so in our foundering, and this respite proved our salvation.

Each moment that passed was bearing us out continually farther into the waste of waters. The gale howled, the waters foamed in rage, and washed over our gunwale; my shipmate had resigned himself to his fate, and replied not by word or sign to any consolation that I tried to suggest. All ground of hope seemed stricken from us; and yet, by a sort of perversity, I would not consent to the verdict that seemed to have gone forth against us. Such a struggle against adverse circumstance, where it is according to the habitual tone of a man's spirit, entitles him to the name of magnanimous; with me, it was rather a particular phase of obstinacy. One single chance yet remained to us—scarcely enough

for rational hope, but yet enough to justify resistance to actual despair. As the wind then blew, it was just possible that we should drift off the island of Bourbon, or, at any rate, come near enough to be picked up by some of her vessels. It was indeed a slender chance, but being our all, I made the most of it; so much, indeed, did I make of it, that I verily believe I should have felt quite confident of making the port, if I had had the means of steering. As it was, we drifted along, without any sail set, and without any compass to point us our whereabout. But the time was coming for me when I was to experience the pangs that attend the death of hope within us. This I regard as the painful part of this night's history. In the earlier stage there was the relief of exertion; in the later stages there was the insensibility of apathy. The time of sharp anguish was during the transition from the one state to the other.

The *coup-de-grâce* came thus. Some half-hour or so after the affair of the anchor, while we were drifting before the sea, we perceived a light ahead. Of course this must be a vessel, most probably a *chasse marée* belonging to the island. It was scarcely possible that we should reach this vessel, but of course we were violently agitated, at sight of her, with new-born hope. Hamilton even roused up and did what he could to help in keeping us afloat—which condition it was very doubtful whether we

should be able to preserve long enough to enable us to come up with the stranger. She proved to be beating to windward, and we saw presently that one of her tacks would bring her within hail of us. To see this was to pass at once from despair to confidence. We regarded ourselves as saved, and scarcely heeded the time that must pass before she could come up with us; a time, every minute of which was fraught with peril, that might shut out from us the prospective help. As she drew near, one only fear remained, lest she might pass us unobserved in the obscurity of night; and so diminutive an object were we, and so little to be expected in that place, that there was some room for the fear. As she neared us we shouted loudly, but the din of the elements was not to be overcome by our puny voices. But on a night like that it was necessary to keep a good look-out, and we knew that she must have watchful eyes peering into the darkness. I had on board a brace of pistols ready charged, which having been stowed away in the locker had been kept dry. We fired one after the other when quite close to the vessel, and succeeded in attracting their notice. We even made out in the murky air, to which our eyes were becoming accustomed, one or two figures of men, who ran forward to see what was the matter. But the *chasse marée* held on her way, unheeding. When almost under her bows, we called out to them in agony to heave to and take us

on board; but to our utter horror they held on their way, taking no notice of us except by some unintelligible cries. The *chasse marée* passed on, as if she thought it matter of little heed that two human beings were left to perish in the elemental strife of that dark night.

To this moment I cannot understand this adventure. It is scarcely possible to believe that any ship's crew of men could have the horrid barbarity to leave unsuccoured a boat perishing in that wild night. And yet it is, perhaps, quite impossible to believe that they could have thought us seaworthy and safe. Our signal, our cries, the dismantled condition of our boat, all spoke for themselves. Bitter, surely, must be the recollections of that vessel's company—dark must be the character of that life, in which such an act of barbarism was an unobserved passage! That skipper's worst enemy might wish for him that he might have the knowledge of our escape, that so the pillow of his death may be spared the visitation of that terrible reminiscence.

We looked a moment at each other aghast. We could not believe that the promised succour had eluded us; that we were deserted by brother man on the wide ocean. But wind and water raging around us howled into our very souls the fact. From that time I may say that I gave up hope, that I became as dead; and when at last safety sprang up, it was as from the grave that I rose to grasp it.

From this time I have little more to speak of than a dull and stupid endurance. A period of pain there was to go through, when my mind was bewildered with thoughts of home, and of those I loved in my present abode. There was a bitter pang to think that I must resign my young existence, and there was a realising of the pains of suffocation. I thought it was a horrid death to drown. I remembered the popular idea of death by drowning as coming easily; but I *felt* this to be wrong, and knew by anticipation that I should have a cruel struggle when the water occupied my nose and mouth. Both my companion and myself seemed reduced at last to apathy. We neither spoke nor moved; and both, evidently, thought it vain to continue any longer the struggle for existence. We bade each other farewell, and then uttered no more words. What remained to us of life was given to inward discipline, and to that communing of which the wise man speaks not lightly.

The events that I have been describing, with I fear but little distinctness of arrangement, had carried us on to about midnight. It is difficult to estimate properly the duration of time under such circumstances; but so nearly as I can guess, it must have been about ten o'clock when the *chasse marée* passed us. It must have been little less than two hours that intervened between this time and the happy turn for the better that was awaiting us. My

wonder is that we lasted so long; I cannot conceive how it was that the boat kept above water. The sea washed in continually, and we did nothing to oppose its progress. Certain it is that nothing in the history of escapes, with which I am acquainted, was ever more narrow than my own escape; nor ever did a boat float so exactly up to the indispensable point.

From the stupor of despair I was aroused by the report of a musket; it was enough to break the spell and re-awaken the love of life within us. Somebody was near, and we might yet be saved. Another, and another report followed, and a blue light blazed forth. We then distinctly saw, and not very far from us, a brig hove to, and, as we had not the least doubt, making signals to us. Joyously we sprang to renewed life and hope. We again loaded our pistols and answered the signals of our unexpected deliverer. To our unspeakable joy these were perceived, and soon we saw the brig fill her sails and bear away after us. Our plight was yet bad enough. We certainly were above water, and in sight of succour; but it was very doubtful whether we should be able to last long enough to avail ourselves of the assistance that approached. Our gunwale was nearly level with the water, and in a few more minutes would be submerged. Oh! how did we long to be able to throw overboard every weighty article, and yet we feared to stir lest we should

farther disturb the equilibrium. We sat still and motionless on the stern locker, measuring with our eyes the decreasing distance between us and the brig, and calculating the chances which each moment increased in our favour. We feared that the brig might run us down; but we did wrong to her skilful master. They ranged up nearly alongside of us, with main-topsail aback, and threw us out a rope. Hamilton was first, and easily drawn on board, at the expense of little more than an ordinary ducking. My turn came next; and I might have escaped as well as he did, but my worldly feelings had wonderfully revived, and I was no longer content to come off with the mere saving of life; I wanted also to save the boat, which, be it remembered, I had sold, but for which I had not received the purchase-money. I thought that if I could manage to make fast a rope to the step of her mast we might hoist her in bodily, and save her after all. The rescue would then be complete of the whole party. I sang out to them to stand by to haul us in, and rope in hand ran forward to make fast to the mast. But it was not to be. The gallant little boat had done her utmost, and now her time was come. She had saved our lives, but was herself to go down to the abyss of waters. She gave a heavy lurch, and I felt that she was settling. With scarcely the warning of a moment, she dipped her bows under, and sank at once and suddenly like a stone. In that moment

the waters were boiling around me, the greedy waves sucked me under; but I held fast the friendly rope. I was drawn on board, but not without some difficulty; for my prolonged exertions had severely tried my powers of endurance, and I could hardly hold on long enough. But saved we were. As I trod the schooner's deck,—as I saw her make sail, and brave the elements which had so nearly wrought our destruction, I felt as though I had seen an angel's arm stretched forth to pluck us from the gulf of waters. I wanted no explanation of the causes which had led her forth; she had met us in extremity, and was to me the arm of Providence. The rescue is as providential in cases where the peril is over in a moment. But there does not seem to be room for such deep impression, where peril merely flashes as the lightning across one's path. The bitterness of death must be tasted by him who is to appreciate the sweetness of deliverance.

On board, we found ourselves in familiar company. Several of our friends were there, and gave us the history of our rescue. At the time when the squall had come on, the other boats had been, as I have said, well ahead of us, and clear of the reef. Some of them had had a little trouble in getting to their moorings, but all were present at muster except ourselves. This would not perhaps have alarmed them, had not the hours continued to pass away without our appearance. By and by their fears were fully

excited by the arrival of a man who from the point had seen the accident. He declared that he had seen us blown out to sea, and his report was corroborated by our non-appearance. On this a regular alarm had been sounded in the island. The good old governor had despatched his tender to look out for us, and I know not how many volunteers had started on the same errand. Many were the good fellows who had braved the horrors of that stormy night, that they might have the hope of helping us. The brig was a merchant craft, whose skipper and owner had been induced to start on the cruise. She had been throwing out signals for an hour and a half, and was nearly giving up the search as a bad job. Well for us that she did not!

It was grey morning when the good skipper set us on shore; and I might very well end my yarn, with telling how we heartily shook each other by the hand, and how then I betook myself to those quarters which I had so little expected ever to revisit. But circumstances deeply affecting my after-life came as sequels to this adventure, and I think the account of them should come here also. I reached my room without having met a single individual; and tired, wet, and worn out with mental agitation, I threw myself on my bed and slept soundly. My dreams naturally followed in the train of what had been my waking thoughts. Again I was afloat, and again underwent the terrors of foundering at sea. The phan-

tasy of a dreaming spirit presented to my ear the lamentations of my friends. As waking, I had thought in the hour of peril of some one or two who would lament my sad doom; so in my sleep I went yet a step beyond this, and seemed to hear the utterance of the lamentations. These waxed more and more distinct, till the reality of them broke the spell of dreams. I awoke, and yet heard the same conversation.

"Poor fellow! what a dreadful thing!" said one voice.

"Shocking!" said another, which I knew to be that of my old boating antagonist, the first lieutenant of the Bucephalus. "Shocking! I always prophesied that that craft would be his coffin, but little did I think my words would come true."

The good fellow actually wept as he spoke.

"And that poor fellow Hamilton, who scarcely ever set foot afloat!"

"Well, they're both gone, but not without our doing all we could to give them a chance—that's one comfort."

I was now fully awake to the consciousness that I was alive and well—and to the understanding that these mates of mine were lamenting my loss. I did not waste any words in endeavouring to convince them that they were mistaken, but, jumping out of bed, I stood before them. The men stared as if they had seen a veritable ghost, but recovering themselves

in a moment, almost wrung my arm off in congratulatory shaking. Intense astonishment was mingled with their delight, and they were perfectly vociferous in demanding an explanation of the phenomenon I presented in my own living person. It turned out that they had been cruising about pretty nearly the whole night, in the hope of falling in with me. They had full confidence in my resolution, and knew that I would not give in while a chance remained, and so they hoped I would manage to keep afloat till some one of the numerous boats that were out should fall in with me. I have no doubt that they would have prolonged their search throughout the night, had they not fallen in with a craft (by the description, I doubt not the identical *chasse marée* that so cruelly deserted us), which gave them to understand that they had seen us go down. "*Fin, fin, allés,*"[1] with expressive pointing to the depths of ocean, was the answer they had received to their inquiries. With heavy hearts they had returned home, and without meeting any but those whose search had been as ineffectual as their own.

"And now, Jack," said my friend the lieutenant, "now that we have got you within hail once more, safe and sound, who do you suppose it was that sent me here this morning?"

"To tell you the truth, I thought it was a little sentimental excursion on your own account."

[1] "Gone, gone."

"Not a bit of it. A cleverer head than mine or yours either ordered the expedition. Virginie would have it that any intelligence about you would be in one's way here."

"Then you told her nothing of the authentic account of our foundering?"

"Indeed but I did—but she would not believe it. Depend upon it, instinct is a fine thing. Her instinct has proved better than our reason,—for she would have it that you were not drowned, and that news would find its way here."

Then we entered into a sort of *resumé* of the shore-going events of the last night; of all that the governor had done, and the good fellows who had volunteered to row guard all night with lights. Then it was told me that the ladies had been deeply affected, but none so deeply as Virginie. She had taken no rest all night, but with tearful eyes had looked out for concerted signals of intelligence, and breathlessly questioned every messenger. My sailor friend had been in the same boat with her, and had won from her expressions of gratitude, by his determination to pass the whole night, if necessary, in the search for me. At that moment when we stood speaking she did not know of my safety.

I determined to be myself the announcer of my prorogued existence, and set off at once to the residence of her father. I had prepared speeches of thankful acknowledgment of her interest in my welfare, and

was maturing the intention of letting her see that love for her had been kindled in my breast. But my fine resolves were rendered of little effect, and my speeches broken short by the young lady, who, the moment she beheld me, threw herself—her dear self—right into my arms. She did, indeed, without the least preamble or apologetic qualification.

There is but one issue to such a predicament as this. I had not much time, certainly, for wooing; but I am happy to say that before long I was wed, and that now I am the husband of Virginie.

MARQUINEZ AND LA COLLEGIALA.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

[*MAGA.* JULY 1841.]

THE small town of Ayllon in Old Castile is picturesquely situated at the foot of a ridge of mountains of the same name, and at about half-a-dozen leagues to the left of the *camino real* from Burgos to Madrid. Although dignified by the name of a *villa*, or town, and containing a population of five hundred *vecinos*,[1] at the period we are referring to, it bore more resemblance to an overgrown country village, both by the character of its houses and the occupations of their inhabitants. The former were rudely constructed of misshapen and irregularly sized blocks of stone hewn from the adjacent mountains, the interstices being filled up with a coarse cement. They

[1] The Spaniards have a somewhat loose manner of calculating the population of their towns and villages by *vecinos*, or heads of families, literally *neighbours*. They multiply the number of *vecinos* by four and a half, and that is supposed to give the number of inhabitants.

were for the most part covered with thatch, although here and there a roof formed of black and red tiles, arranged in alternate lines, varied the uniformity of the layers of straw, to which the weather and the smoke of the wood fires had imparted a dingy greyish hue. According to Spanish custom, every dwelling had a clumsy but solid and spacious balcony running round the upper windows. These balconies were sheltered from the rain either by a wooden roof or by a projection of the thatch and rafters, and in the summer and autumn were usually strewed with the golden pods of the Indian corn and the juicy scarlet fruit of the tomato, placed there to dry and to ripen in the sunbeams.

The inhabitants of Ayllon were principally peasants, who gained their living by the cultivation of the fields which surrounded the town; and in time of peace this resource was sufficient for the ample supply of their scanty wants and unambitious desires; but the war, which was so heavy a scourge for the Peninsula, did not spare this quiet corner of Castile. On the contrary, the position of the town rendered it a favourite resort of the guerillas, who from that point had the double facility of pouncing on whatever passed along the highroad, and of retreating to the mountains when troops were sent against them. Thus it not unfrequently happened that the unfortunate Ayllonese, after emptying their granaries and wine-stores for the benefit of the Spanish troops, were

visited, a few hours afterwards, by a column of French, who stripped them of what little they had reserved for their own support, accompanying their extortions by the ample measure of ill-treatment they considered themselves justified in bestowing on those who had so recently sheltered their foes. Between friends and enemies the peasants were impoverished, their houses dismantled and pillaged, their fields trampled and laid waste.

It was on an autumn morning of the year 181–, that a large number of cavalry soldiers were grooming their horses in the streets of Ayllon. Some ill-clothed but hardy-looking infantry men were grouped about the doors of the houses, busily engaged in furbishing their arms, whilst here and there, at the corners of the streets, or in open spaces between the houses, a few greasy-looking individuals were superintending the preparations of the *rancho*,[1] a strong smelling anomalous sort of mess, contained in large iron kettles

[1] The *rancho*, or mess of the Spanish soldiery, is generally composed of fat pork, garlic, and rice or dry beans, according as the one or the other may have been issued for rations: the whole being plentifully seasoned with red pepper, and boiled so as to form a sort of thick pottage. The manner in which this is eaten is somewhat original. Each company is divided into messes of twenty or thirty men, and each mess forms a circle round the vessel in which their dinner has been cooked, every man with his bread and a large wooden spoon in his hand. They tell off by fours, and a non-commissioned officer calls out "El uno," No. 1. The five or six men who have told off No. 1 take a pace to the front, dip their spoon in the

suspended over smoky fires of green wood. Cavalry, infantry, and cooks were laughing, joking, singing, and talking with the gaiety characteristic of the Spanish soldier, and which scarcely ever abandons him even in the most difficult and unfavourable circumstances.

The horses had been cleaned and returned to their stables; the muskets burnished till they shone again; the rations cooked and eaten. It was past noon, and the rays of an October sun, which in Castile is often hotter than a July sun in our more temperate climate, had driven the soldiery to seek shade and coolness where best it might be found. Some were sharing the litter of their horses, others were stretched under trees and hedges in the outskirts of the town, whilst the most weary or the least difficult to please lay wrapped in their cloaks on either side of the street. A deep silence had succeeded to the previous noise. It was the hour of the siesta.

Two o'clock had chimed from the church tower of Ayllon, and had been repeated by the clocks of the neighbouring convents and villages, when a battalion of infantry entered the principal street, and advanced at a rapid pace towards the open square in the centre of the town, where it halted and formed up. A body

kettle and resume their place in the circle. "El dos," No. 2, is next called, and performs the same manœuvre. After No. 4, the turn of No. 1 comes again, and so on till the pot is emptied and the bellies of the soldiers more or less filled.

of cavalry which followed separated into small parties, and dispersed in various directions. More infantry arrived, and proceeded by detachments to occupy the stables and houses in which the troops were quartered, and from which they ejected the original occupants. On the first arrival of the new-comers, the guerillas, who were lying sleeping about the streets, had started up in alarm; but on recognising the grey uniforms and painted shakoes of the regiment of Arlanza, and the blue pelisses of the hussars, under the orders of the Cura Merino, they for the most part resumed their recumbent position, with all the nonchalance of those Neapolitan lazzaroni for whom the *dolce far niente* is the sum and substance of human happiness. The less indolent remained staring at the troops as they marched by; and even when they saw them entering the stables and barracks they manifested no surprise, unsuspicious of any hostile intention on the part of men fighting for the same cause as themselves, and with whom they were accustomed to fraternise. Those who were sleeping in the houses and stables, were scarcely well awaked before they were thrust into the street. The whole proceeding was so rapid on the part of the Cura's soldiers, and so unlooked for by those quartered in the town, that in less than ten minutes fifteen hundred men found themselves unarmed and defenceless, whilst their horses, weapons, and accoutrements were in possession of Merino's followers. So complete was the surprise, and so trifling

the resistance offered, that not a life was lost, scarcely a man wounded, on either side.

Whilst the astonished guerillas were asking one another what could be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of Merino, that chief himself appeared, surrounded by several officers, and followed by a strong escort of cavalry. He galloped through the main street, and halting in the plaza, received the reports of the officers who had been intrusted with the execution of the *coup-de-main* that had just been accomplished; then, turning to a group of the disarmed who were standing by, he inquired for Colonel Principe. Before he had received a reply, a man rushed, bareheaded, and with a drawn sabre in his hand, from the door of a neighbouring house. He stopped when he found himself face to face with the Cura, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from passion, demanded by what authority the latter had disarmed his men and taken possession of their quarters.

"By my own authority, Tomas Principe," coolly replied Merino. "Your band is one of those which do more harm to the peasant than the enemy. When they march, their progress is marked by rapine and violence; and, if they now and then distinguish themselves by their gallantry in the field, they take care to counterbalance its merit by daily robberies and unlawful acts. Your horses and arms I have taken for my soldiers, and by this time your men are

informed that they are disbanded and may return to their homes."

Merino had scarcely finished his sentence when Principe, who literally foamed at the mouth with rage, made a dash at the imperturbable priest, and dealt him a blow which would probably have brought the career of that celebrated member of the church militant to a premature termination, had it not been intercepted by the swords of some of the Cura's officers. Several of the escort pressed forward, and the unlucky guerilla was overpowered and deprived of his sabre. The scuffle was scarcely over when Marquinez, the friend and lieutenant of Principe, appeared, followed by some officers and a few men of his corps. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, in the prime of life, with a highly intelligent countenance; and, instead of showing the same excitement and headlong fury as his commandant, he saluted Merino with urbanity, and addressed him in a somewhat ironical tone. The Cura repeated what he had already said to Principe as to his reasons for disarming the *partida*.

"I am well aware, Señor Cura," said Marquinez, "that some of your followers, weary of lurking in mountain caverns, have preferred leaders under whom they were sure to meet with opportunities of displaying their courage in the plain, and of revenging themselves on the invaders of their country. It is probably to prevent further defection, and to remount your cavalry,

that you have thus treacherously surprised and disarmed men who, had they been aware of your intention, would have given ample occupation to you and the whole of your forces. You have, for the moment, deprived your country of two thousand defenders, the least worthy of whom is a better man than ever crossed your saddle. We shall not attempt a resistance which now would be absurd, but you will have to answer to the Junta of Cadiz for your treason."

The Cura smiled scornfully, but made no reply. Marquinez, after gazing steadfastly at him for a moment, turned upon his heel; and leading, or rather dragging along, Principe by the arm, left the plaza. The same day Merino marched out of Ayllon, taking with them nearly a thousand horses, and a large number of muskets, sabres, and other arms.

Marquinez and Principe had been sergeants in the Spanish regiment of Bourbon. They were of humble extraction, and Marquinez had, in his youth, been a barber at Madrid. Both men of great intrepidity and of some military talent, those qualifications availed them little at a period when wealth and family interest were the surest, if not the only stepping-stones to advancement in the Spanish army; and our two *sargentos instruidos* left the service with the humble *chevrons* which their merits had procured them soon after their arrival under the colours, but which they had no hope of exchanging for the epaulette of a commissioned officer. At the commencement of the

Peninsular war, they joined a party of guerillas, of which they soon became the leaders, and Principe, although inferior in talent and education to his brother-sergeant, was the first in command. At the period that Merino disarmed them in the manner we have described, the *partida* had acquired considerable celebrity, and although not so well disciplined as the troops of the Cura, had committed no excesses to justify the step taken by the latter. Merino was jealous of their success, and annoyed at the desertion of his men, many of whom had recently left his standard to join that of Principe. As Marquinez had predicted, however, the Regency was excessively angry at the unauthorised and unwarrantable conduct of the guerilla priest, in which it was evident that he had consulted his own interest more than that of the service or of the country. A severe reprimand was addressed to him; but the war was raging in all its fury, the Junta had its hands full, and Merino was too valuable a partisan to be dispensed with, or even disgusted. Moreover, the mischief done was soon repaired, in great part, by the activity of Marquinez. After the guerilla corps was disbanded by the Cura, the two adventurers who had headed it found themselves with a mere handful of followers, the remainder either having been sent to their villages, or having joined Merino. Principe and Marquinez agreed to separate, and to reorganise two bands, instead of the one which they had hitherto commanded. Principe

was only moderately successful—the free corps which he raised never amounted to above six or eight hundred men; but Marquinez, putting out all his energy, before long found himself at the head of a strong body of cavalry, well mounted and equipped; and he took the field with renewed confidence, and this time with the sole command.

In one of the first expeditions which he undertook, after this resurrection of his *partida*, he encountered three hundred Westphalian cavalry in the French service, whom he totally defeated, after fighting for a whole morning, and losing a large number of men and horses. The Westphalians were returning from a reconnaissance, in which they had made several prisoners, and amongst others, a lady of a good family of Sahagun, and wife of a captain in the Spanish army. This woman, during the few days which the insecurity of the roads compelled her to pass in the society of Marquinez, became violently enamoured of that officer, and finally abandoned her husband and children to follow him in his adventurous course of life. Endowed with masculine courage, strong-minded, and possessed of greater physical strength than is usual in her sex, she did not hesitate to assume the costume of a hussar, and to fight by the side of the dashing guerilla to whom she had attached herself. She soon became well known in the district which was the scene of operations of Marquinez's troops, by the appellation of *La Collegiala*

—a name given to her from the circumstance of her youth having been spent in a college, which exists at Valladolid for the education of the female children of noble families. She had already been engaged in several skirmishes, and had displayed a degree of courage which had gained for her the rank of an officer, and the respect and admiration of the hardy soldiers amongst whom she lived, when an opportunity occurred of proving her devotion and attachment to the man for whom she had sacrificed her fair fame and her domestic ties.

It was in the early part of the month of March. A succession of heavy rains had nearly suspended all military operations in the plains of Valladolid and Palencia. Marquinez's hussars, at this time nearly two thousand in number, were in cantonments in some small villages a few leagues to the right of the highroad from Burgos to Valladolid, and were awaiting the return of fine weather to recommence the campaign. The activity and intrepidity of their leader had caused him to become a formidable opponent to the French generals, who were anxious to rid themselves of nearly the only chief who ventured to attack them on equal terms in the plain, and frequently came off the conqueror. For Marquinez, disdaining the more cautious system of mountain warfare adopted by other guerilla leaders, had not raised any infantry, but kept the open country with his light cavalry. Several of the

French movable columns had been roughly handled by him, and their dragoons sabred and put to the route by vigorous charges headed by the intrepid guerilla.

During the few weeks that Marquinez was compelled to remain inactive, the French caused his position to be reconnoitred by their spies, and devised a plan for seizing his person. The villages and hamlets in which the cavalry were quartered were spread over a considerable extent of country. So large a number of horses would hardly have found sufficient forage or stabling had they been all concentrated on one point; and as the roads were cut up and the fields sodden by the rain, there was no apprehension entertained of any rapid march or surprise on the part of the French, who had their advanced posts in the neighbourhood of Valladolid. Two of the numerous villages occupied by the hussars were nearly a league in advance of the others, and placed on either skirt of a large oak wood. The road from the one to the other of these cantonments described a curve round the front of the wood, and at a central point was crossed by a track which, in one direction, led in amongst the trees, and in the other joined at a distance of a mile or two a country road leading to Valladolid. It was at this spot that it was proposed to surprise Marquinez, who, with the Collegiala and a hundred horse, had taken up his quarters in the village on the right of the wood.

About dusk, on a stormy evening, Marquinez, attended by an aide-de-camp, was returning to his quarters, after having visited several of the cantonments. On arriving at the part of the road described above, he found his further progress impeded by a tree which had fallen across the narrow way in such a manner that its branches, covered with dead leaves and matted with ivy, formed a sort of hedge too high for the horses to leap, and too strong for them to break through. The two horsemen dismounted, and began to open themselves a passage by lopping the boughs with their sabres, when their arms were suddenly seized from behind, and before they could turn their heads they were surrounded by a dozen dismounted dragoons, whose numbers quickly overcoming all resistance, the Spaniards were thrown down and pinioned. A troop of French cavalry emerged from the wood, the men who had effected the capture remounted, and Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, being bound to their saddles and placed between four dragoons, with their carabines unslung and ready for action, the whole party started off at a sharp trot in the direction of Valladolid. The only witness of the affair was a peasant belonging to the village in which Marquinez had his quarters, and who was about a hundred yards behind that chief at the moment he dismounted. His first movement, when he saw the French, was to throw himself on the ground behind some bushes, and as soon as the last

of the troopers had disappeared, he left his place of concealment and hastened to give the alarm.

To support the troop of dragoons that had been sent on this hazardous expedition, two battalions and a squadron of French had advanced seven or eight leagues from their own lines, and had taken up a position in a hamlet at about the same distance from Marquinez's cantonments. It was an hour before midnight when the party which had formed the ambuscade joined the main body, after a rapid march over detestable roads and a heavy country. The horses were knocked up, and unable to proceed without a few hours' repose. Their captain having reported this to his commanding officer, at the same time that he announced to him the successful issue of the enterprise, received orders to refresh his men and horses, and to hold himself in readiness to march an hour before daybreak. Meantime the prisoners were placed in a room on the ground-floor of the house in which the French colonel was lodged. The door of their temporary prison opened on a large corridor, then used as a guard-room, and the small unglazed aperture which gave light and air to the apartment was traversed by three massive iron bars, placed parallel to each other, and firmly riveted into the stone wall. For additional security, and to preclude all possibility of escape, a sentry was placed in a sort of garden on which the window looked out.

The young officer who had been taken at the same

time as Marquinez, weary with the day's exertions, soon fell asleep in one of the three or four rickety chairs which composed nearly the whole furniture of the room. His chief did not seem inclined to follow his example, but paced up and down, apparently wrapt in thought. His monotonous promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when he thought he heard his name pronounced. He started and listened, but no sound reached his ears save the measured step of the sentinel under his window, and the burden of an old French *chanson à boire*, which one of the men on guard was trolling out, with a voice more remarkable for power than melody. Marquinez threw himself into a chair, and attributing to an excited imagination the words which he had fancied he heard, appeared disposed to imitate his aide-de-camp, who was forgetting in sleep the dangers of his position, and the probable death that awaited him. The eyes of the captive guerilla were beginning to close, and his head to sink upon his breast, when the same voice as before broke the silence. "Marquinez!" was repeated in a loud whisper. The word was accompanied by a noise such as is produced by a slight blow of iron against iron. This time it was no delusion of a heated brain. Marquinez rushed to the window, and looked out as well as the grating would permit. All was still. The night was raw and wintry, and it was only at rare intervals that the watery rays of the moon obtained a passage through some break in

the heavy mantle of clouds which covered the sky. The infantry soldier on sentry had reached the limit of his walk, and was turning to retrace his steps. When he arrived under the window, he allowed the bayonet on the end of his musket to fall lightly against the bars through which Marquinez was looking, and in a voice which seemed familiar to the ears of the latter, he asked in Spanish—

"*Estas solo?*—Are you alone?"

"Villaverde is with me, and asleep," was the reply.

"My bayonet is unfixed. Take it, and force the grating."

Marquinez seized the proffered weapon, which was only stuck on the end of the ramrod, and using the greatest possible care to avoid noise, he began to pick out the cement and the small iron wedges by which the bars were fastened into the wall. It was necessary to take out all the three bars, for otherwise the opening would be too small to allow the body of a man to pass; and with no better tool than a bayonet, the task was not an easy one. At the end of half an hour, however, two of the bars had given way, and the prisoner had begun to work at the third, when the sentry, who, during this time had continued his walk without appearing to pay any attention to what was going on in the prison, rapidly approached the window, and, in the low hurried tone in which he had before spoken, exclaimed—

"The relief is at hand; hasten, or all is lost!" At

the same moment, Marquinez heard in the distance the *qui vive* of a French soldier challenging the guard which was relieving the various sentries placed round the temporary quarters of the troops.

It is no disparagement to the often proved courage of Marquinez, to say that in this agitating moment his heart beat with unusual quickness, whilst big drops of perspiration covered his forehead. His hand, however, lost none of its steadiness, and he plied his bayonet with redoubled vigour, but with less caution than before. Fragments of stone flew from the wall as he struck and delved with desperate violence. He fixed the sharp end of his weapon under the bar, and prizing as with a lever, endeavoured to force it out, when the bayonet, already bent by the unusual purpose to which it was applied, broke off short, and the point remained in the wall. At the same instant Villaverde, awakened by the noise, which had fortunately not reached the ears of the soldiers in the guard-room, stood by the side of his chief, and in an instant comprehended their position. Our two guerillas seized the iron bar, which was all that intervened between them and liberty—between an untimely death and a life of freedom and enjoyment. They tugged and wrenched at the fatal obstacle, which shook but would not give way; the heavy tread of the Frenchmen had become audible, when, by an almost superhuman effort, the iron was torn from its place, and with the violence of the shock the two

men reeled back into the centre of the room. Instantly recovering themselves, they darted through the window, and stood before their deliverer, who threw down his musket, and tossing off his shako, a profusion of dark ringlets fell upon his shoulders, and Marquinez recognised with astonishment the handsome features of La Collegiala. She was pale as death, but had lost none of her presence of mind. "*Por aqui!*" cried she, and as the relief turned the angle of the house and entered the garden, the three fugitives bounded over a low fence and disappeared in the obscurity. A moment afterwards the guard, surprised at not being challenged by the man whom they were approaching to relieve, halted under the window, expecting to find that sleep had overtaken the negligent sentry. No sentry was there, but at a few paces distant a dead soldier, stripped of his great-coat and shako, was lying with his face against the ground. The long rank grass on which he was extended was wet with blood. He had received a stab in the back which had pierced through to his heart.

In less than an hour after Marquinez was carried off by the French, La Collegiala had set out with a squadron in order to rescue him. This force, which included every man in the cantonment, was deemed sufficient, the peasant having reported the captors as not exceeding fifty in number. La Collegiala made sure of overtaking them before they reached Vallado-

lid, to which city, from the road they had taken, she had no doubt they would proceed. After four or five hours' hard riding, the Spaniards had gained considerably on those they were in pursuit of, when they met with some muleteers, who informed them that they were not above ten minutes in rear of the French, but that the latter must have already joined the main body, whose advanced posts were about a mile off. This was a crushing blow to the hopes of La Collegiala. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient for her to take a resolution. She struck off the road, and after a few minutes' march across the country, halted, and formed up the squadron in a ploughed field. Then, stripping off her richly-furred pelisse and embroidered forage-cap, she replaced them by a coarse woollen jacket and felt hat, which she had procured from one of the muleteers. Favoured by the darkness of the night, she passed unobserved through the French pickets, and, attracted by the lights in the windows of the guard-room and of the colonel's quarters, she directed her steps to the very garden on which Marquinez's prison looked out. Concealed amongst some shrubs, she heard the orders given the sentry; and convinced that the prisoner whom he was directed to guard could be no other than Marquinez himself, she immediately formed a plan for his rescue, the partial success of which we have already seen.

The fugitives were not fifty yards from the village when they heard the French drums beat to arms.

The troops turned out in an instant; a body of cavalry was sent to patrol the road, whilst parties of infantry hastened in all directions to endeavour to intercept the flight of the prisoners. Amidst the din and confusion, the voice of the French colonel might be heard exciting his men by the promise of large rewards for the recapture of the notable partisan who had thus eluded his vigilance. Meantime, Marquinez and his aid-de-camp, guided by La Collegiala, laboured through the heavy ground; now falling into ditches, now stumbling over stumps of trees and other objects which their haste and the darkness prevented them from seeing. They fortunately passed the pickets before the intelligence of their escape had reached those advanced posts, the officers in command of which, hearing the drums beat to arms, and not knowing the nature of the alarm, kept their men together, instead of extending them right and left, which would probably have ensured the taking of the three Spaniards. At length, covered with mud and panting for breath, Marquinez and his companion reached the squadron, which was still formed up in the field where La Collegiala had left it. Two men dismounted; Marquinez and Villaverde sprang into their saddles, and the little party of hussars moved off across the country in good order, and as fast as the heavy ground would permit. At the same instant they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs of the French dragoons as they galloped along the road,

which ran about half musket-shot to the left of their own line of march. This, however, caused no uneasiness to Marquinez, who knew that the enemy's cavalry, unacquainted with the country, would not venture to leave the road, and he was sure of being able to keep well ahead of the infantry, who, in their turn, could not prudently advance too far from the main body. He reckoned, therefore, of being soon out of reach of the enemy, when the march of the Spaniards was suddenly arrested by a broad and deep water-course, with high and perpendicular banks. In vain did they ride up and down, and lose some minutes in endeavouring to find a place at which to pass this new obstacle to their progress. The French infantry were approaching, the torches which they carried showing like so many crimson spots through the thick mist arising from the wet and marshy ground. Already the officers might be heard directing the search, and giving orders to their men. The only remaining chance was to return to the highroad before they were perceived by the infantry, and trust to a bold charge to break through the dragoons, which were in their front. The road was soon gained, and the hussars crossed the wooden bridge which was there thrown over the water-course, and which gave out a hollow sound under their horses' feet. The infantry heard the noise, but paid no attention to it, taking the Spaniards for another patrol sent out from the village. The same mistake was made by the dragoons,

whom Marquinez overtook a few hundred yards further, in a wide part of the road. The officer in command had slackened his pace when he heard other cavalry approaching, thinking it might probably bring some order; but not for a moment supposing that an enemy had got between him and the headquarters he had so recently left. He was awakened from his security by the voice of Marquinez. "*A ellos!*" shouted the guerilla, and his men rushed, sabre in hand, upon the French, who, taken by surprise, were thrown one upon the other, and a dozen of them cut off their horses before they had made the slightest resistance. A panic seized the remainder, who, being prevented by the darkness from distinguishing the number of their opponents, imagined themselves betrayed, and surrounded by a very superior force. The greater part leaped their horses over the hedges and low stone walls on either side of the road, and fled in every direction. Some few threw down their arms and begged for quarter; but the guerillas were not in a merciful mood, and prisoners would have been an encumbrance on the long march they had before them. The pursued became in their turn the pursuers, and Marquinez had to exert his authority to prevent his soldiers from dispersing in chase of the runaways—a chase that would probably have led some of them into the middle of the French infantry.

Marquinez reached his cantonments at daybreak, and at the same hour the French commenced their

march back to Valladolid, not a little crestfallen at the events of the night.

A few days after the incident we have related, the approach of spring enabled Marquinez to take the field. After one of the first skirmishes shared in by his troops, two or three men deserted to him from the French, and by their own desire were incorporated into a squadron of hussars. One of these men, a German, made himself particularly remarked by his smart and soldierly bearing, and by his hatred of the French, whom he constantly execrated, declaring that his sincerest wish was to revenge on them some part of the ill-treatment he had received at their hands. Effectively, in one or two affairs, he displayed so much courage and bloodthirstiness that he attracted the notice of Marquinez, who attached him to his person as an orderly. The zeal of the deserter redoubled, and he exhibited that boundless devotion to his general so naturally felt by every brave soldier for an indulgent master and gallant chief.

It was some months later that the hussars of Marquinez, being in the neighbourhood of Palencia, their leader had occasion to visit that town, and he set out, attended only by his German orderly. At a certain distance from the above-named place, and when the road, running between two hills, is shaded by a row of large beech-trees, the travellers came to one of those ancient fountains, not uncommon in Spain, and which seem to have been erected with the double

object of administering to the thirst of the wayfarer, and of inviting him to solicit, by prayer, a blessing on his journey. On the upper part of a mossy and time-worn slab of grey stone, placed perpendicularly against the rocky bank which bordered the road, was rudely sculptured in *relievo* a representation of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. From a broken wooden spout, which protruded from the same stone at about the height of a man from the ground, gushed forth a stream of water of crystal clearness, which fell bubbling and sparkling into a granite trough below, while the vicinity of the fountain had encouraged the growth of a profusion of hedge flowers, which decked the banks and sides of the road, and perfumed the air with their wild and delicious fragrance.

At this cool and pleasant spot—a sort of oasis on the hot sandy road along which he had been riding—Marquinez drew rein, and loosening his horse's breastplate, allowed the animal to plunge his mouth and nostrils in the trough. Whilst his charger was drinking—an operation rendered somewhat difficult by his large and severe bit—the orderly continued to move forward, until he had greatly diminished the distance usually kept between an officer and his attendant. When he arrived within a couple of paces of the fountain, he silently drew a pistol from his holster, took a deliberate aim at the head of Marquinez, and pulled the trigger. The bullet split the skull of

the unfortunate Spaniard, who first fell forward on his horse's neck, and then rolled to the ground, striking in his fall against the stone basin, which was sprinkled with his blood. The assassin sprang from his saddle, and stood over his victim with a sharp short dagger in his hand. He had no occasion to use it. The teeth of the guerilla chieftain were set firmly against each other, and a slight froth stood upon his lips. The independence of Spain had lost one of its most gallant defenders.

When the news of this cowardly deed reached Marquinez's comrades, the latter did not hesitate to attribute it to the French general Boyer, from whose column the German had deserted. It would be unjust, however, to lay the instigation of so foul a murder at the door of a brave officer without some better proof than mere suspicions. One thing is certain—that when the murderer, after some hairbreadth escapes, succeeded in rejoining the French, he received an officer's commission, as a reward for having rid them of so troublesome and active an enemy.

Shortly after Marquinez's death, La Collegiala, with thirty or forty men, deserted to Valladolid, then held by the French. Those who knew her best were unable to discover or imagine any possible reason for so extraordinary an act. Some few, indeed, supposed that she had taken this step as the only means by which she could hope to find an opportunity of revenging the death of her lover;

and they predicted that many days would not elapse ere La Collegiala would return to the Spanish lines with the blood of Marquinez's assassin on her knife-blade. If this supposition was the correct one, if such was the motive which induced her to abandon the cause of her country, she was unable to accomplish her design; for, a few days after her desertion, the order came from Napoleon to send back to France all the foreign troops in the French service for the purpose of their being disbanded. Italians, Poles, and Germans were all sent across the frontier, and with them marched the murderer of Marquinez.

La Collegiala continued with the French, and commanded, with the rank of captain, a band of about a hundred irregular cavalry, composed of the men who had deserted with her, and of others who subsequently came over. On the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, which occurred soon afterwards, she accompanied them, and remained in France till an amnesty was published, of which she took advantage and returned to her own country. Bidding adieu to her masculine dress and habits, she became exceedingly devout, and gave up the whole of her time to religious exercises and the education of her children—a more praiseworthy than poetical termination to the career of the adventurous amazon who had shared the hardships and perils of Marquinez the guerilla.

A CRUISE UP THE YANGSTZE IN 1858-59.

BY ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORN.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1861.]

OCTOBER has come in and nigh gone at Shanghai; we have slept in peace and comfort on board the stout old Furious; we may have dreamt of England and home, but are recalled to the stern reality by the daylight *réveillé*, and a whiff out of the Loo-chow creek, which the morning breeze has wafted into our cabin windows. We declare it to be neither frankincense nor myrrh, for our senses have been sharpened by a recent cruise on the open sweet-smelling sea; and, preferring heat to bad smells, the sashes have to be let down, and our breakfast to be eaten in a temperature some twenty degrees higher than would be necessary if China was, generally speaking, more ambrosial. But enough upon that subject, or we might rail; for although this great emporium is now far more bearable than in June or July, still we are in no mood to be just, after having rushed back *ventre à terre* from Japan, to find that we might have taken

our ease there, and spent a month exploring its strange cities and unknown waters, and yet have been quite soon enough to meet the slow and sly Imperial Commissioners from Pekin. And what is still more trying to the temper of a naval centurion, our officers and men look upbraidingly, as if their chief was the cause of their past disappointment and present sorrow, and as if it was all our fault that they had been carried away from the fun and excitement of Nangasaki and Yedo to the prosy ugliness of a Chinese city. "Sorry we came back so soon!" exclaims one of the officers; "Wished we had stayed longer," says another; "Might have been there a month, and still been in time," urges a third; and so on, until, like the French captain who was requested by his crew to return to France as they were "fatigued" of some place where there were no salads to be had, we feel inclined to exclaim, "Go to the devil, my children! think you that I love this *sacré cochon de pays?*" But we will not; for, after all, it is only the custom of the service: the captain, like the he-goat of the Jewish ritual, must be the sacrifice; and assuredly it is good and right that it should be so.

Did we not always, in our own day, wish admiral and captain in Jehannum for those man-o'-war's cruises of "there and back again"? Bother those sudden sailings with sealed orders, which meant leaving all the clean linen on shore for the laundress to hire out, whilst we wailed over a chest of frowsy shirts. What

did we care for foreign policy, British commerce, Admiral Hamelin, or Commodore Sloat, provided our Chilian or Peruvian lady-loves were kind, horses cheap, and the fuchsia-trees in blossom? There was our heaven upon earth, and the man a wretch who dragged us hence. Let us be patient, then, when it is our duty to do the hard-hearted, and let us smile to see how much as we were then these are now, for even the very youngsters are at present Japan crazy.

"The chaplain wishes to speak to you, sir," announces the sentry, with becoming solemnity. We know what is coming, and, clutching the Printed Instruction, put on an official face; and as the gentleman who rejoices in the double office of pastor and schoolmaster enters, we are ready for anything sad. He tells us, with sorrow and indignation, that the cruise to Japan, followed by the pheasant-shooting of Shanghai, has so unsettled his pupils that the young gentlemen scorn the exact sciences, and will not listen to him, their pastor and master. We look very serious, and proceed to the aid of this gentleman, who has been facetiously termed, by the wit of the midshipmen's mess, "a double-barrelled parson," in virtue of his double office. There was a squeal and the ring of a dozen voices as the cabin-door opened, but on reaching the school-tables swinging between the main-deck guns, perfect order and the most exemplary industry animated the senior midshipman as well as the junior cadet—lads striving for university honours

could not have turned over tables of cosines and logarithms more earnestly.

There is a glorious *abandon* about the young sailor at his studies, which must be seen to be appreciated. He has his watch to keep, untold duties in his small way to perform, much practical knowledge to acquire; but there sits a future Nelson cramming with mathematics, navigation, astronomy, steam-engines, gunnery, and the living languages—a load, indeed, for any young intellect. Yet it is cheering to see how light the burden appears to the young sailor. Care! why, there is not even the faintest trace of it on one of those young faces, and the instructor is the only one who looks in the least anxious. We turn over the nearest work-book which lies at hand—nothing but illustrations of the Furious under all the phases of storm and calm! The next student is evidently of a sentimental turn, and his pen, instead of working out courses and distances, has been wandering into sketches of scenery, cottages, and a plentiful sprinkling of pretty faces; and there is an audible titter when we discover that the small boy of all, whose good mother is most anxious he should be a saint as well as a sailor, has sketched and coloured on the fly-leaf of his Euclid a lady of Yedo, whose personal charms and development say much for the small boy's knowledge on such matters. Of course, all the miscreants are ordered into the fore-cabin, and having had our laugh in private, and screwed up the necessary amount of

severity, we go through our part of showing how entirely such offences are at variance with the printed instructions and Admiralty circulars; in short, talked to them like—what shall we say?—ah! that is it, "like a Dutch uncle," we overhear one youth remark to the other as they escape on to the main-deck again; "and he says he will stop our leave," adds another; to which a piccolo voice pipes out, that having spent all the cash he was likely to receive for the next three months in investments in lacquer-ware, he did not propose going on shore, and that the captain's punishment would not affect his happiness. Of course, we were sufficiently astute, under such circumstances, not to stop the leave to go on shore of these young worthies, and had to exercise our ingenuity in devising other modes of torture with a view to enforcing the badgered chaplain and naval instructor's authority. But this excitement was not confined to the officers; and apart from the outside of Japan—for that was all our men saw of it—it appeared to me that the seamen preferred a cruise in salt water to doing the duty of policemen in Chinese ports and rivers. Every boat's crew from strange ships that came alongside are regaled with awful yarns about our cruise to Yedo. "So you have been up to Yedo?" inquired the other day a sailor in an American galley. "Yes! I should think we had too," replied a youth of Gosport extraction; "we shoved our jib-boom right into the Hemperor's drawing-room windows, and nigh broke all the egg-shell

china a-saluting of our Ambassador." "Thankee!" said the Yankee; "that will do!" and then it was equally refreshing to hear the men-of-war's men from both sides of the Atlantic expressing their preference for any spot rather than Shanghai as a place of sojourn for sailors.

Even as I sit at my table, down the skylight come the voices of the mizentop-men scraping their mast; they are wishing China and the Chinese fathoms down beneath the Yellow Sea.

"But I thinks the hofficers likes Chiney, Bill," remarked one of the men; "there are places on shore for them to go to, you see—hotels, and clubs, and merchants' houses, and suchlike; but for us poor beggars, what is it? why, it ain't a country fit for a Christian. Look at what our mess did here, last time they were on leave; why, we goes to a store, buys a three-dozen case of beer and one dozen of hollands, and then goes out to drink it amongst them Chineman graves, with a sun hot enough to raise blisters on the tombstones. Of course all on us got dead drunk, when down comes a whole heap of Fokies with bamboos as big as the dingy's mast, and commences a-hammering on us. So we rouses up and has a regular set-to. Of course we are pulled up afore the consul next day, and he says, says he, 'Sarve you right—you were defiling the Chinemen's graves; and they are so werry fond of their grandmothers that they cannot abide that sort of thing.'

'Defile, be hanged!' says we; 'we only sat down, sir; and the country is so full of graves that we could go nowhere else.' But the end on it was that we were fined all round, three of the mess laid up with broken bones, and most on us has had fever. D——n leave, says I, in Chiney." Are we to be blamed if, so far as the sailor and marine were concerned, we said, "Amen"?

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We are, however, about to put a fresh surface on our especial existence in the Furious. The Commissioners from Pekin have arrived; the supplementary treaty has been gone through, amidst innumerable official visits and official feeds; and the clause relative to the opening of the Great River, or Yangstze, for European trade, when rebellion shall have ceased, has been so far discussed that Lord Elgin, with a necessary escort of ships, is now at liberty to visit the stream, and select spots likely to answer hereafter as ports of trade or European settlements. The period of the year is most favourable. The north-east monsoon has just set in on the heels of a series of heavy typhoons, which have reduced the temperature of the reeking valley of the Yangstze, and blown away its fever and cholera, mosquitoes and boils, and the power of the current will diminish as the sources of the river and its affluents become frozen in the north-west by the frosts of a Manchourian winter. That diminution of the force of current will neces-

sarily involve a less depth of water in the navigable channels; but our anxiety is far more directed to the possibility of the rush of the stream impeding the progress of our ship, than the likelihood of not finding sufficient water to float her over shoals or difficulties. This anxiety is based upon the experience of a former ascent of the stream as high as Nankin, when serving in the fleet under Admiral Sir William Parker. It was then the months of August and September; no heavy rains had fallen, no unusual inundations prevailed, yet the strength of the current off Nankin was such, in spite of a great depth of water, from 60 to 90 feet, that although, thanks to the skill of our officers and men, no ships were lost, still accidents were frequent, and the delay in ascending to that point very considerable.

But current or no current, we are now all agog to be off and dive into the heart of this strange land; the feeling of curiosity is, if possible, more intense than when we first started for Tientsin or Yedo, and is by no means confined to ourself. How can it be otherwise? Here we are at the south-east corner, right-hand lower corner, gentle reader, of Northern China, bounded by Tartarian plains, the fastnesses of Thibet, the Yellow Sea, and the proud Yangstze, whose turbid stream flows within sight from our mast-heads. So long as we have been in Shanghai, we have listened and sought for information of the strange country to the north of us; every bale of silk, every

tea-case, leads our attention to the north-west. We hear of marts far more important than Shanghai or Canton, of great cities holding populations twice as numerous as London, of rivers so deep, so powerful, that the Chinaman prefers to navigate by canal to tempting their dangers; and we look at the Tunting and Poyang lakes, equal to those of Canada in area, and hope that we may one day sail or steam upon them. Yet, by my faith, if we seek for specific details of how to get to either one or the other—if we seek for any information as to depth of water, or any fact connected with the watery highway which is to lead us to these wonders—we find all such information ceases at the spot reached by our fleet in the year 1842. Beyond that point, Nankin, all our researches, aided by consular authorities as well as the mercantile community, amount to the assertion that the American steam-frigate Susquehannah had subsequently ascended as far as the town of Woo-hoo, one hundred miles farther than Nankin, but the officers of that ship did not record any topographical information, and that we must rest content with the Jesuit map of the empire as our guide. It is now two hundred years old; as an authority the Chinese copies have villanously distorted the original; and even in it the Yangstze is a mere thread of water winding tortuously through many more lakes than we can now hear of, probably inundations prevailing at the time of the survey, without a single depth along its entire length, and without

the position of one rock, reef, or shoal being fixed, or even noted. The European embassies passing to and from Canton and Pekin had of course navigated that portion of the river between the Poyang Lake and the entrance of the Grand Canal, but as they were conveyed in state barges, which naturally hugged the banks of the stream, or sought for short and shallow cuts of water, the information to be found in the writings of Barrow, Staunton, Davis, and others, served but little for nautical purposes. Even the writings of the Abbé Huc, interesting as they were upon the interior of the country to the north-west, threw no light upon the Yangstze, except that, in a general sense, in the upper valley, above the falls of Kinchow, more than a thousand miles from the sea, there would still be found a stream as deep and as navigable as the lower Yangstze.

Having, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of our gallant second-lieutenant, Duncan Davidson, and the kind services of those distinguished Sinologues, Mr Wade and Mr Lay, assured ourselves that there was no more information to be collected in Shanghai, we agreed with our worthy friend Captain Barker that there was only one thing left for us to do, and that was to start up the stream when called upon by Lord Elgin, and to do all in our power to test its navigability, and in the meantime to fill our ships with coal, and take a month's provision on board; for we hardly contemplated that the voyage to Hankow,

the farthest point spoken of, could require more than that time to accomplish.

We will not waste time or space recording all our arrangements; how wiseacres wrote up from Hong-Kong, recording it as their opinion that we should infallibly come to grief; how bets were offered that we should never reach beyond the Poyang Lake; and how wiser men foretold that, even if successful, very little honour or credit should come to us; and that, if we failed, hanging would be the least of our punishments. We could laugh at all this; an enterprising Ambassador as our passenger, a single-minded, earnest officer like the worthy Barker for our chief, only left us to set our teeth, trust in Providence, and go at our work, determined to give the lie to all such false prophecies. November came before we could start—a matter of some regret, for we calculated that between the 14th and 20th October would have been the best period for our departure, so as to return before the winter had set in with any severity. In the meantime, however, all the escorting squadron dropped out of the Shanghai river into the Yangstze, and the Cruiser, with the Lee and Dove gunboats, proceeded to feel the way for us through the great delta. The 9th of November at last saw us away, and the setting sun shone full in our faces as we steered our first cruise towards the westerly regions, up the great river. Yet it had not been our first visit in that direction. On the 6th July 1842 we

had the good fortune to be one of the eighty sail of British ships, forming the fleet under Admiral Sir William Parker when he advanced upon Nankin, and drove the first wedge into the rickety civilisation of China. Amongst the many glorious feats of our navy, there is not one superior to that navigation by our large fleet of a great, swift, and unknown stream—its ascent for nigh two hundred miles without the loss of a single vessel, although they oftentimes grounded amongst its numerous shoals—the carrying out of extensive military operations from no other base than that adventurous fleet. The skill and foresight which had brought together all the elements to ensure perfect success, without being dependent for anything upon the country or people we threw ourselves amongst, marked that admiral as no ordinary leader; and as we thus, sixteen years subsequently, advanced over the same ground, we could not help feeling proud of having witnessed such an achievement, and that small justice had, after all, been done in our national records to such a triumph of naval skill and audacity. Before that ascent to Nankin by huge sailing line-of-battle ships and clumsy transports, our navigation to the same point in steam-frigates becomes a mere holiday task; and we shall not be sufficiently vain to attempt to describe it, beyond stating that we found all the channels and the shoals of the delta to have changed with curious perversity, so that where, in 1842, there was deep water, we often found banks,

over which the flat punt of the Chinaman could hardly sail. Petty islets, such as Bush Island, had grown to a considerable size, whilst, strangely enough, many points well known to us in those days—such as One-Tree Point and Point Harvey—were unaltered in form and outline by either the force of current or deposit of alluvial matter. In many places the diminished volume of water discharged by the Yangstze in the winter as compared with the summer season, was marked by the appearance of dry land where formerly we believed channels of water always to exist. But perhaps the most marked change in the delta was at two points, the upper end of Tsung-ming Island, and what was known as the Foo-shan Bar. The former of these is a vast alluvial tract, reclaimed some three centuries ago from the sea by enterprising Chinamen, and lies in the centre of the delta, splitting the Yangstze at its mouth into two broad channels, the southern one of which is only known to Europeans. In 1842 several islands were observed in the northern channel, and noted by Captains Kellett and Collinson in our charts; one of these, of considerable extent, between which and Tsung-ming there then existed an eighteen-feet channel of water, was now incorporated with the greater island, a warning to us of the changes we might expect elsewhere. At Foo-shan, in the old channel, we found the bar to have heaped up with gravel until it was perfectly impassable for anything but a gunboat, and, after a long hunt, dis-

covered a channel to have formed, cutting a deep steep-sided trough through what was formerly a mud bank; and this channel was changing even then so rapidly, that within a month the direction varied as much as twenty-two degrees by the compass—a pretty good proof of the changeable character of the navigation of the delta of so mighty a stream. We were a week working our way through these difficulties, and approaching the first block of mountain country, round the northern flank of which the Yangstze at last bursts its way to the sea.

Nov. 16th.—We know that we are approaching the site of that city of Ching-keang, the key of the Great Canal, which in former days made such a respectable defence against our barbarian forces: we remember that we are approaching a piece of scenery which was so gorgeously Chinese, so rich in all the results of their industry and taste, that one peep was enough to repay the navigator or traveller for the difficulty in reaching it. The Lee and Dove, with their boilers out of working condition, had to be taken in tow of the Retribution, to allow their engineers to clear and refit; and the Cruiser, too slow to keep company when we wanted to make up lost time, hung on by the stern of the Furious, and, thus leashed together, we slashed away merrily under the bluffs of Kuen-shan, recognising many a pagoda and many a spot seen long ago in the pretty little Columbine. The day was just such as to enjoy the beautiful scenery,

and a pleasant arrival amongst mountain, rock, and waterfall, after an eight weeks' stay in lands as flat and streams as tame as ditch-water. The sharp bracing weather common to the season of the north-east monsoon had evidently set in; rattling breezes and clear skies were now to succeed the hot moist winds of the summer; and all we had to think of was to escape back from Hankow before the snow and frost of winter caught us. All was exhilarating, and promised fairly for success; for even the Great River during our run of yesterday showed less signs of having departed from its old channels since it was surveyed in 1842, and gave us, consequently, more confidence in carrying sail as well as steam up the reaches. As we neared Silver Island all hands were agog, from the Ambassador to the tiny sailor-boys; for they knew that in the next reach we were about to sight what had been reported to be one of the finest scenes in China, the great city of Ching-keang-foo, guardian of the gateway leading to Pekin by way of the Great Canal. Golden Island, with its rich temples, and pagodas covered with tiles of *real* imperial yellow porcelain, and Silver Island, so picturesque, were, we all knew, behind the steep point ahead. Had not the matter-of-fact Sir John Barrow said of that reach of Ching-keang-foo, that what with the host of vessels of war, pleasure, and commerce that were moving or floating in the neighbourhood when the Embassy passed to which he belonged, and

what with the towns, hamlets, and dwellings covering the banks of the Grand Canal and the hills of Ching-keang-foo, the scene was more beautiful and cheering than any that had hitherto been met with in China? Could not we all refer to writer after writer in proof of the wonders of Chinese civilisation and art which were there to be found? And were not we, who had gazed upon the picture when it was perfect, justified in assuring the eager officers and diplomatists that for once in their lives realisation would not fall short of expectation? Alas! it was not to be so; for suddenly all that once-charming scene burst upon us, but how changed! There were the hills, the islands, the river, and the rich plain, it is true; but the hand of man had destroyed all the beauties which rendered this spot more interesting than any other upon the banks of the Yangstze. We could hardly credit the possibility of such a scene of havoc and destruction, or that in our day it was possible to sweep away by human agency, not only the vast population which we had once seen thronging the land and water in this vicinity, but even to obliterate the very marks of their existence. The Taeping rebellion had extended down the valley to this point, and this was their handiwork—this the first fruits of the clash of European teaching with the doctrines of Confucius. Five hundred wretched creatures living within a vast area of ruin, round which a wall still existed, was all that remained of the city of Ching-keang-foo and its half

million of inhabitants. A wretched war-vessel, called the Pao-shan, under imperial colours, and some half-dozen small junks, were now the melancholy representatives of commercial fleets which one of our embassies was two days in traversing in a barge. Golden Island was a mere wreck; its famous library had been burnt; its temples levelled; a ruin only left of the exquisite pagoda; and the river, as if anxious to wipe out even the record of its past fame and present degradation, had actually silted up with mud the channel of deep water formerly existing between Golden Island and the southern bank, for men walked dry-footed where ships formerly floated. Silver Island was equally ravaged, and the city of Kwachow, at the entrance of the canal on the northern bank of the Yangstze, was a mere assemblage of battered hovels and roofless tenements. Standing on the summit of Silver Island, the view was everywhere equally sad, and indicative of the terrible desolation occasioned by the rebellion. The country had apparently gone out of cultivation; and as far as the eye could scan northward over the once rich and populous plain, through which the Grand Canal led to the Hoang-ho, hardly a farmstead was visible; and extensive inundations only truly told of the breaking down of the embankments, and the utter misery which had fallen upon what once was the "Garden of China."

Under ordinary circumstances we should have

naturally hurried through this terrible scene, and left others to extract from these ruins of an Eastern civilisation some shreds of comfort, that such chaos was the making straight of the path for a better future; but unfortunately one of those accidents which will befall sailors navigating little-known waters happened to us just as we crossed the threshold, so to speak, of this spot. Between the hills on which Ching-keang-foo stands and Silver Island, the Great River, with a perversity known only to fresh-water streams, chose to cram itself through a narrow gateway of one hundred and fifty yards in width, instead of taking what would seem a natural course, and cutting out a channel, of any breadth or depth, in the fine plain to the northward—a direction in which, however, it does throw off one petty branch, as much as to say that the Yangstze knew that it might flow through there, but would not be dictated to. Through this gateway we had to go, against a current running like a mill-stream, but without any misgivings on the score of rocks, because the chart showed a deep channel, and we had not only been through it in the Columbine, but had known big two-deckers to drop through it in past times. A rock, however, there was; and with all our leadsmen crying an untold number of fathoms of water—and we had some of them out at the jib-boom end—the Furious fairly perched herself upon a pinnacle of hard limestone, just where there should

have been seventy-eight feet water—a proof that dangers, over which the greater volume of the Yangstze in the summer season would float ships, and which the swiftness of the current at that season would prevent the seaman's lead discovering, would infallibly be discovered by a ship's bottom at a period of the year when the water was lowest, and the stream less rapid. This discovery strongly impressed upon us the fact, that for such a river to be properly surveyed, the work should be done in the winter-time, and that it would need a series of subsequent observations upon the rise and fall of the river throughout all the seasons of the year to fully assure the navigator of the depth of water to be found over the dangers at specific dates. We will not bore the general reader with technical details of how we laid out anchors and got down top-weights; how the gunboats came alongside, and how we worked all day and all night, and emptied the Furious of every movable weight down to her very kelson, except the coals; how we painted marks on the rocks, and gave a gratuity to the bonzes in the Buddhist temple, and enlisted them in our service, because they assured Mr Lay that they had a deity in keeping whose especial mission it was to look after the interests of ships and sailors navigating this Scylla and Charybdis of the Yangstze—we will not, we say, dwell upon these proceedings, because, when all was done, we still found our stout frigate perched on the

rock, and the water, which was high when we grounded, far too low to float her off again. That there was a perceptible tidal rise and fall we had ocular demonstration, but its amount was considerably dependent upon the strength and direction of the wind; and it was not to be wondered at, when we remembered that our distance from the mouth of the river was already one hundred and fifty miles.

Grateful, therefore, as we felt for the ready aid given by Captain Barker and the other commanders, and full of admiration and pride for the gallant ship's company and officers, who entered with such zeal and unwearied exertion into all the heavy labour imposed upon them, we could not but feel that, after all, our speedy escape must depend upon that Cherub who looks after the winds and waters. And he did not fail us; for on the evening of the 18th the wind came up the river, the tide rose to its proper height, and we popped off the rock just as we had popped on to its summit. The 20th of November found us at early dawn hastening onward, for Nankin was to be our next stage. The Dove and Lee gunboats were now ahead, pilot-fish to the big sharks that followed in their wake. The early sun touched the sad ruins of Golden Island, the levelled homesteads of Kwachow, and the barely-to-be-recognised entrance of what was once the Grand Canal, amongst which, as if in mockery, flaunted here and there the gay pennons of the Imperialist forces. The sight was a sickening one,

and we thought, with a shudder, whether Christendom was responsible for this scene of misery, and whether it would be the fate of our poor friends the Japanese to pass through the fire of a similar ordeal. Between the intersection of the Grand Canal and Nankin, the Great River flows in a tolerably straight course, and without any bars or reefs; the squadron, therefore, put their best legs foremost in order to get past the ancient capital of China before the night closed in; and as we dashed along past point and bluff, and the glorious scenery of the Nankin valley revealed itself, we began to forget the troubles of the Furious under the Hill of Sorrow, as the Chinese have justly named Silver Island, and to talk of the to-morrow which would see us carry our flag farther than British keels had yet gone. Personally, there was an especial interest in this strip of the Yangstze; it was a return to an old scene, replete with memories hallowed by the recollection of past events and old friendships. Here we recognised the channel where our beautiful brig was taken by the gallant Morshead through fleets of grain-junks, so closely packed that we had almost to pole our way through them; there the spot where the deceitful current so pinned us against a steep bank and a forest of bulrushes that we were fairly in irons, and had to remain until the wind shifted and blew us off again, but not before the exhalations from the reeking marshes, in the shape of a terrible malaria, had swept over the gal-

lant crew, and afflicted us with a fever which harassed the Columbines during all the subsequent passage to England. About here used to be the Marion Rock, on which a transport of that name, bearing all the headquarters staff, including Sir Hugh (now Lord) Gough, spitted herself and swung about helplessly for some time with her distinguished military freight —men, the majority of whom are now known to European history. But the Marion Rock is no longer in the river; it is now apparently part of the southern bank, owing to alluvial deposit having filled up the channel within Golden Island; for the Yangstze is evidently somewhat wayward in the opening and closing of its deep-water channels, yet not more so than such a lusty stream may be expected to be. By-and-by we come to Eching and Luho, pleasant places once, where we might have purchased all sorts of pleasant things; but we care not to look at them now, for the poor creatures have been alternately squeezed and plundered by Taepings and Imperialists; and our friends the Sinologues assure us that they are now undergoing the visits of a third party, who believe neither in Confucius, the Emperor, nor the visible presence of the Trinity in Nankin, and distinguish themselves as the "Fleechers," a name they no doubt well deserve. Then we come to the Sikea Hills, with the grove of trees and pretty temple. The last time we saw it, the graceful Daphne, commanded by the dashing Captain Keppel, was keeping

watch and ward in this neighbourhood. Then a little farther, we opened Nankin reach, and were able to point to the hills on which our forces were encamped prior to the then contemplated assault on Nankin, where, amongst other illustrious leaders, stood Colin Campbell with his much-loved Highlanders, whilst the waters were thronged with the naval might of Great Britain. Oh! that was a goodly sight, and the recollection of it made one's blood tingle as we saw the walls of Nankin burst into view.

As that place was now the great headquarters of the Taeping movement, and formed the boundary of an extensive region almost entirely in their hands which we had to traverse, it was, of course, necessary for the Ambassador to instruct the senior officer of the escorting squadron what line of conduct the executive representatives of England were to adopt in dealing with these rebels, and we therefore stopped for a few minutes to communicate with Captain Barker. Lord Elgin's instructions were to the effect that our position was simply that of neutrals, passing peaceably up the stream, on the strength of the permission granted by the Emperor of China; that we were to give the Taepings any explanations they sought, but to resist all hostile attempts to stop our progress. As our gallant naval chief was in a precarious state of health, we went on board to assist him in framing the instructions under which the Lee gunboat was to advance ahead of the force with Mr

Wade, the Chinese Secretary of Legation. Our worthy senior had evidently cheered up with the prospect of a brush, which, so far as counting embrasures, forts, and guns went, looked formidable enough compared with our small force, and made us, if possible, love him more, to see how, in spite of a stroke of paralysis, which had occurred since leaving Shanghai, and still left him partially crippled, the chivalry of the true officer shone through sickness and disease. His instructions to the Lee were concisely these: To go ahead as far as possible, give all explanations if asked for, but not to take the initiative in opening communication with rebels in arms against the government with whom Great Britain had just signed a treaty of peace. If they fired on him, he was to display a large flag of truce, the nature of which we held proofs of their perfectly understanding, and to remain stationary or return towards us. Above all, to run any risk rather than fire in return without express permission from Captain Barker. The Lee was then despatched; and for the rest of the squadron the orders were, to be prepared to force a passage if it was disputed, the Retribution leading in such case as senior officer, and the Furious and Cruiser following in their proper places. It was an interesting sight to see the stanch little Lee approaching alone such a hornet's nest as the place looked; and nothing, we felt, justified such a risk, except the very natural anxiety of the Ambassador to give no

just grounds for the Taepings to doubt our pacific intentions. The heavy-looking batteries on a place known as Theodolite Point took no notice of the gunboat, and allowed her to pass without either waving to her to stop, or even hoisting their colours —indeed, all the works appeared silent, and without any of those displays of banners so common in Chinese military posts. We began, therefore, to fancy that the Taepings had wisely determined we should go where we pleased, provided we did not meddle with them; but we were quickly undeceived, when the rascals had got the Lee fairly within the fire of all their heavy guns, and, as they doubtless fancied, at their mercy, one gun was fired, and a red flag was run up; and thereupon, in spite of a flag of truce of immense size—for it was an Admiralty table-cloth—shot after shot was fired upon her with an accuracy only foiled by the gallant Commander Jones moving his craft so as to disconcert their aim. The sun was just touching the western horizon, twilight was now short, but as the squadron was well in hand and the steam well up, Captain Barker threw out the signal to engage the enemy; and we dashed up to the works at a pace which must have astonished the "long-haired ones," whilst the Lee and Dove gunboats went to work in a manner peculiar to those sweet little craft, and which we have never witnessed without expressing a prayer, that our good countrymen who live in England's

pleasant watering-places may never be subjected to similar courtesies. The fire of the forts of Nankin was pretty fair until the ships got into action; and the Retribution, as leading ship, was subjected to a greater amount of damage than the rest of the squadron, and had one man killed and two wounded severely. The fight was, however, soon knocked out of the Taepings, for, commencing at about eight hundred yards and closing up to four hundred and fifty yards, we soon gave them such a surfeit as none of the believers in the Heavenly King had ever contemplated. The action lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and by that time we had fairly dosed the works facing Nankin, and an isolated fort on the northern bank. Night had closed in, and we had reached just above the site of the Porcelain Tower: we therefore anchored for the night, and Captain Barker decided on asking permission of the Ambassador to give our Taeping friends a still further dressing on the morrow, for the following reasons :— They might fancy that we had availed ourselves of the cover of night to force their fortifications, and it was desirable to remove any erroneous impressions upon our right of way up and down the Yangstze whilst the discussion was still an open one, for no one could tell what accidents might happen up the river to our squadron, and we had no idea of trusting again the mercy of such a set of ruffians: if they could not love us, they might at any rate be made to

fear us. The penalty of firing on a flag of truce they had had once before, by a British squadron, fully explained to them; they had fired on it now in defiance of such a penalty, and it was most necessary that the recollection of the crime should be immediately connected with its punishment. Lord Elgin fully concurred with Captain Barker in these opinions, and gave him *carte blanche* as to the course to be pursued on the morrow. It was simply this, to drop down at daylight, and knock the forts about the ears of the Taepings, if they showed any more stomach for fighting. Grey dawn saw us off the nearest forts; that abreast of the Furious came out of the mist with ghostly distinctness. The first rap of the 10-inch shells upon it sounded chorus to the broadside of the Cruiser, when Bythesea threw out his challenge to the fort and earthen batteries on the northern shore, and the Retribution came down with her heavy 68-pounders in a hearty bellow, whilst the gunboats barked a hoarse *réveillé* through the morning mists. All the response we could get was a very desultory fire from a solitary battery. By way, however, of leaving our mark, and exercising our men at the best of targets—for it so happened that quarterly gunnery-returns would be soon required—we gave our men a short practice at one or two of the forts out of which the Taepings had bolted; and having placed our mark in characters sufficiently legible, the squadron went on its way up

the stream. The Imperialists, encouraged by our success, evidently thought to take advantage of it by closing in on the city. We had nothing to do with them and their siege of Troy, and left them busily burning powder, with little damage apparently to either side.

As Nankin sank on the horizon astern, we could not but think how sad had been its fate since we last saw it. It was then full of interesting relics of ancient greatness, as the capital of the Ming dynasty. There was an air of respectable decay which then recommended itself to our sympathies; and there were such wonders as its Porcelain Tower, and the iron pagoda at Ping-shan, to astonish us with the ingenuity and grotesqueness of Chinese taste. Now, beyond the walls, whose solidity mocked even our cannon-balls, it looked merely what it was, the stronghold of banditti. Every house and temple of the suburbs had been swept away, and the wonderful pagoda, as high as St Paul's, faced from crown to basement with bricks of fine porcelain, and adorned with rich ornaments of the same valuable material, was utterly uprooted; indeed, if we mistake not, the forts were composed of much of the ruins of that unique work of art.

However, there was one consolation in all this desolation—what man could undo, other men might reconstruct; and the records of Chinese history told us that they had often been subjected to such visita-

tions as this at present being inflicted upon them by Taepingism. Indeed, Nankin only became the capital of the Chinese rulers as recently as 1368, when, after a rebellion extending over ninety years, they succeeded in ousting their Mongol conquerors, and its greatness and fame were almost the creation of one remarkable monarch, the Ming emperor, Hungwu, for his successors foolishly established their capital at Pekin, and fell, as they deserved, beneath the swords and influence of the Manchu—the master of to-day—and against whom the Taepings are to-day avowedly at war. We will not at present be tempted to go off on this theme, but hasten on through the 150 miles of river between Nankin and Ngan-king, the once flourishing capital of the province of Ngan-king.

Ten miles above Nankin we passed beyond the limits of the excellent survey of 1842, and two hills which mark that boundary ought to bear the names of those twin-brothers of Science, Captains Henry Kellett and Collinson; and then another forty miles of water brought us to Woo-hoo, where the Susquehannah American frigate reached some years previously. One Chinese town is so wretchedly like another, that we will not say more than that we passed several important cities in these forty miles, and many villages, all of them in Taeping hands, and all in a greater or less degree of dilapidation. Twenty miles above Woo-hoo, the Retribution was obliged to part company at a town called Kew-shien, and anchor

until our return down the stream. Her draught of water was nearly three feet more than that of the Furious : she was a remarkably unhandy vessel, and it was not without the exercise of more than ordinary skill that Captain Barker and his officers had already navigated her in safety to a point 250 miles from the sea, at a season of the year when the water was so low. Kew-shien happened, moreover, to be in the hands of the Imperialists, and Lord Elgin was not sorry, as we were obliged to leave the Retribution behind, that she should stay where her presence could not give offence to the authorities, or give rise to a suspicion that we were treating with men in arms against the Government.

The worthy senior officer gave us as much provisions as he could spare (for it was evident we had under-estimated the delays incident to the ascent of such a stream), and caused the gunboats to be coaled to their full complement. The afternoon of November 24th saw the Furious, Cruiser, Dove, and Lee again under way, and we parted with hearty cheers, and as hearty wishes for mutual success. On this and the following day our progress was as rapid as an economical expenditure of coal would admit of, and we anchored near a dangerous reef on the night of the 26th, in order that we might have daylight to clear it, and pass the great city of Ngan-king. This reef is called the Hen Reef by our native pilot, and if not much of an authority upon the depth of the water,

he is a perfect oracle at legends connected with its dangers. He vows that some Hen famed in story was busy filling up the big river with stones, when Dame Partlet was charmed away from her wicked work by an ingenious priest imitating the crowing of her much-loved Chanticleer—a proof of the use of the bonzes, and the necessity for contributing to the little temple and its oily occupants, as the pilot slyly added. Anyhow, the Hen and Chickens made a very ugly pass for our sea-going craft to navigate through; and so formidable is the barrier to native junks that a cutting has actually been made through a hill on the southern bank, to enable them to avoid its dangers. This spot is just fifteen miles from Ngan-king, and about three hundred and forty miles up the river, and may be said to be the first serious obstruction to the navigation,—not from barring it entirely across, but because no ship under sail could with safety attempt the channel in consequence of the peculiar manner in which the tide is dammed up into a race at one part, and sweeps at other points fiercely on to the danger. Steam-power or tugs will always here be necessary, unless the artificial cutting be found, on further examination, to be practicable for our craft; but it is worthy of note that up to this point there are no difficulties which sailing-ships may not master, in the hands of good sailors. Leaving the Hen and Chickens behind us, with the indefatigable gunboats ahead, so as to give us warning of

any rocks or shoals, we reached Ngan-king early on the 26th. Here the Taepings on a smaller scale repeated exactly the same line of conduct as their *confrères* at Nankin, and fired on the advancing squadron without the slightest provocation or reason. Of course they were regaled with exactly the same treatment as their Heavenly King farther eastward, and with an equally favourable result; for they were so rapidly brought to their senses in Ngan-king as subsequently to allow us to pass, at half musket-shot, close under their works, without the slightest attempt to provoke a further controversy; and the impression was sufficiently lasting, as Lord Elgin discovered on his way down a month afterwards. Nothing could be finer than the sight of this city of Ngan-king: the river flows close under its walls, and they again rise up a gentle slope, enclosing an area quite as large as the city of Canton, and apparently as well filled with dwellings. The suburbs and country-houses which had once existed were now levelled, or roofless ruins, and the beautiful pagoda was the only building perfect outside the walls of the city. A fine range of hills sweeps gracefully round the back of Ngan-king, and there was every promise that, with peace and order restored, this important capital of a province containing more souls than Great Britain and Ireland together, would be a charming place of residence for our commercial community in China.

Ngan-king appeared to be the western limit of the

Taeping territory, for we now came on Imperial fleets and armies in overpowering profusion, judging by the number of flags and amount of display. They were evidently besieging Ngan-king in a Chinese fashion; and "rebellion-quelling generals" were crowing on the heights and eminences around the northern side of the city, at the long-range distance of about three and a half statute miles. The country, however, on the south bank was quite open to the Taepings; and on our return downwards we had occasion to visit and communicate with the farmers in that direction. We found that although they disclaimed being Taepings, they acknowledged having paid taxes, under compulsion, for four years to the authorities then in Ngan-king. They had not much to complain of, they said. Mandarin and Taeping "squeezed" about equally. It was the people in the large towns and cities, not the petty farmers, that suffered by the Taepings. When asked why they wore long hair—that is, allowed all their hair to grow without shaving any part of the head—if they were not Taepings? they exhibited all the true cunning of the Chinaman, by pointing to the huge tail into which it was plaited, and with a twinkle of their eyes, explaining that the arrangement enabled them to please both parties. With the hair all over their heads they could prove themselves true rebels to the Taepings, and when the Imperialists did come back they would only have to shave as of old, and the tail of the Chinaman, *pur*

sang, would still be there, and testify to their loyalty. These worthies added that there was only one drawback, in their individual opinion, to the present state of things, and that was the unpleasant way in which the Taepings swept off the good-looking women from the farms; this touched them, and they did warm a little on that point; but as to the slaughter of the citizens and children in the cities, the plunder of the trader and merchant, that was other men's business, not theirs.

A charming instance of cold-blooded fish-like selfishness is the Chinaman, and one almost feels as if it needed the scourge and the sword of the Taeping ruffian to rouse from his hideous lethargy; but we must rattle onward, for the next great event will be our arrival at the junction of the Poyang Lake with our Ta-keang, or Great River. For Yangstze it has ceased to be called since we passed the Great Canal. Hitherto, from Nankin to Ngan-king, we had been steaming through a magnificently rich valley of some two hundred miles in length, and varying from twenty-five to ten miles in width, the hills on either side of no remarkable altitude, but still picturesque, and affording glimpses of scenery as rich and varied as any in China. Farmsteads and cultivation abounded throughout the major portion of this rich region, and it was only the towns and cities which had been wrecked and plundered. There was, it is true, a total absence of all activity and life upon the magnificent

river which formed its great highway, that told its own tale, and very significantly too; but still that river formed a noble object, and gave all its importance to this valley. Ascending our mast-heads at any point we might happen to be when traversing the above-named distance, it was a panorama unequalled in all its grandeur to look down on the Great River, flowing in fine reaches of ten or fifteen miles in length, and sometimes a mile in width, with a mean depth of forty feet of water; here and there twisting and recurving as if in wantonness, yet still striking against the high lands on the southern shore, and chafing at their feet as it rolled its golden tide to the bosom of the Pacific; then again splitting in the plain, and enclosing within its arms some great island rich with all the fatness of China, and covered with farms, herds, and cultivation, all of which you would be sorry to insure against being swept away some day in one of those frightful inundations, marked high up the rocks, or here and there in sand-covered plains.

But now, soon after passing Ngan-king, we find ourselves steering a more southerly course, and enter upon quite a different scene. We leave the province of Ngan-king, and enter that of Kiang-si, at least just skirt its north-east corner. Mountains of vast altitude are seen on the southern hand, some of which must have been at least 15,000 feet high, but they are far off, whilst near the banks of the river they vary from 2000 to 600 feet in height. Northward, or on our

right hand, looking up the stream, a vast plain is seen, which looks sadly subject to inundation, whilst the mountains which we left behind us at Ngan-king may be seen glimmering in the far distance, as if stretching in a more direct line from that city towards our destination at Hankow. The navigation of the stream still continued very easy; to be sure, we put our keel occasionally in the mud, but then we were in a hurry, and feeling our way up a totally unknown stream, and were much harassed by fogs, especially during the 27th, after passing a picturesque town called Tung-loo. This mist, and other indications, warned our sagacious pilot that we were about to have a storm, for it appeared this neighbourhood was famous for strong winds; and on the morning of Sunday the 28th he deemed it a deliberate temptation of Providence for us to weigh our anchor. He told us how many junks were wrecked in such storms as that impending; how the water of the river got blown anywhere, and that the proper thing to do was to get up a creek and lay out as many anchors as possible. We were too ill, with a low fever caught in the night air of Silver Island, to quite enjoy the raciness of the pilot's expostulation; but finding the anchors were coming up in spite of the rules laid down by his experience, he proceeded to light his cigar and abuse the region through which we were passing. "Summer or winter, it was always alike," he said; "now hot enough to make you wish your skin was off, then so

cold that all the sheepskins in Ngan-king could not keep you warm; and as to the river and the winds, he did not know which was the worst." Having given vent to his opinion, our pilot left us to our own devices, and descended into the stoke-hole to enjoy the society of the stokers, their tobacco being much more powerful than the Manillas with which we conciliated our Palinurus. He was no false prophet, for down came an easterly gale upon us, loaded with red brick-dust, which gave the whole atmosphere a dense fiery appearance, as singular as it was unpleasant for those who had to find their way in such a tornado. However, the "dear little gunboats" were chirruping along; the gallant Bythesea, under double-reefed topsails, looked as if he and his pretty Cruiser were about to run for the Derby, and the Furious was not going to stop for any fresh-water gale; so away we went before the storm like so many sea-gulls. There was decidedly no use in stopping so long as the wind was fair and the water deep; and Dame Fortune smiled upon us, although there was some anxiety lest, if the leading vessel got aground, all the rest would tumble upon her before they were able to stop their way. However, we kept a fine depth of water, and made splendid progress from 8 A.M. until 2 P.M., when a difficulty obliged us to anchor a short stage from the Poyang Lake. At one moment during the day things did look a little ugly, and that was at about eleven o'clock of the forenoon, when, after staggering down

a reach where nothing could be seen but the bull-rushes on either hand, and the raging surface of the Great River, we appeared to be steering suddenly against some vertical cliffs, three hundred feet high. There was, however, no time to do more than wonder; for whilst the leadsman was calling no soundings at fifteen fathoms of line, we were dashed through a sort of portal which the river had chosen to cut for itself through a projecting point in the mountains of Kiang-si, instead of going off sensibly into the flat country of Hu-pe, and making a channel of any width it pleased. The piece of the mountain thus detached was called the Little Orphan, and a very appropriate name too, considering how ruthlessly it had been torn from its parent in Kiang-si.

The next day (Nov. 29) brought a change of weather of a most decisive character; the frost was so intense at five o'clock that the water froze when we tried to wash decks, and the mountain-tops had sheets of snow on them. The gale had ceased, and the air was pure and bracing, with some of the most beautiful scenery in the world slowly revealing itself as we neared the entrance of the Poyang Lake. By noon we were there. It seemed as if some gigantic hand had cleft a portal through the mountains of Kiang-si to allow the union of the river and the lake, and that the portion removed had been placed a little in advance of the opening to mark the achievement. We had seen some fine scenery in our time, but seldom

anything finer than this. The Ta-keang, coming down from its birthplace in the north-west, rushes down to meet an almost equally great discharge from an inland sea, which drains an area of country greater than all France. Their confluence is marked by islands and shoals, great holes of deep water, and whirlpools of current, which twisted our big frigate about as if she was a cockboat, though drawing fifteen feet six inches, and going at full speed. Leaving on our left the well-marked and promising entrance to the Poyang, as well as the prettily-situated town and fortifications of Hokow, we advanced up an 18-feet channel to Kew-keang, or town of "six streams," an important walled city of the first class, situated on the southern bank of the Great River, just above the junction with the Poyang Lake. In every respect this was a most important position to have reached with vessels of the size of the Furious, and of the small steam-power of the Cruiser; and as our subsequent detention here gave us good opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the neighbourhood, we were able to form a pretty good idea of its importance.

The town, though little else than the walls now remain, stands on the southern bank, but on the northern slope of a range of hills of a 200-feet elevation. The area represents a quadrangle varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length and breadth. Seven-tenths of the town was an utter ruin, the very bricks of which the buildings had been built having been taken

to raise and repair the walls, and they were, comparatively speaking, in excellent order. Kew-keang had only been recaptured by the Imperialists during the last six months, having been stormed by the Taepings as far back as the year 1853. It was then a place remarkable for its wealth and population; and the entire area within the walls was covered, people assured us, with houses. Our pilot declared that, prior to the rebel occupation, the fleets of junks, and the traffic at this point, would have astonished us; and that, if anything was wanted, be it what it may, Kew-keang could always produce it. "But now," said he, pointing at 700 lb. of rice which we with difficulty procured for our crew, "see, you can hardly get enough to eat."

A reference to any good map will show at once the importance of Kew-keang as an emporium. It stands at the portal leading from the north to the south. Past it must float every product of the north-west either going to Shanghai or Canton; and every bale of merchandise from the latter troublesome city going towards Hankow or Pekin comes across the Poyang Lake, and by the threshold of Kew-keang.

AMONG THE AFFGHANS.

A SURVEYOR'S NARRATIVE.

BY G. B. SCOTT, OF THE INDIA SURVEY.

[*MAGA.* NOVEMBER 1879.]

I.

AMONG the tribes with whom our Affghan expeditions have brought us into contact, in the interior of the Ameer's country, the Afreedees, the Mohmunds, the Shinwarrees, and the Khugianees are the most remarkable clans; and between Gandamuk and Cabul is one more powerful tribe, which has exercised great influence upon the affairs of Affghanistan—the Ghilzais. I purpose giving some details of these clans, the result of my wanderings among them.

Between the Cabul wars of 1839-1842 and the late one, our Government had no dealings with any of these but the Mohmunds, who border on British ter-

ritory. This tribe was next only in importance to the Afreedees on our north-west frontier; and during the first weeks of the advance of our troops, much depended on the action the Mohmunds were likely to take—for they inhabit the northern slopes of the Tartara range, which shuts in the Khyber on the north. They occupy Dakka and its neighbourhood, and their country lay along the right flank of our line of march from Jamrud to Chardeh in the Jellalabad valley, some miles beyond Bussawal—that is, they flank the right of the main road for the first five marches from Jamrud. Further, through their country run no less than three alternative *kafila* (caravan) routes from Jellalabad to Peshawar, any one of which might have been utilised by an energetic Affghan general to cramp our advance by throwing a force into the Peshawar valley, ten or twenty miles north of Jamrud, so soon as our main body was sufficiently advanced in the Khyber—more especially by using the Gandao route, as we shall show further on. Unlike the Afreedees or any other Pathan tribe, the Mohmunds long acknowledged the supremacy of one chief—the Khan or Nawab of the village of Lalpoorah, which is on the left bank of the Cabul river, about thirty miles from Michni and just opposite the fort of Dakka. This chief acknowledged the suzerainty of the Ameer of Cabul; and had the invasion occurred ten years sooner, it is almost certain that we would have had the entire tribe opposed to us—

threatening seriously our long, narrow line of communications.

But since 1863 our political relations with the tribe have gradually altered its original organisation, and divided the interests of its several sections. Of these there are four principal ones: the Tarakzai, inhabiting the hills in the neighbourhood of Fort Michni, and the strip of country lying between the Khyber Pass and the Cabul river, including the small but rich valley of Shilman; the Alimzai, possessing the country north of the Tarakzai, including the large fertile valley of Gandao, the lesser one of Pandiali, and a farther one, with the southern slopes of a mountain-range known as Ilazai (entered on former maps as Cabul Sappar), dividing the Mohmund country from Bajour, inhabited by a section of the great Eusufzai tribe; the Baizai, lying west of the Tarakzai, and occupying all the country north of the Cabul river as far as Gooshta and Chardeh; and the Khwaizai, lying west of the Alimzai, with one strip of hills running on to the Cabul river itself. The two first, from their position on our border, have for several years come more and more under the influence of the British officials in Peshawar. The Baizai acknowledge unquestioned the supremacy of the Khan of Lalpoorah. The Khwaizai sometimes do the same—more often consider themselves quite independent, both of the Ameer and the British.

The Khan of Lalpoorah farms the revenue of

several villages lying on either bank of the Cabul river north of Dakka, paying the Ameer a lump sum of about one-fourth of the full amount collected. In exchange for this he is permitted to govern the Mohmunds as he pleases, and is allowed to keep up a small force of infantry and cavalry, from which he is bound to supply a contingent to the Ameer in time of war, in addition to a body of militia or levies, generally raised among the more independent section of the tribe. He still claims a supremacy over the whole of the Mohmunds, but these dispute his right whenever possible. When he is otherwise engaged, he leaves the various sections to themselves; but so soon as he finds himself able to assert his right, or to interfere, he compels submission in peculiarly oriental style. Watching his opportunity when the smaller sections in any of the valleys are at feud amongst themselves, he secures an invitation as arbitrator; proceeds to the valley with as many troops as he can muster, and settling down *as a guest* in some central position, levies contributions of food and money all round, till his now loyal subjects are tired of his exactions, pay up arrears of revenue, swear fealty, and escort him back to his home with every token of respect and affection. Despite these little disagreements, however, the various sections never completely denied the right of supremacy till the instalment of Mahmood Shah Khan, the present ruler, by the orders of the late

Ameer, in place of Nowroz Khan, the hereditary chief, who fell into disgrace at the same time as Yakoob Khan, to whose mother he was related.

In the early days following the annexation of the Punjab, the Mohmunds made their presence disagreeably felt on the border, and were so very troublesome that it was considered necessary, for the protection of the Doaba—the low country lying between the Swat and Cabul rivers after their entrance into the plains—to erect no less than three forts and two intermediate police-posts.

The forts are: Michni, at the *débouchement* into the Peshawar valley of the Cabul river; Abazai, holding a similar position on the Swat river; and Shubkudr, between them. Each of these forts consists of high earthen walls and bastions, with surrounding ditch, and each is garrisoned by a few companies of native infantry and a troop of cavalry, and boasts a couple of cannon, but no artillerymen. A British officer now commands at each post. The garrisons are drawn from the regular troops in Peshawar, and are under the orders of the brigadier commanding that station. In this respect these forts and Forts Mackeson and Jamrud differ from all others along the frontier, which are garrisoned by detachments from the Punjab Frontier Force, which is under the orders of the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, and not those of the commander-in-chief in India.

While these forts were yet building, the Mohmunds did their utmost to annoy the workmen, and near Michni erected a high tower on a knoll about two miles off in defiance. Two young British officers took it into their heads to ride round this tower one evening; but as they were returning a volley was fired into them, and one killed. Troops were sent out, who destroyed the tower; but it was again and again rebuilt, and as often destroyed, before the Mohmunds became more peaceful. At that time the supremacy of the Khan of Lalpoorah was unquestioned; and our Government thought that the surest way of putting a stop to these annoyances would be to send a force to burn Lalpoorah itself. Had this been done, it is quite possible that the sudden destruction of a village so far within the hills would have terrified the Mohmunds; but the slightest failure would have made matters much worse.

So little was then known of the country, that it appears to have been considered practicable to march troops, with guns, to Lalpoorah and back in three days, up the banks of the Cabul river. The only route along the banks is a narrow track, which in places is just practicable for experienced climbers! Luckily, Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), the brigadier in Peshawar, declined to attempt the march with a force less than ten thousand men,—and the project dropped. And it was just as well that it did; for we would have had not only Mohmunds, but all

their neighbours, probably twenty to thirty thousand men, if not to oppose the advance, certainly to harass, or to entirely cut off the return of the troops through a most difficult unknown country.

Except during the Mutiny year '57, and those immediately succeeding it, when all the excitable youth of the border were enrolled under the British flag, and were doing good service in the North-West Provinces, raiding of villages and harassing of police-posts continued at intervals till 1863. During the winter of that year, when Sir Neville Chamberlain, with 5000 men, found himself compelled to stand at bay in the Umbeyla Pass against the only formidable combination of the tribes there has yet been on the border, the Mohmunds invaded the low country in great strength, and endeavoured to besiege the forts of Michni and Shubkudr. A portion of the reinforcements marching to Umbeyla were diverted to these forts, and the Mohmunds were driven with loss into their hills again, the loss on our side being little more than that of Lieutenant Bishop, who was shot while leading a cavalry charge over rough ground. The then Commissioner of Peshawar, Major James, next took matters in hand. His personal influence on the border was very great. He had just returned from furlough, and hurrying up to Umbeyla, sent for several of the border chiefs opposed to us with whom he was personally acquainted, and on their arrival broke up this most powerful confederacy by a little ruse that

could not have succeeded in any less suspicious or more advanced state of society. Summoning the chiefs individually into his tent, he detained each a few minutes without exchanging a word beyond the most commonplace civilities. Each was separately dismissed, and conducted out of camp without being permitted to exchange notes with his compatriots. Each concluded the others had entered into separate arrangements with the Commissioner, while he alone was left in the dark. Before twenty-four hours, more than 30,000 out of the 40,000 Pathans had started off, every man to his own home!

Major James next turned his attention to the Mohmunds. Summoning the chiefs of the Tarakzai and Alimzai to meet him, he inquired into their wants; and finally entered into an agreement with them, by which a long narrow strip of country lying between the frontier forts and roads and the base of hills, which had hitherto lain waste, was made over to them, which they were to cultivate and possess free of tax so long as they behaved themselves. From that time till 1877 no tribe was more amenable to reason. Only one *contretemps* occurred, the murder of Major Macdonald, commandant of Fort Michni, by a young Mohmund of good family, in a fit of temper, or in revenge for some fancied insult. The murderer fled to Lalpoorah, and Nowroz Khan, the then chief, refused or was unable to surrender him. Representations on the subject appear to have been

made to Ameer Shere Ali, but without effect; and Nowroz continued in power till the imprisonment of Yakoob Khan, when, having refused to obey a summons to Cabul, the Ameer sent a body of troops to Lalpoorah, and driving Nowroz out of that place, put Mahmood Shah Khan in his place. As we were at peace with Shere Ali, we could not well give Nowroz refuge, especially as the Ameer pretended that one of the main reasons for his deposition was his refusal to seize and surrender Major Macdonald's murderer.

Nowroz fled to Gandao, and was well received by the Alimzai, who seem from that time to have thrown off their allegiance both to the Khan of Lalpoorah and the Ameer of Cabul. Nowroz remained there till his death. So soon as the return of the Chamberlain Mission caused the final breach between the Ameer and the British, the sons of Nowroz came into Peshawar and tendered their submission to the British authorities. They were hospitably entertained; and of course their rival, Mahmood Shah Khan, threw in his lot with the Ameer, and sent a strong contingent to aid in the defence of Ali Musjid. This Mohmund contingent was placed on the Rotas heights, a ridge about 5000 feet in elevation, overlooking and commanding the fort of Ali Musjid and the "Shadi Bagiar" entrance of the Khyber Pass, along which winds the Mackeson road,—up that taken by the main portion of Sir Samuel Browne's column in the advance to Ali Musjid on 21st November 1878.

Till within three days of that advance, the Mohmund watch-fires and tents could be distinctly seen from Jamrud. Then suddenly Mahmood Shah Khan changed front, probably alarmed by the formidable appearance of the huge British camp covering the whole country from Jamrud to Peshawar. The Mohmund contingent deserted Rotas and retired towards Shilman and Lalpoorah. The formidable right flank of the enemy's position was thus left unguarded; and the turning flank-march made by the brigades of Generals Tytler and M'Pherson was entirely unopposed, though some miles of it was made in single file, first along the steep mountain-slopes, and then down as rugged and formidable a gorge as it is possible to conceive, with precipitous crags rising 3000 feet above the narrow rocky water-course, down which the troops filed without hearing a shot fired. This flank move, by placing two infantry regiments in the Khyber Pass two miles in rear of the enemy's position on their main line of retreat, in the first day of the attack, hastened the evacuation of the fort—which evacuation became a hurried panic-stricken flight before the morning of the 22d, when twenty-four pieces of cannon, and all tents, magazines, and stores, fell into the hands of the victors. It was no pleasant position held by Colonel Jenkins with the Guide Corps and 1st Sikhs—a portion of General Tytler's brigade—that night: Ali Musjid untaken; a deep gorge three miles long in his rear; the heights

of Rotas to the left, greatly weakened by the defection of the Mohmunds, but not entirely evacuated by the enemy—these Mohmunds, perched like hawks on the heights to our right, closely watching the engagement round Ali Musjid, ready to pounce down on the two isolated regiments if the day went against us there; the Afreedees of the hostile party, under Abdoolla Noor, and others of less note, and probably not a few of Khwass Khan's "friendly" ones, perched in a similar position, with a like object, above the rocky scarps facing us on the south side of the pass —the only support at hand being H.M.'s 17th Regiment, some three miles to our rear in a commanding position, and General M'Pherson's brigade a few miles farther off, but neither near enough to afford ready help in any sudden night-attack. Ere sundown, however, it became evident that the garrison of Ali Musjid would not hold out. The cavalry dashed past under a smart fire so early as four in the evening—it was the beginning of the end. Ere daylight the entire army was in disorganised flight.

Whatever his motives, Mahmood Shah Khan, in thus deserting the Ameer at the critical moment, greatly aided us. His overtures of submission, made as soon as we advanced, were therefore entertained by Major Cavagnari, and he was left unmolested at Lalpoorah throughout the campaign. His offers of assistance were also accepted, and soon put to the test.

The road through the Khyber was at this time far from being all that could be desired. Round the base of the hill on which stood the Fort Ali Musjid, and for two miles up, the road ran along the bed of the main stream, a narrow rocky gorge. At the best of times, loaded camels could only pass each other here with great difficulty; consequently, during the first weeks after the advance, blocks in traffic were frequent. Had the winter rains been as heavy as usual, the increase of water would have rendered it almost impracticable for hours, or even days. From Lundi Kotal too, at the west end of the Khyber, the road to the farther base of the hills was narrow and winding for three miles, and for three more ran between low grass-covered hills intersected by ravines, in which bands of marauders daily took up a position and worried the convoys. For these and other reasons, it was considered advisable to examine the Michni *kafila* routes, which pass through Mohmund country north of the Khyber, with the object of ascertaining their fitness or otherwise to be adopted as alternative routes for the conveyance of stores to and from the front. Accordingly, a reconnoitring party with a small escort accompanied by Mahmood Shah Khan, started to examine the Hyder Khan route, which crossed the Cabul river about half-way between Michni and Dakka, and entered the Peshawar valley after crossing intervening hills rising to an elevation of 3500 feet.

The party rode up the rocky path, styled the high road, into the Shilman valley, examined the route as far as the river, and returning to a village in Shilman, halted there for the night. Houses were placed at the disposal of officers and men, and all were hospitably entertained. The dinner of good stewed mutton, &c., was not to be despised, though the want of knives and forks was somewhat unpleasant.

As the inhabitants expressed a strong wish for the adoption of one or other of the roads through the Mohmund country by the British, it was determined to have a survey made of each of them if possible. As the reasons given were good, no opposition was anticipated. I, as surveyor, with an escort of one company of native infantry, was deputed for the work. "In the first place," said the Mohmunds, "we will be well paid for the ground over which the road will pass; we will make a lot of money by working on it as labourers; we will find a nearer market than Peshawar for our wood, grass, fowls, sheep, &c.; and lastly, when you return to India, we will have more *kafilas* using it than we have ever had hitherto." We were soon at work amongst them. A chief for whom we had on a previous occasion done a favour, joined us and soon made matters easy. But a *contre-temps* might have occurred on the very first day of the trip.

On a knoll, from which a fine view of surrounding country could be obtained, stood a tower, the only

path to which passed through a small village. As we approached, a knot of Pathans stood in the way, and objected to our further progress, when the following conversation occurred: luckily we understood the language, a great advantage.

Surveyor. "What objection have you to make to my going to that particular tower, when you make no objection to my passing through your country?"

Pathan. "Our houses lie in the way, and we do not wish you to go into our houses."

Surveyor. "My work is on your hills, not in your houses, and from that tower I should obtain a fine view."

Pathan. "Yes, and a good view into our houses also!"

Here a new speaker, who had spent some time in British territory, came forward and said: "You see, Sahib, their *Mem Sahibs* (ladies) are in the houses." "But," said the surveyor, "if I wanted to look at *Mem Sahibs* I would have stayed in India: have we not enough there?" "Yes," he replied, "but they are not *here*." A general laugh followed this, and it being unanswerable, the surveyor turned back. But the feeling had changed; he was now invited to go on, and did so among a chattering mob, taking great care, of course, not to look round when female voices and giggling reached his ear. This jealous feeling is characteristic of all Affghans, and till the last winter the Pathan looked upon the

Englishman as a dangerous enemy to domestic peace. When first the troops invaded Affghanistan, the sight of a British escort was the signal for every woman and child to fly to the nearest rocks; but ere two months had passed, the feeling had so completely changed, that it was found difficult at times to turn the women and children away from the vicinity of towers doomed to destruction. They remained fearlessly in the villages round which our troops encamped, and brought commodities for sale into the camps with perfect confidence. More than one chief remarked to the present writer, during his wanderings amongst them, that never before had they heard or read of an army so gentle and so courteous to enemies and friends alike.

Two or three trips through the country were necessary before all required was finished; and as these experiences may help to elucidate the peculiar characteristics of the tribes which have lately come under British sway, we may be excused for dwelling on them.

A second trip had been arranged for, and in due time we again started, accompanied by a Mr Sinclair, assistant-commissioner, since dead. We were escorted by a company of native infantry, as on the former trip. This escort would not have been sufficient if the trips had not been invited by the inhabitants: these indeed would perhaps have preferred having the Englishmen without other escort than their own

clansmen; but, as was proved afterwards, although the great bulk of the tribe might desire the presence of their guests, they are at times powerless to prevent sudden attacks by parties of fanatics or outlaws. The country through which we passed is drained by the Cabul river. This river, taking its rise beyond the city of Cabul, drains the valley in which that city lies, and passing along the base of the group of hills which lie between Jellalabad and Cabul—through which runs the Jugdulluk Pass—enters the Jellalabad valley after receiving the waters of the Surkhab, which drains a portion of the Safed-Koh; and the Alingar, Alishang, and Komar rivers, which drain a portion of the southern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh. Between Jellalabad and Dakka its bed is often over a mile in breadth, passing sometimes between low lands covered with rice-fields and dotted with villages, at others through rocky gorges at the bases of low isolated hills. After passing Dakka and Lalpoorah about four miles, it enters the group of hills lying round the Khyber, and taking a wide semicircular sweep, broken at intervals by short rectangular windings, it enters the Peshawar valley at Michni. Its channel is here, at times, hemmed in between precipitous rocks, and narrowed to a breadth of 60 or 70 yards. In places huge blocks of granite jut forward into the stream, against which the water is hurled with great violence during the months that it is swollen by the melting of the snows in the higher hills. At the sudden

turnings the high-water mark is often 100 feet above the ordinary level. During the winter, again, it falls so low that the points of large rocks in its bed are exposed, and round them eddies are formed; while other points, just hidden below the surface, are still more dangerous. It is therefore quite unfitted for boats of any kind. During the intermediate stage between high and low water, goods are indeed brought down on timber rafts; but this can never supersede camel traffic between Dakka and Michni for at least nine months of each year. There is, however, a large amount of timber brought down at all seasons. Logs of deodar and pine, about 20 to 30 feet in length, are made up into rafts, and floated down. On them sit four to six men, each being provided with a long pole to keep the raft off the rocks, and also with a *shinaz* (inflated cow, goat, or sheep skin). When, despite the long poles, it becomes evident that the raft must strike, every man prepares his *shinaz;* and a few moments before the blow comes, they hug these skins, and throw themselves fearlessly into the water. Buoyed up, they fly down-stream till they near some quieter portion of the river: here they wait on the banks till the timbers reach them; these they catch and rebind, and are off again.

Every year, however, several men are lost in this perilous game. Nor is this the only danger. It has been mentioned above that the Khwaizais have a strip of country running on to the bank here, at a point

where the river is narrow; and hemmed in between high banks are situated two of their villages—Shinpok and Palosi. Every raft must pay a fee before passing these, or run the gauntlet of a fire from the ever-ready sharpshooters on either side. The exactions thus levied on traders became at one time so heavy that the trade began to diminish largely. Then the late Ameer entered into an arrangement with the Khwaizais, by which it was agreed that, for a yearly subsidy of 10,000 Rs., the Khwaizais should undertake to protect all traffic between Dakka and the Tarakzai country, and levy no fees. This 10,000 Rs. was to be paid them by the Khan of Lalpoorah, who was to deduct it from the amount yearly paid by him to the Ameer. The non-fulfilment of this contract during the unsettled times of our advance was the chief cause of the trouble given us by the Khwaizai Mohmunds during the last months of the occupation.

When first the survey party entered Shilman, however, all was still quiet. We pushed along, unmolested and even assisted by the inhabitants, across the series of rugged mountain-slopes falling abruptly from the Tartara range to the river, and reached Shilman in safety.

Here we were joined by certain of the Tarakzai chiefs, who begged of us to go through their country to Michni, and were positive that we would recommend a certain route called the Shinilo, along which no Sahibs had yet travelled, to the notice of the

authorities. The only difficulty was that of crossing our guard, and the body of mules carrying several days' rations, over the river. The chiefs affirmed that there was not the slightest necessity for their presence with us, as their adherents would hold the passes ahead.

After some deliberation we agreed to the proposal, and sending off the escort to Dakka, we started *viâ* Shinilo for Michni, having only the Khan's men, and three or four of our own attendants carrying the survey instruments, with us. In due time we reached the river-bank; and then, for the first time, were informed that there was no boat ready, as the last one had been destroyed by a flood, and a new one was not finished. Nor had any other arrangement for our crossing been made. However, just then some descried a small raft coming down-stream, and after a long talk we secured it for the passage. It could only hold three men besides the crew, so the two of us, and one man carrying the Khan's arms, got in it. The Khan and four or five of his men stripped and threw themselves on *shinaz* into the water, and we were soon ferried across. Luckily, we had taken our rifle and the plane-table with us. We now sent the raft back for our attendants; but the raftsmen, as soon as they were across, said that it was impossible to recross against the strong current, and immediately broke up the raft. So our attendants had to go back, and we were thus left with the young Khan and six

of his attendants. And just then, far above us, men were seen taking up their position on the hills commanding the pass. The Khan now began to look anxious, and asked if the rifle was loaded. He also ordered six fishermen, who had been lazily lounging about half naked, to get their arms and be ready to go with us. We asked how it was he was so anxious now, when he had been so confident before. "Oh, then I had all our followers, who have been left on the off-bank; now we have only twelve men, and invite attack." However, there was no help for it. He and his men looked to their priming, and we were ready to start. But here a fresh difficulty arose: who was to carry the plane-table? His men simply refused to demean themselves by doing so; and with rifle, cartridges, rations, &c., we had about enough already. However, as a last resort, I was about to pick it up myself, when two more men appeared on the scene and paid their respects to us, and on hearing the difficulty, volunteered for the duty. These were outlaws who had, some years previously, committed manslaughter under very extenuating circumstances, and had fled from justice. Tired of long exile they had applied for pardon, and now offered their services in the hope of obtaining good marks. Their offer was gladly accepted: we had never before been so gratified as now by the arrival of a couple of cut-throats. They took up the instruments, and away we started; but much valuable time had been lost.

We had got about half-way up the opposite hill when a loud challenge came from above. In an instant we were all close behind rocks, rifles ready; but the challenge was truthfully replied to. "It is Jung Khan." Explanations followed, and we were soon under the escort of eighty men, who had just arrived under Jung's brother, after a slight demonstration against a party of outlaws which had, about an hour before, occupied a defile through which our road lay. We now felt perfectly safe, and went gaily on, taking notes and surveying till nightfall, when we were still seven miles from our destination. There was no halting-place here, so we determined to push on, and to return at some future time to finish the missing link.

As we cleared the hills the chief's men dropped off, and at length the chief himself with the rest of his following asked permission to go to his home, which was near, as all were tired and hungry, and there was no danger ahead. So for the last two miles we had only our two criminal companions, but got in safely by ten at night.

Mr Sinclair distributed *loongees* (cloths), &c., among the Khans, and all apparently went off satisfied. But ere the survey could be recommenced, the face of affairs had much altered. The Khwaizai had fruitlessly demanded the 10,000 Rs. annual subsidy, now overdue, from Mahmood Shah Khan, and vowed mischief. They resented the Tarakzai chiefs taking Sahibs along a route, in which it seems they con-

sidered themselves part proprietors, without their leave: some sections of the Alimzai did the same. The dispute was at its height when a Syud or Fakir from Peshawar suddenly made his appearance on the spot, and at once collecting round him as many outlaws, fanatics, and fiery young men as he could muster, began to preach war with the infidels, and used his spiritual authority to condemn the action of the Khans who had opened the *purdah* to the Sahibs.

It is astonishing how soon a man with the slightest pretence to sanctity, especially if accompanied with a little originality and dash, can obtain a hold on the superstitious fancies of the Pathans. He is at times permitted to demand their obedience on points with which he has no personal concern. No religious mendicant vainly demands alms. A pretender will suddenly take up his abode under a large rock or tree near some village, stick up a flag, live in squalid filth, talk very sententiously, give advice on every possible subject with the dogmatism of an oracle, and before six months pass he will be a recognised authority. While he lives he is provided with more than sufficient food for his wants, and when he dies his grave becomes a place of pilgrimage, and miracles are performed at his shrine. Each section of a tribe has its own sacred spot to which its members resort; while here and there are the famous miracle-working giant shrines, known as *Chalgazas*, or "forty-footers,"—

the graves of the "giants there were in those days." One of these *Chalgazas*, the common resort of Hindoo and Moslem petitioners, flourishes in Peshawar, close to one of the main roads. This dead giant had the peculiar faculty of growing every now and again, and threatened before long to grow straight across the public road. But here the civil authorities stepped in, and advised him to do his enlargement underground if he must do it, and warned him that otherwise he would find his space curtailed. He has very obligingly followed this advice ever since.

There is a story told of our friends the Khyber Zakhakhels that is very probably true. It was long a sore point with them that, while every other section of the tribe had its particular shrine, no Fakir had been obliging enough to die amongst them. They had been taunted about this by the others, till at last they determined to supply the deficiency. In Peshawar lived a Fakir of peculiar sanctity. A deputation from the Khyber waited on this saint, and earnestly invited him to pay them a visit. He granted the request, and on arrival was sumptuously entertained. After dinner he was informed of the vacancy in the Khyber saints' calendar, and of the determination of the tribe to be no longer without the means of having a heavenly agent to forward the prayers of their sonless ones. As his soul was going straight to bliss, and his body to be so highly honoured, he could not possibly have any objection to the arrangement. Any

way, the sacrifice was made, and the desired sanctuary secured.[1]

To return to the Mohmunds. So soon as the Fakir there had collected a sufficiently large body of outlaws, &c., he marched with his following into the Tarakzai villages, demanded and obtained all the *loongees* presented by Mr Sinclair, and made a bonfire of them. So far successful, he became more imperious; but the Tarakzais threatened to invite the Sahib to send troops to seize him if he troubled them more; so he went off again to Gandao, vowing vengeance. Of course much of this did not transpire till afterwards. Everything seemed perfectly quiet when the survey party arrived on the scene. A native official of much border influence was deputed to accompany the party, and to make the necessary arrangements for its safe conduct through the hills. The Alimzai and Tarakzai Khans were invited to Michni. The latter came in, and some of the former. Others wrote to say that they had no objection to the *compāss-wallah* going anywhere, but that they could not attend, as the demonstrations of the Fakir's party rendered their presence in their villages necessary as a check against his designs. They further advised that no halt should be made at night except in very strong defensible positions. Attacks in daylight no one expected. Accordingly, leaving our tents and

[1] As miracles are performed at the shrine, the saint must have forgiven having been sent off at such notice.

baggage, with the main part of the escort, behind, we started, with twenty sepoys and a body of Tarakzais and some Alimzai Khans, for a village called Zankhai, about seven miles from Michni, intending to return to camp at night. By mid-day we had finished the sketch required, and had climbed a prominent peak, from which a splendid view of the Gandao valley was obtained. Seated on neighbouring knolls were small armed parties, with whom we entered into conversation, which was cordially carried on till some one noticed a strong body of men hurrying towards us from the valley below. Wishing to avoid a disturbance, we immediately began the descent, but had scarcely gone 100 yards down-hill when the parties with whom we had been conversing opened a pretty smart fire on us, or rather over us, for, as usual, no one was hit. Considering it unadvisable to begin a fight, we continued our retreat without returning their fire, and it soon ceased. Shortly after, we were on the road, and quietly moving campwards. The Tarakzai Khans having asked where we intended going next day, we broke through our usual custom and told them. They immediately asked permission to go and take up a position above the intended route, to prevent its being occupied by any malcontents. This, after some hesitation, we allowed, and we never saw them again that day. Perhaps it was as well, for we could not tell friend from enemy. Some Alimzais remained with us the

whole day; but though three of them were Syuds, they could not prevent what occurred. Scarcely had we proceeded homewards a mile, when we noticed bodies of armed men hurrying along a ridge to our left, and soon we were under a smart fire from every knoll and bush around us. A remonstrance against their conduct, when we were there with the permission of their chiefs, only elicited a volley, and loud yells of "Ali! Ali!" The sepoys now opened out in skirmishing order. A sudden sharp fire soon drove our enemies behind cover, and taught them caution; but far from all supports, and unable to secure a good position, we were obliged for the next two hours to skirmish slowly back from bush to bush and rock to rock. The steadiness of the sepoys and the Sniders kept the enemy back, till we found ourselves obliged to descend a steep, stony, bare ridge. A heavy flank-fire had compelled us to keep on one side of the spur leading to this, and we were thus unaware that a body of the fanatics were hurrying on parallel to us within a few yards. As soon as they saw us crawling down the rocks, a wild "Allahi! Allah!" rang out, and in a moment after they dashed on us sword in hand. For the first few seconds all seemed lost; in a few more the fanatics had been driven back under cover, leaving some of their number on the ground. One sepoy had been killed and one wounded, both with sword-cuts. Almost immediately after a heavy fire was again opened on us, and

we were obliged to continue our retreat. A corporal was now shot down, mortally wounded. In endeavouring to carry him off a delay occurred, and here unfortunately the Sunya tripped and fell over the rocks. Again the "Ali! Ali!" rang out, and in a moment they were into us again. They were again driven back, but not before they had cut down the poor wounded Naick, who with his last breath was urging us to go on and leave him to his fate. His murderer fell with him, shot. We had still some miles of hilly ground to go over, but the enemy contented themselves by firing into us, thereby wounding another sepoy. But they never came near us again; and probably seeing the rest of the company hurrying out to help us, they now made off. The first shots had been fired about one o'clock, the last at five.

Here is an instance of an outrage committed by a small party of malcontents against the wishes of the great body of the tribe, and a noble instance of the devotion and courage of our sepoys under most trying circumstances. One of the independent chiefs with us was shot through the face, and the three Syuds above mentioned remained, though unarmed, among the sepoys all day.

The Fakir's party returned to Gandao, and did not show up again for some months, but meantime played on the feelings of the Khwaizais, between whom and the Khan of Lalpoorah the dispute regarding the river subsidy was still going on. Urged on by him, they

at length commenced acts of open hostility,—first threatened to attack Lalpoorah itself, then determined to attack the small village of Kam (lesser) Dakka, seven miles from the fort, for having supplied us with provisions.

Had they been permitted to do this, not only would it have injured our prestige, but from this point a short march over the hills would have brought the enemy on to our main line of communications from the Khyber, along which large convoys were daily passing and repassing. To prevent it, 150 men of the Mhairwarra battalion, under Captain Creagh, were sent to protect the village. But sending so small a force seven miles from supports was only inviting attack, and in a few hours thousands of Mohmunds crossed the river and fiercely attacked the detachment. Captain Creagh had luckily taken up a strong position, against which the Mohmunds charged in vain. Again and again the Mhairwarras drove back the enemy with the bayonet, and bravely held their own till the arrival of reinforcements. First arrived a body of Lancers, who, despite the unsuitableness of the ground for cavalry, charged and inflicted a heavy loss on the Mohmunds. Some infantry and guns arriving shortly after, the Mohmunds were driven off and the Mhairwarras relieved. But now, unfortunately, it was determined to march back to the fort. Over four miles of low rocky spurs intervened, and, as might have been expected, the moment the

retirement began the Mohmunds returned, and as night was drawing on, followed up the retiring column with great pertinacity, killing and wounding a few British soldiers. This move was unfortunate, in that by next morning more troops under Colonel Norman arrived on the scene; and had the enemy remained on the ground, they would in all probability have been heavily punished, if not quite cut off, in attempting to recross to their own side of the river. But the Mohmunds had had enough of it; and as, in exchange for 100 dead and many more wounded, they had but two rifles to show, the game was considered a losing one, and they never again molested us.

The Cabul river, lying north of the Khyber Pass, and cutting off from it the numerous tribes that lay among those hills and valleys by so difficult a barrier, added much to the quietude and safety of the Khyber Pass throughout the late operations. But for it large bodies of hostile Mohmunds and others might at any time have crossed the intervening hills and threatened the convoys, despite all arrangements with its proprietors and inhabitants the Afreedees. Any body crossing it in force would always have run the chance of being cut off before they were able to recross into Gandao.

Through this valley passes one of the main routes from Cabul to Peshawar; and, as we said above, had an energetic general been in command of the Ameer's troops, he might have caused no little trouble and

alarm by pushing a force down that way into the valley of Peshawar, ten or twenty miles from that city, where they would have had only a few companies of native infantry and two troops of cavalry to oppose them and to hold the forts. This *kafila* route leaves the Peshawar valley and enters the hills at a point about four miles west of Shubkudr fort. For the first few miles it winds among low, dry, rocky hills, having the Mohmund valley of Pandiali on its right, beyond which comes another Mohmund valley studded with large villages, through both of which runs a fair side route into the Bajousi valley. About ten miles from Shubkudr the main route crosses a low pass into the Gandao valley, which is almost circular, and with an area of over one hundred square miles. It is well cultivated, and contains many villages. In the centre of the valley stands a low isolated hill, which would form, with the villages near it, a strong central position for any British force sent to coerce the Mohmunds. As in all these valleys the water-supply is precarious, a large water-course—the Rud-i-Gandao—runs through the valley; but, as usual, the water in it often sinks below the surface, though at other places the supply is so plentiful that large rice crops are produced. Both here and in the Shilman valley, "Persian wheels" are used for irrigation. The fields continue over undulating ground to the watershed of the valley Nahaki Gakhe, after which is a rather sharp descent, down

which the *kafila* route winds into another large valley occupied by the Baizai and Khwaizai. The route continues westwards up this valley to another water-shed—a high plateau broken by low hillocks, among which lie detached slices of cultivation, and many villages and towers of the Baizai. This plateau forms the connecting-link between the Ilazai peak and the hills hemming in the Cabul river. The water from its western slopes drains into another large water-course, which empties itself into the Cabul river near Goshtia. The eastern drainage falls into the Swat river about ten miles up from Fort Abazai.

II.

Succeeding the Afreedees westward is the large tribe of Shinwarrees, occupying the western end of the Khyber Pass, known as Loargai, where our new cantonment of Lundi-kotal stands; and the northern slopes of the Safed-Koh facing the first twenty to thirty miles of the Jellalabad valley. This valley is entered as the traveller descends from Lundi-kotal towards Dakka, but is a succession of low hills and ravines, till, after passing that fort, and the very small defile known as the Khurd (lesser) Khyber, he emerges into a wide valley near the village of Hazar-i-nao. Instantly the eye is struck by the grand panorama around, especially during the winter months.

Some thirty miles in direct distance to the south stands the massive range, well deserving the name of Safed-Koh—the white (or snow-covered) mountains —its crest rising to 15,000 feet and more,—a succession of pinnacles, on whose steep sides the snow can scarce find a resting-place. Often it falls from them in masses, and leaves bare, huge, black, rocky scarps, which form a striking contrast with their white neighbours.

Jutting northwards from these crests is a succession of bold spurs, which first fall abruptly to a height of about 12,000 feet, and are thus far treeless and bare; then for some miles continue their course, with very slight gradients, where their sides are densely wooded; then fall abruptly to the height of 4000 to 6000 feet, whence they break up into hillocks and ravines, or spread northwards in fan-like plateaux, gradually falling away till they are lost in the low rice-covered lands along the banks of the Cabul river—or, before doing so, suddenly start up again in the shape of isolated small hill groups 1000 feet above the plain, which end abruptly where the waters of the river wash their bases. These latter plateaux, unlike those which fall away completely and are cultivated, are generally covered with pebbles and rocks, and are bleak and barren in the winter, hot and dusty in the summer; and those of our troops whose misfortune it was to spend the last months of the occupation on them — encamped in

small tents, or, painfully trudging backwards and forwards from the posts right and left of them, on convoy-duty, with the glare and the dust, the treeless waste and the foul smells, for their companions, while not two days' journey from them stood up the grand snow-capped, forest-clothed mountains—cannot be blamed if they longed for India, and came back with heartfelt wishes never to return, after losing so many of their number when cholera and fever had sought them out sick at heart with hopes deferred or disappointed, and oppressed with *ennui*. All had heard that Cabul was a paradise of fruit. They saw nothing but stony wastes, or fever-giving rice-fields. And yet, not ten miles from the main road lay those fruit-producing orchards, the produce of which every year is carried away in thousands of camel-loads.

Rising immediately under the snows are numerous water-courses, which combine and form many large streams, with few windings, dividing the larger spurs and plateaux. They gradually widen, and where they enter the valley are sometimes hundreds of yards across. Where enclosed between the spurs, the water during several months of the year is deep and swift; but as soon as it emerges it is carried off by numerous cuttings for irrigation, till often not a drop is left where the road crosses the channels. As far as the water can be carried, the ground is almost entirely under cultivation, and among the fields lie numerous large forts with loopholed towers

and walls and massive gates. Surrounding these forts, in which lie the huts of the inhabitants, are the numerous orchards of peach and apricot, pear and apple, pomegranate and mulberry, and on most of the trees are grape-vines of the finest species. In each of these valleys is one or more villages, each village consisting of thirty, forty, or more forts within short musket-range of each other. The first six or seven of these valleys are inhabited by Shinwarrees, having a total population of over 15,000 souls. Their fields extend to a distance of about ten miles from the hills, and are then succeeded by the dry, stony, barren country above alluded to, or by the villages of the peaceful Tajiks. The existence of this race is another of the peculiar characteristics of Affghanistan. Of Persian descent,—quiet, industrious, peaceful, obedient to every new ruler—belonging to the *Shia* persuasion of Moslems,—the Tajiks form the bulk of the population, not only of the Jellalabad valley, but of all the main level portions of all the chief valleys of Affghanistan, and carry on their trade, and produce most of the manufactures of Cabul, without interfering with the Pathans, and regardless of the changes of governments or dynasties. It was owing to their presence in all the large villages along the main route of our troops from Dakka to Gandamuk, and in the neighbouring villages along the south bank of the Cabul river, that here no opposition was offered—quietly submitting to the new order of things, de-

lighted with the unusually high prices obtainable for the produce of their fields.

Although less warlike than the Pathans, they are strong, and brave enough to hold their own; and if properly managed, would form a powerful support to any settled government. Hitherto their humility and love of peace have, however, only laid them open to heavy exactions; while their wilder neighbours have borne but a very small proportion of the burdens of the state.

The Shinwarrees of the Khyber, occupying the western end, known as Loargai, not only showed no open hostility to our troops, but cordially co-operated; early brought wood, grass, &c., for sale; helped the sappers and other soldiers in cutting the roads; supplied escorts for camels when grazing, and mules for transport of stores; and invited our medical officers to attend to their sick women and children. The very next sections of the tribe—the Sungookhels and Merjankhels — acted in precisely the reverse way. Occupying cave-dwellings among the barren rugged hills lying south of the road from Lundi-kotal to Dakka—divided into small communities owning no supreme authority—living a nomad life, sometimes among the forests of the Safed-Koh and the upper portions of the Triab, at others among their own low grass-covered hillocks,—they had nothing to lose but their flocks and herds. These they early hid away among the rocky fastnesses; and from the day that

our first regiment marched into Dakka, to the day the last regiment returned to the Khyber, small parties of these two sections took up their quarters in the neighbourhood of the main routes, and cut up stragglers, fired on the escorts, and even at times attempted to seize whole convoys of laden or unladen camels.

Twice, as General Tytler's column marched from Bussawal to Bazar, these constant depredations were punished by the destruction of such huts or stores as could be discovered; and as they fired at the troops these retaliated with interest, and some of the boldest of the marauders were killed and wounded. But having nothing more to lose, they continued their old games to the last. The remainder of the Shinwarrees, the main portion of the tribe, occupying several large villages, remained neutral for several months. Their chiefs sullenly refused to tender their submission to our political officers; but, on the other hand, they never molested our camps or convoys. Certainly our posts were all in the open plain, and were very strong, each consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Between them and the nearest Shinwarree hamlets lay Tajik villages, from which we obtained supplies of forage daily, and would at once have obtained information of any expedition starting to attack us; and as this intermediate country was level, the Shinwarrees would have had to chance being hemmed in and cut up by our cavalry before they got back. So goodwill had but little to do with

their sullen neutrality, as, indeed, was proved before the close of the campaign.

Jellalabad had been peacefully occupied for several months; reconnoitring and foraging parties had gone into all the neighbouring villages without causing any alarm or disturbance. The winter was passing away; ere long we would be able to make a fresh start for Cabul; or if Yakoob Khan came to terms, we might soon return to India. Yet, owing to the peculiar position we held there—having passive enemies all round that our Government strongly desired to prevent becoming active ones—not a single valley or road half a day's journey from the lines of march of the troops had been surveyed.

It was now urged by the survey officers and others, that at least some attempt might be made to find out what lay around us, and if possible to map it for future use. The Commander-in-Chief, who had just visited Jellalabad, concurred heartily, and at length two survey parties started—one under Major Tanner, the other under Captain E. P. Leach, R.E. The former soon returned to camp; the latter came to grief. Accompanied by a company of native infantry and a party of Guides cavalry, each under a British officer, Captain Leach began work in the nearest Shinwarree village. A native chief accompanied the party, to prevent mistakes and to smoothen difficulties. Whatever his influence elsewhere, he appears to have had but little among these Shinwarrees, at

least during these exciting times. For the first few days all went well. The influential chief again and again endeavoured to dissuade Leach from going here or there; but on each occasion his objections were overruled, and his prognostications of evil were unfulfilled. If the Shinwarrees showed little friendship, they were not openly hostile, and the surveyor was encouraged to proceed. But all this while one of those peculiar influences was at work, so hard to foresee, so little understood by men unacquainted with the Pathans. Perhaps a fortnight earlier the surveyor might have gone from end to end of the Shinwarree country without meeting strenuous opposition; but, as was elicited afterwards, hardly a week previously, some petty chieftain more restless than his fellows had commenced intriguing for a row. There had not been a social "Donnybrook" for several months. The Afreedees and Mohmunds round the Khyber, the Merjankhels still nearer, the Mangals and Jajis in the Kooram valley, the British troops and those of the Ameer, had each and all had a little fun during the past winter. But the Shinwarrees had sat in their villages while war and bloodshed had been frolicking all round them—while camel-loads of stores and treasure had passed in thousands within sight of their towers. It is not difficult, where such feelings predominate, to raise a "war party," and the fever is very catching in the most peaceful communities. Soon a considerable number

are bent on having a row with some one. On one side were their old enemies the Khugianees, but on the other were the almost defenceless Tajik and Dehgani villages round Pesh Bolak, and these had steadily supplied the Feringhees with stores and forage. Certainly the Sahibs might be annoyed if these were injured; and in 1842 similar acts had been followed by the rapid and wholesale destruction of offending villages. The elders remember those days, and point to the hundreds of white tents dotting the whole course of the road not twenty miles off. But the young men do not remember all that. The *moollahs* and *fakirs* promise God's blessing on all who attack the *Kafirs*, and heavenly bliss to all who are martyred for the good cause. The discussion is still hot — counsels divided as to who should bear the brunt of the first attack—when news arrives in the extensive village of Maidanak, where a large party is even now arranging the plan of operations, that a *compāss-wallah* is in the neighbourhood with a small escort.

Not only in the neighbourhood, but there, on a low hill not three miles off, he is even now standing and "opening the *purdah*." If one Sahib more than another is feared and detested by those Pathans who have never come in contact with them, it is the *compāss-wallah* or surveyor.

Not only is he supposed to be the man who guides the troops through intricate passes, who carries away

maps of the country for future occasions, but with that magic *compāss* (theodolite) of his he turns hills and villages topsy-turvy, and looks under them—some swear he can even look right through them; and if so, what is to prevent his looking slap through the walls of their houses at their wives and pretty daughters, and even through their bodies also? "Bismillah! here is the very thing for us—God has given our enemies into our hands." *Bang, bang!* go the warning muskets; *dub, dub, dub!* the sullen notes of the war-drums, rousing every man from his labour or his sleep, and, unquestioning, they follow the lead of the most prominent *moollah* against the *Kafir*. A desperate fight Leach had of it too. But for his daring gallantry his whole party might have been cut to pieces. The loss was but too heavy as it was. Lieut. Barclay, in command of the infantry escort, was mortally, and Leach severely, wounded; one havildar was killed and several sepoys wounded. But the enemy allowed a loss of over twenty killed and wounded. After sharp fighting, the party got back into the open and was safe. Of course punishment must follow. General Tytler marched out a few days after with a strong force to Maidanak; but as soon as the Shinwarrees discovered the strength of the force sent against them, and saw that able general quietly disposing his men in a way that precluded all hope of successfully attacking them, they considered discretion the better part of valour, and quietly aban-

doning their villages and forts, they retired to the neighbouring heights, and sat in dense masses quietly watching our movements. Nothing could induce them to fire a shot; and of course without that the general would not fire on them.

Their chiefs came in and submitted, and were ordered by the general to accompany the surveyors all round the neighbourhood while they sketched the country. In the meantime the offending towers were blown into the air, and the villages of the chief offenders burnt—much, however, being left for them to lose if they again gave occasion for future punishment.

The troops had had a weary night-march over stones and boulders, carrying their heavy cartouch-boxes and rations. Many had done a day's march just before starting for the night one; but until it was evident that there would be no fighting none flagged, the "beardless boys" tramping along over rugged spurs and ravines all through the long night and hot day without a murmur, by the side of the few veterans, —the native troops, as usual, being quite as fresh on the second evening as on the first.

These wearying marches by night and day—to the soldier, apparently, objectless and resultless — were almost as trying as the killing convoy-duties; yet every fresh call on them was heartily responded to. So that, despite the disappointment of this "demonstration" to Maidanak, all were ready to start cheer-

fully again, when, in less than forty-eight hours after their return to camp, a portion of them were again warned for night-marching by the same general.

While yet these events were passing round Maidanak, a small party of the 27th Native Infantry, under a havildar, had escorted a long string of camels and mules through Pesh Bolak to the nearest Shinwarree villages in that neighbourhood, in the wake of a Gomashta native commissariat official, who was bent on purchasing a large quantity of forage. They had gone some miles from camp, and had made several purchases, when suddenly a row was heard ahead, and presently the fat Gomashta came flying back towards the sepoys, pursued hotly by three or four Pathans. These seeing the escort, fired into them, and were soon joined by twenty or thirty others. The havildar sent his charge quickly to the rear, and putting his men in skirmishing order, quietly retired without returning the fire till he had cautiously and thoughtfully passed all the Shinwarree towers. He then took up a position behind a pile of stones and waited for his assailants, who, emboldened by the quietness of the sepoys, now came carelessly on. A sudden volley prostrated a young chief and two of his men ; a second made the Pathans seek cover, and the sepoys came back to Bussawal without loss. The instigators of the attack were discovered, and it was determined to destroy their towers.

Late at night General Tytler, with about 1000

men of all arms, including two mountain-guns and some troops of native Lancers, march for Deh Sarak, the scene of the outrage. Again all night we tramped through irrigated fields and over stony slopes, and as the first streaks of dawn enabled us to look round, we saw the offending village still two miles ahead. The General fearing that, as on the last occasion, the real delinquents would again give him the slip, now ordered the cavalry to the front and rapidly went off to surround the two doomed forts. It was a grand sight. The splendid body of Lancers trotting off towards the numerous large mud-forts and towers ahead, lying among fields of waving corn, dotted thickly with fruit-trees of many kinds, hemmed in between two broad water-courses which emerged from a succession of low grassy hillocks, behind which rose the massive mountain-slopes of the Safed-Koh covered with dense forests of giant cedars and pines, these gradually tapering off as they touched on the fields of snow which lay thick up to the mighty crests, crimsoned with the first rays of the rising sun; while above the lofty pinnacles hung huge masses of dark clouds betokening a coming storm.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the rapid pattering of musketry told the infantry that to-day at least there was work to be done. A messenger came galloping back to order up the infantry and guns; and we were soon doubling on as fast as the boulders and wet fields would let us. General

Tytler had ordered the cavalry to surround the offending forts; one of them was somewhat in advance of the other. Probably encouraged by seeing only cavalry on the ground, the Shinwarrees immediately opened fire on them; and as the infantry reached the scene, they discovered one party dismounted and keeping off the Shinwarrees with their carbines. Gradually, but surely, these were closing in on them with drawn knives, when the Martinis in a minute changed the face of affairs.

The Shinwarrees started off in bodies of fifty to a hundred,—one taking an open line over a neighbouring plateau. Instantly the cavalry were in pursuit. As they neared this body it halted, and, with great coolness, waited till the cavalry were within a dozen yards, then gave them a volley, emptying a few saddles. But in another moment the Lancers, headed by the British officers, were into and through them, and, in less time than it takes to write it, every man of them lay dead on the plain. Then one fort after another was cleared, many individual Shinwarrees standing firm to the last with great pertinacity.

The village cleared, the troops now commenced the mining of the doomed towers. While this was doing hours passed, and we could see dense masses of the enemy gathering from all sides on our front and flanks. Behind us were some two thousand "friendly" spectators. Clustered round one of the forts of Deh Sarak was a party of men, women, and children.

These had refrained from attacking the foraging party, and from firing on the cavalry, and their dwellings were safe. Throughout the day they never budged from their walls, even when, later on, they were between a cross-fire. And yet they were of the same tribe and of the same village as the men with whom we were fighting!

Shortly after, word was brought in to Major Connolly, the Political Officer, that the *Jirgah* (tribal council) wished to come in and treat for terms. "Cease firing" was ordered in consequence. But while this order remained in force, the masses of the enemy closed in. Up went one of the towers, a mass of earth and loose stones, and the retirement began. Immediately the whole country was alive, and heavy firing commenced on all sides. Once again the General halted till the second tower was about to rise. Under cover of the banks of the water-courses mentioned above, large bodies of Shinwarrees closed in towards our flanks. These two water-courses, after passing the village, met at a point near where our road back to camp lay, and were there covered with long reeds. The object of the enemy was to get into these reeds and dash into us as we retired. Luckily our General knew their tactics well. The mining was completed; the retirement had recommenced; the tower rose in a dense cloud, with a loud roar, in the air, and at the same moment a wild yell rang over every hill, "Ali! Ali!" and a large body furiously

dashed at our nearest skirmishers, led by a party of fanatic *moollahs*. In a moment after, when their assailants were within fifty yards, the Martinis rattled out, and in less than a minute over 100 of the enemy were prostrate. Again and again they tried to rush in with their knives, but without success; and before long we were all safe across the *nullahs* (water-courses), and were quietly forming up again to receive them. They came down in mass, but stopped short on the farther bank, well out of rifle-range, and our retirement continued. Frightened out of their wits, the inhabitants of Pesh Bolak begged the protection of the General from the infuriated Shinwarrees, and it was accorded. A party of Goorkhas held the village all night; and before morning, when the enemy had realised their loss of 400 to 500 of their bravest, they had dispersed and gone back with their dead and wounded to their homes. Shortly after, their chiefs came in and tendered their submission, and never again molested us. Their country had meanwhile been mapped. On asking why they had so fiercely attacked us, they said that twice before the Ameer had sent troops to punish them. On each occasion these troops had driven them from their villages in the morning, but had been hemmed in and cut to pieces as they retired in the evening, and they had hoped that our fate would have been similar.

It should not be concluded from this statement that the Shinwarrees do not recognise the Ameer's

authority. To avoid paying taxes, they, like all other Pathan tribes, will oppose his troops, especially after an enhancement of rates; but they acknowledge his suzerainty, supply a contingent for his army, and would at all times be ready to side with him in case of foreign invasion.

Our loss in the engagement was two killed and about fifteen wounded. The enemy fired wildly and carelessly, their endeavours being almost solely directed to closing in on the skirmishers with their knives. From what we saw here and elsewhere, we cannot help thinking that the loose skirmishing order of fighting is not nearly so well adapted to fighting these *irregular* combatants as the old *line*, especially when retiring. So long as our troops advance the enemy gives way, and the rapid fire of skirmishers, followed by some companies in close order, hastens their movements. But when — as is so often the case—we are retiring, the bravest of the enemy rapidly follow, crouching from bush to bush and from rock to rock, giving very little opportunity for careful shooting to our skirmishers; and when these are scattered in rough ground, individuals linger here and there for a last shot, and more than once have been surprised and cut off from their comrades before they were aware of the proximity of their lurking enemy. Their bodies are then, perforce, left to be mutilated, and their rifles fall into the enemy's hands; or if efforts are made to recover them or their arms,

those who go back for them are themselves liable to be surrounded and cut off; whereas if the last files retire in line, keeping *pretty* close together, a wounded man and his weapons can immediately be taken up by his comrades without delays occurring; and if the enemy does close in, he has to meet a line of bayonets, besides the rapid fire of the Martini. Further, until we can put more veterans into the field, the continuous retirement over rough ground, followed by yelling fiends with drawn swords, frantic, and regardless of death, yet bobbing about in a way which renders shooting uncertain, will act prejudicially on the retiring soldiers' feelings; and if a few men are suddenly taken unawares and become panic-stricken, or think it advisable or the right thing to do to make a run for their supports, the consequences might at times be disastrous.

The enemies we have to deal with in these frontier wars are quite as likely to miss every shot when firing at a line two or four deep as at scattered bodies of skirmishers. In the one case, if they do hit a man, he is carried on easily by his comrades; in the other, he probably falls behind a bush or rock unseen by his friends, and his wounded or dead body becomes the sheath of scores of knives, and his rifle and cartridges are carried off in triumph.

It has been mentioned above, that behind us were some two thousand spectators. Many of these had come from far. As soon as they saw our retirement

commenced, and the thousands of the enemy closing in with wild yells from all sides, they concluded we were lost, and made themselves scarce as soon as possible, spreading a report that we had been repulsed by the Shinwarrees. The rumour, as usual, lost nothing in its further progress. The Khugianees heard that we had lost two guns and a general. Immediately after, a stir was observable all round, and a noted Ghilzai chief, Azmatoollah Khan, who had from the first done his utmost to rouse an opposition against us, was soon very busy.

The Khugianees succeed the Shinwarrees among the slopes and at the base of the Safed-Koh, westward as far as the Surkhab river, some forty miles from Jellalabad. They are then succeeded by the Ghilzais, who occupy the range of hills connecting the Safed-Koh with the Sia-Koh (black mountain), through which runs the Jugdulluk Pass, and the road to Cabul *viâ* Tezeen. They also occupy the Sia-Koh and the Lughman valley, through which flows the Cabul river proper after leaving the Cabul valley. These two large tribes—the only ones that now lay on our onward line of march to Cabul—were thrown into considerable excitement by the news from the Shinwarree country, and both determined not only to oppose our farther progress, but also, if possible, to annoy us where we were. This latter they could only hope to accomplish at present by attacking and destroying the villages that were supplying us with

forage and had placed themselves under our protection. The political officers discovered that Azmatoollah was about to raid into the Lughman valley, and the Khugianees were to attack Futtehabad and other Tajik villages within twenty miles of Jellalabad. Accordingly, troops were sent off in different directions to prevent this, and if possible to seize Azmatoollah. General M'Pherson started by night with a column to cross into the Lughman valley over the Safed-Koh. Colonel Campbell of the Guide Corps, with a smaller column, took a different route, to co-operate; while a body of cavalry, composed of some troops of Hussars and native Lancers, started to cross the Cabul river near Jellalabad. It was hoped that these latter would be in time to cut off Azmatoollah's retreat from M'Pherson's columns. They rode gaily to the ford on a bright moonlight night. The native cavalry crossed over its zigzag windings in safety, but the Hussars met with the fearful disaster so much talked of and inquired into, by which they lost an officer and forty-seven men. Those of them who escaped returned to camp, but the rest of the party continued their march, only to return in the evening disappointed; for while M'Pherson's column was painfully climbing up the barren, hot, rocky slopes of the Sia-Koh, Azmatoollah recrossed the Cabul river and fled into the mountain fastnesses beyond. The troops returned disgusted from their wearying and disappointing march; but it was not without its effect.

"Never before," said the people, "have we heard of an army crossing that dreadful route by day, and these Feringhees do it by night. What is safe from their attacks?"

Meanwhile General Gough had started for Futtehabad, on the direct route to Cabul, with about 10,000 infantry, the remaining troops of the 10th Hussars, some troops of the Guides cavalry, and four R.H.A. guns. All was quiet at Futtehabad, and next day reconnoitring parties were sent out. And well it was so. In every Khugianee village the war-drums were beating, and thousands gathering. One reconnoitring party was fired into and followed up. The pickets near Futtehabad reported that there was heavy firing towards Gandamuk, so General Gough at once hurried out with his guns and cavalry to rescue the party. Ordering 400 infantry to follow, some five miles from camp he found the enemy already strongly posted on the crest of a plateau about a mile south of the road and parallel to it. Here they had constructed a long line of breastworks, behind which were posted several thousands, while other large parties were already hurrying down the water-courses which flanked the plateau on which Gough now stood with his cavalry and guns: the infantry were coming up at the double. The guns now advanced to within 1200 yards of the breast-works and opened fire with shell; the flanks of the enemy were rapidly pushing in to try and surround

Gough, and a body of them soon opened fire on the guns from within a hundred yards. Gough now withdrew his guns and cavalry some 500 yards. As soon as he did so, with loud yells the main body of the enemy left the breastworks and rushed towards him. Again their foremost were within short musket-range when the Guides and Hussars charged into them. The Guides, led by Major Wigram Battye, dashed across a rocky ravine and down a steep slope covered with boulders, straight at a large body who quietly awaited them behind some stone walls enclosing a field; and as Battye rode into them, a volley killed him and his horse and a native officer. Instantly with wild yells the Pathans rushed forward to knife him, but were met by his intrepid Sowars, and a fierce hand-to-hand combat ensued. Nine bodies of Khugianees lay dead round Battye, but not a knife had entered him. Not one of the large body of Khugianees left the ground alive; for by this time Lieut. Hamilton had swept round them with another troop, and the infuriated Sowars spared none. Nor did the Khugianees ask mercy: drawing their knives, they stood and fiercely cut at horses and riders, wounding more than thirty men and more horses, not one of whom, perhaps, would have been touched had the Sowars carried lances. The Hussars, too, had charged into the enemy, and now they wavered and gave ground. Meanwhile on the left the infantry had arrived. Lieutenant Wiseman

headed a rather premature charge into a dense mass of the enemy clustered round a huge standard. He dashed his sword through the standard-bearer, but was cut down, and for a few moments the infantry were checked, then readvanced. By this time the centre and left of the enemy were already giving ground before the cavalry; their right also fell back, wavered, and broke, and soon the whole were flying in dense masses, and were pursued for over five miles by the cavalry. Their loss exceeded 600 killed and wounded; ours some 40 to 50 killed and wounded, besides the two British officers. Battye's death alone would have dimmed a greater victory. The medical officer related that he was attending a wounded Sowar whom he had placed under chloroform. When the Sowar regained his senses he burst out crying. The officer, on trying to console him, received the reply, "What use is my life to me, now that Battye Sahib has gone?" He was not the only man who felt thus.

The result of the action was soon apparent. The Khugianee *Jirgah* came into Futtehabad and submitted, and from that day the tribe never molested us. On the contrary, when we went on to Gandamuk they swarmed into camp with provisions, worked on the roads, cut timber on the Safed-Koh, and brought it in for the bridge and other works at Gandamuk; and reconnoitring parties went all over their country without once meeting opposition. The

Khugianees and Ghilzais had feared that, so soon as we had collected in sufficient strength at Gandamuk, we would burn, harry, and destroy, in revenge for the disasters of the former war. But when they found themselves treated with every consideration, even when the whole of the 1st division of our army was encamped within rifle-range of their forts, they settled down. From the camp at Gandamuk, or Safed Sang, we could see the low hillock on which a small remnant of British troops made their last stand in the winter of 1841-42. Among the chiefs who made themselves useful to us was Hyder Khan of Gandamuk, who had been in that last struggle. He thus described it: "News arrived here that the Feringhees were retiring through the hills, surrounded by hosts of enemies, chiefly Ghilzais; and orders came from Sirdar Akbar Khan for all true Khugianees to join in the destruction of the Kafirs. We soon mustered about 6000 men, and marched up the road towards Jugdulluk, where heavy firing was going on. As we neared the Surkhi-Koh (or red hill) we saw a mere handful of *gora-logs* (white folks —soldiers)—about 80 to 100—turning that corner, with swarms of Ghilzais firing into them. As they saw our masses advancing to meet them, they turned aside and went to the top of the hillock. Here they formed square with fixed bayonets, and shot us down as we closed on them. We could not get near them till they ceased firing. Concluding that they had no

more ammunition, we rushed in on them with loud shouts from all sides. They stood still till we were within a dozen yards of them, then fired their last volley with deadly effect into us, and charged with their bayonets. This broke them, and one by one we hemmed them in and cut them down; but six of us fell for each one of them. Soban Allah! I have never seen such fighting, and I determined never to fight Feringhees again."

Yakoob Khan came into Gandamuk, the terms of treaty were arranged, and we were about to start back to India. Before us stood up the giant crest of the Safed-Koh—its highest peak, Sikarram, was within thirty miles of us. It was hard to go back without at least once gaining the mighty crest on which no Englishman had yet stood. Permission to make the attempt—for geographical reasons—was asked and given; and having been supplied with an escort of Khugianees, we started. It was rather early in the year for the journey, and the snow covered miles of intervening hills, but time was running short. The escort was under the orders of a son of the before-mentioned Hyder Khan. Under him were two old Mulliks, who had both been in the last struggle described above, and also in the late action near Futtehabad. One of the escort still wore the Ameer's uniform, and humorously pointed to a foot-long cut in the tail of his coat, given by a Goorkha's *kookrie* (knife) at the storming of the Peiwar Kotal.

Another man, named Sultan, a hunter by profession, had eighteen old knife-wounds on his body, of which six at least would probably have been fatal if received by an Englishman. He and a brother had a few years previously been out towards the neighbouring Khugiani village of Murkikhel, and had suddenly been set upon by three men of that section, with whom they had had a long-standing feud. One man shot his brother, and was shot in his turn by Sultan. The others cut his head open with their knives, and he dropped senseless. Next morning he awoke in his own hut, and found he had been cut in eighteen places; was confined to bed for six weeks, then recovered, and was now as hearty as ever. "And how about the two men who had done you so much injury?" we asked. "I settled the account shortly after: they are not alive now." Several others of the escort had bullet and knife wounds to show, and had committed a few murders in their day; so altogether we were in very superior company.

Taking our blankets and a week's rations (which were carried by the escort), we started early on the morning of the 26th. Our route lay for the first six miles over the plateau between the camp and the base of the Safed-Koh. We then entered the villages of Mahmakhel and Kudikhel, destroyed by General Pollock's force in the first war, then across a wide stream, fordable every morning, but a roaring torrent by evening. Then came a stiff climb up a

bare rocky slope, till attaining a height of 8000 feet. Here the slope upwards was more gradual, and our way lay over green flats covered with soft grass, and dotted with many wild flowers, tulips, and daisies and lilies, and among forests of stunted oaks. This continued till we reached the skirts of the pine-forests, at an elevation of about 9500 feet. As we had been sketching the country *en route* as we came along, it was near evening, and we determined to halt for the night near some tent-dwellings of nomad shepherds, where our escort were sure of a good evening meal of mutton and fresh milk. We were on the crest of a long spur, and below our right lay a deep mountain gorge forming the boundary-line between Khugiani and Ghilzai country. Below us we could see some hamlets of the Ghilzai village of Lokau, and it was just possible that we might find ourselves attacked at night; so we chose a strong position on the crest of a precipice, and lay down to sleep about ten at night, close under a long, low wall, intended to be utilised as a breastwork if needed. The air was fresh and cold, and, being obliged to put out our fires for fear of stray shots, we were glad to roll ourselves well up in our blankets. We slept on quietly till about 3 A.M., when some shots rang in the air, echoed far and near among the mountains, and roused us all in a moment. Of course, we thought we were in for a row, and the first thing we noticed was the young Khan standing by me with drawn

sword, shouting to the sentries to ask what was up. After considerable talking, it was said that the sentries had long watched some jackals prowling round the remains of the night's meal, and being unable longer to restrain their sporting proclivities, they had fired at these animals. Of course we pretended to accept this explanation undoubtingly,—it was as likely to be true as any other solution,—and went to sleep again till daylight. We were early up, and after a hasty meal were again trudging on briskly, invigorated by the crisp morning breeze, through the mighty forests that now thickly clothed the mountain-slopes. Giant pines, some rising to 130 and more feet, of four kinds: the Deodar or Ulmunza (*Cedrus deodarus*), Nakhthar (*Pinus excelsa*), Sarup (*Abies Webbiana*), and Chilgoza (edible pine). The nuts of this last species are sent in hundreds of camel-loads to the Indian market yearly; but as they are roasted as soon as collected, they cannot be utilised for sowing. Unfortunately, when we were among them, all that had not been collected had fallen and had sprouted, or had rotted on the ground. Among the wild flowers to be found here is a beautiful tiger-lily with six flowers on each stem. All day we tramped through the splendid forests without seeing a single wild animal, few birds, and the only reptiles two small turtles. How they got here we cannot say, but they are said to be numerous among these hills. After passing the elevation

of 12,000 feet the pines lessened, and at length ceased. Juniper-bushes crawling over the slopes were met up to nearly 14,000 feet, and then nought but snow ahead. Just before reaching the snow the ground was carpeted with crocus, polyanthus, and many other beautiful flowers. Evening was already drawing on, and we determined to descend to the bed of the stream again, where its height was 11,000 feet. When we reached it, huge rocky precipices rose above us many thousand feet; near the base on one side was a large cave capable of holding some forty or fifty men, approachable only from below. In this we would be safe from stray shots, in a good defensible position, and protected from the breeze. So we decided to make it our halting-place for the night. In comparative security we revelled in the warmth of a huge fire, and after dinner spent a jolly evening. One of our party was the bard of a section of the Khugiani, who had brought his *sitara* (guitar) with him; and after we had served out some ginger-wine to those who cared for it, and drank it—though they refused the more potent and well-known "brandy sharab" that I was only too pleased to keep for myself—the bard gave us a few songs. At length one more exciting than the rest stirred the blood of our escort, and soon a circle formed round the fire, and went through a lively sword-dance, with the unusual accompaniment of *more* than one song. First the usual nasal sing-song; then a laughable mock-heroic;

then the tribal *seranai* or war-song. This, as usual, was kept up till the dancers worked themselves into a seeming frenzy, and were exhausted. Then my Punjabi attendants from the hills round Cashmere took up the game, and treated the Pathans to their style of sword-dance. Lastly, one individual divested himself of all but a very little strip of clothing, tossed his long hair round his face, and jumped and danced round the fire, yelling at intervals, "Allahi! allahi!" each time louder and faster, till he frothed at the mouth, had his muscles drawn like cords, his eyes wild and glaring, and was *pro tem.* a decided maniac, and was just about to throw himself over the rocks, when he was seized by half-a-dozen of the others, and was held down forcibly, yelling like a fiend till his strength was exhausted, his muscles relaxed, and he fell into a deep sleep. This exhibition was loudly applauded by the Pathans till its close, and formed the main topic of conversation till we were asleep. The night passed off quietly, and next morning we started early for the neighbouring range of snow, 15,000 feet high. In half an hour we were walking over the snow-fields, and continued on them all day, sketching the country round, and obtaining a fine view of the eastern sources of the Surkhab river, so long hidden from our side. Descending towards evening to the height of 12,000 feet, we determined here to take up our quarters for the night, within four or five miles of the great peak

of Sikarram. We could find neither cave nor trees to lie under, so had to roll ourselves in our blankets behind a large rock, and sleep through the cold night as best we could, posting and warning the sentries for the night. At early dawn we were all up, and this morning managed to have coffee all round, then started. With us were our hill-men from British territory, carrying the survey instruments, &c.—Sultan, the *shikari* before mentioned, and five others. We had first to descend 1000 feet down steep rocks covered with frozen snow, then began our ascent. Until the sun has been shining on the snow-fields for some hours, the surface is frozen hard, and it is difficult to keep the footing. We had preferred to wear good strong English boots, with the armed sole of which we could kick an impression on the snow very often; the others had wrapped the skins of the sheep slaughtered for dinner *en route* in strips, with the hair outwards, round their feet and ankles; but before long we had to take to cutting steps in the hard snow, our only weapon for the purpose being our Pathan knives. With these we had to chop, chop, a few inches for each step for about 3000 feet; then came a mile of level ground, one large field of deep snow. Ahead of us stood Sikarram; all round us many of his sisters, almost as high as himself. Through one of the *gullies* (cols) we looked down on the snow-covered lake or tarn, about 300 yards square, called the Haoza Khas, or clear tank, where the

eastern or Mangal branch of the Surkhab takes its rise. Far below were the Ghilzai hamlets of Mangal. After crossing the field, we had yet another stiff climb of 1000 feet. The crest hung over us dangerously, and the ascent was so steep that we had to make several zigzags, which added to our labour. Once again we reached the crest; and 500 yards more and a short climb took us to the extreme summit of the highest peak of the Safed-Koh, 15,620 feet above sea-level, and 11,000 above the camp at Gandamuk. A feeling of pride in being the first European who had stood on this spot might be excused. Quickly—while those less interested were recovering their breath, and munching *chappaties* with snow—we put up our theodolite, and, levelling it, made sure that this was indeed the highest point of the range. Then successively we looked down on the rice-fields of the Kurram valley, the tents dotted among the trees of the Peiwar Kotal, the large camps, rows of horses, and numerous stone-built pickets of Alikhel; farther south, the hills round Khost; to the west, a broad valley coming from the direction of Ghazni; more north, the peaks round the Shutar-gardan Pass, and on across the gap showing where lay the valley of Cabul itself, to the snows beyond; then northwards over the Gandamuk and Jellalabad valleys, over the crests of the snowy ranges of the Safed-Koh surrounding the glens of Kafiristan, towards which even then one

solitary Englishman, Major Turner of the Survey of India, was in vain trying to wend his way through the suspicious intermediate tribes; and beyond all, stood up one giant pyramid, *perhaps* seen for the first time by a European—probably 2500 feet high, if not higher. To the west ran the long range of the Safed-Koh, its top one field of snow, broken into irregular fantastic peaks, falling towards Kurram like a huge wall; and beyond, the hills of Tirah and the Khyber. For two hours we were very busy with the theodolite and field-book; but meantime clouds had been gathering overhead, and the first flakes of snow warned us—from old experience—that it was time to move off. Meantime the sun had softened the snow, and every step down we sank thigh-deep for some miles—could not even relieve the journey by a slide. We had given an attendant a soda-water bottle in the morning, intending to leave it on the summit, but of course it had been forgotten, and we had to content ourselves by making a small cairn with the few stones that lay among the snow on the top. Not fifty yards below was a pile of stones ornamented with some twenty long sticks—the *ziarat* or shrine of some Fakir, said to be that of the Syud Karram or Si Karram, from which some derived the name of the peak. It had long been supposed to be a corruption of Sitaram—a Hindoo celebrity of the olden times; but this the Moslems distinctly disavow. Si Karram—the "three virtues"—said a

greybeard, was one of Mohammed's disciples who had shown his devotion to the Prophet by knocking out all his own teeth when the Prophet had one knocked out by a stone in the battle in the Vale of Beder. On Mohammed's death his garment was tried on by all the worthies standing round, but his "mantle" fitted none but Si Karram (it was useless one remarking that this same tale was told of some other disciples). After the Prophet's death Si Kirram wandered eastwards preaching, and being driven here for refuge, or coming here like Elijah to the top of Horeb, he was martyred. There are other reasons also given for the name, but this suits best.

Our descent was long and tedious, owing to the snow now being wet and soft; but before dark we were down to our night's resting-place. Two days after, we were not a little pleased to find ourselves again safe in camp. A month later much of the ground covered with snow in May would have been clear, and by August flocks and herds graze within a mile of Si Karram's shrine. We nowhere saw any glaciers; and of living things, only the distant cry of the snow-pheasant was heard, and we sometimes saw the footmarks of ibex and bears, but not the animals. Game is wonderfully scarce—the hill-slopes and forests tenantless except during the hotter months, when the sheep and cattle graze on the abundant grass.

A very small strip of the country between Gandamuk and the Khyber alone remained unsurveyed, and

we were now ordered to march through and survey it—an escort of 60 Lancers under a British officer, and an officer of the Ameer's, being told off to accompany us. When first we appeared near the villages of Azam, the people began hastily to arm themselves, as if with hostile intentions, determined to oppose the raising of their *purdah;* but when Mahomed Shahgassi, the Ameer's officer, rode forward and explained that we were there with the Ameer's consent, they put away their arms, and were friendly at once. At night we put up in the forts, and were made extremely comfortable. The Shahgassi had been one of the officers told off to attend the Russian Embassy in Cabul, and had been with them at Tashkend, and he now drew very unfavourable comparisons. When we objected to putting up in the forts, if, by doing so, we had to turn the women and children out, he said a Russian officer would have probably been delighted to see these put to inconvenience, or, at any rate, would never have thought of inconveniencing himself for them. He specially commented on their uncivil treatment of all who came near them,—"Speaking to the officers and respectable residents in the same insulting and imperious tone they used to servants and criminals; putting up in the Musjids; not paying for provisions; and some not over-veracious in their statements."

He remarked, among other things, on the fact that when Ameer Yakoob Khan visited the British camp,

even the soldiers *not on duty* stood up as he passed and respectfully saluted him. This seemed to impress him and the other officers of the Ameer very favourably. As to our paying for provisions from the villages, he remarked that we had paid so high for everything that the people would never be content to take the old normal price again; also dwelt very strongly on the fact of not a single outrage having been committed on the women throughout the occupation by either officers or men, British or native. "Never," said he and others to whom we spoke, "have we seen an army at once so powerful and so courteous and quiet; it is no wonder you can march them to the ends of the world." Nor must it be supposed that they spoke thus from mere fear or courtesy; they perfectly well understood that we held no high position in the force, either military or political; and talked on that and all other subjects with extreme freedom, not hesitating to express adverse opinions when inclined to do so—as when speaking of the first Cabul war and its causes and consequences, for instance.

THE AMERICANS AND THE ABORIGINES.

SCENES IN THE SHORT WAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHARLES SEALSFIELD.

[*MAGA.* MAY-JULY 1846.]

I.

"I tremble for my people, when I think of the unjust acts of which they have been guilty towards the aborigines."—JEFFERSON.

UPON the road connecting the town of Coosa with Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, and near to the spot where, at the present day, a convenient hotel invites the traveller to repose and refreshment, there stood, towards the close of the last century, beneath a projecting rock, crowned with a few red cedars and pine-trees, a rudely constructed but roomy block-house. In front of the building, and between two massive perpendicular beams, connected by cross-bars, swung a large board, upon which was to be

distinguished a grotesque figure, painted in gaudy colours, and whose diadem of feathers, tomahawk, scalping-knife, and wampum, denoted the Indian chief. Beneath this sign a row of hieroglyphic-looking characters informed the passer-by that he could here find "Entertainment for man and beast." On that side of the house, or rather hut, next to the road, was a row of wooden sheds, separated from the path by a muddy ditch, and partly filled with hay and straw. These cribs might have been supposed the habitations of the cows, had not some dirty bedding, that protruded from them, denoted them to be the sleeping apartments of those travellers whose evil star compelled them to pass the night at the sign of the Indian King. A stable and pig-sty completed the appurtenances of this backwood dwelling.

It was a stormy December night; the wind howled fiercely through the gloomy pine-forest, on the skirt of which the block-house stood, and the rapidly succeeding crashes of the huge trees, as, with a report like thunder, the storm bore them to the ground, proclaimed the violence of one of those tornadoes that so frequently rage between the Blue Mountains of Tennessee and the flats of the Mississippi, sweeping with them, in their passage, trees, houses, and villages. Suddenly, in the midst of the storm, a gentle tapping was heard at the window-shutter of the block-house, to which succeeded, after a short interval, a series of heavy blows, causing the timbers of the dwelling to

quiver to their foundations. Presently the door of the house was partially opened, and a man's head protruded through the aperture, as if to reconnoitre the cause of the uproar. At the same moment that this occurred, a tall dark figure stepped quickly forward, pushed the door wide open, and stalking into the dwelling, took his seat opposite the fireplace, followed, in deep silence and with noiseless stride, by a line of similar apparitions. When all had entered, the door was again closed, and a man of almost colossal frame approached the hearth, where some embers were still smouldering. Throwing on a supply of wood, he lit one of a heap of pine splinters that lay in the chimney corner, and then producing a tallow candle, lighted it, and placed it upon the table. By its glimmering flame, and that of the reviving fire, the interior of the hut, fully corresponding with the rough and inartificial exterior, became visible. In the corner opposite the fireplace was the bar or counter, behind whose wooden lattice stood a dozen dirty bottles, and still dirtier jugs and glasses. Below these were three kegs daubed with blue paint, and marked with the words, French Brandy, Gin, Monongahela. On one side of the room a pile of deer-hides, of beaver, bear, and fox skins, denoted a frequent intercourse and active trade between the inmates of the tavern and the red men. Near the skins stood a huge tester-bed, surrounded by three small bedsteads, and a cradle, or rather

trough, made out of a fragment of a hollow tree, with boards nailed across the ends. In these receptacles, to judge by the loud snoring that proceeded from them, the family of the tavern-keeper were enjoying a deep and uninterrupted repose. The walls of the apartment were of unhewn tree-trunks, varied only by broad stripes of clay filling the interstices.

On a stool in front of the fire sat the man who had first entered, a blood-stained blanket thrown over his whole person, concealing both figure and face. Behind him about twenty Indians squatted upon the clay floor, their legs crossed, their faces shrouded in their blankets, the crimson spots upon which seemed to indicate that the expedition whence they returned had been other than a peaceful one. Notwithstanding the presence of these strange guests, the master of the block-house now busied himself with putting in order the stools and benches which the intruders, upon their entrance, had unceremoniously knocked over, and this he did with as cool and sturdy an air as if his nocturnal visitors had been friends and neighbours, instead of a troop of savages on their return from some bloody foray, and who might, as likely as not, add his scalp and those of his family to the other trophies of their expedition. When he had put the last stool in its place, he sat himself down next to the Indian who appeared the chief of the band.

After the lapse of about a minute, the latter raised

himself up, and allowed the blanket to slip from over his head, which now appeared bound round with a piece of calico, fringed with gouts of congealed blood. The backwoodsman cast a side glance at the Indian . but it was only a momentary one, and he allowed his gaze to revert to the fire.

"Has my white brother no tongue?" said the Indian at last, in a deep guttural tone; "or does he wait in order the better to crook it?"

"He waits for the words of the chief," replied the American drily.

"Go, call thy wife," said the Indian, in the same bass voice as before.

The tavern-keeper got up, approached the bed, and opening the curtains, spoke to his wife, who had listened, with curiosity rather than anxiety, to what passed. A few sentences were exchanged between them, and the lady made her appearance, a burly, broad-shouldered dame, with an expression upon her somewhat coarse features, indicative of her not being very easily disconcerted or alarmed. An upper petticoat of linsey-woolsey, adapted both to daily and nightly wear, made her voluminous figure look even larger and more imposing than it really was, as with a firm step and almost angry mien she stepped forward by her husband's side. But the menacing stillness of her visitors, and their bloody heads and blankets, now fully revealed by the blaze of the fire, seemed of such evil omen, that the good woman was

evidently startled. Her step, at first quick and confident, began to falter, and with an involuntary shudder she approached her husband, who had resumed his seat. A minute passed in gloomy silence. Then the Indian again raised his head, but without looking up, and spoke in a harsh, severe tone.

"Listen, woman," said he, "to the words of a great warrior, whose hand is open, and who will fill his brother's wigwam with many deer-skins. In return he asks but little of his sister, and that little she may easily give. Has my sister," continued he, raising his voice and glancing at the woman, "milk for a little daughter?"

The backwoodsman's wife stared at her interlocutor in great astonishment.

"Will she," continued the redskin, "give a share of her milk to a little daughter, who must else die of hunger?"

The countenance of the woman brightened as she discerned that the Indian wanted something of her, and that it was in her power to grant or refuse a favour. She took a step towards him, and impatiently awaited further explanation of his singular demand. The Indian, without deigning to look at her, opened the ample folds of his blanket, and drew forth a lovely infant, wrapped in a pelisse of costly furs. For a few seconds the woman stood in mute surprise; but curiosity to obtain a nearer view of the beautiful child, and perhaps also a feeling of compas-

sion and motherly tenderness, speedily restored to her the use of her tongue.

"Good God!" cried she, stretching out her hands to take the infant; "what a sweet little darling; and come of good parents too, I'll be sworn. Only look at the fur, and the fine lace! Did you ever see such a thing! Where did you get the child? Poor little thing! Feed it? To be sure I will. This is no red-man's child."

The worthy lady seemed disposed to run on in this way for some time longer, had not a significant sign from her husband stopped her mouth. The chief, without vouchsafing her the smallest attention, unfastened the pelisse of grey fox-skin, stripped it off, and then proceeded to divest the infant of the first of the coats in which it was enveloped, like a silk-worm in its cocoon. But when, after having with some difficulty accomplished this, a third, fourth, and fifth wrapper appeared, he seemed suddenly to lose patience, and drawing his knife, he, with one cut, ripped the whole of the child's clothes from its body, and handed it over stark naked to the tavern-keeper's wife.

"Incarnate fiend!" screamed the shuddering woman, as she snatched the infant from his hands.

"Stop!" cried the Indian, his cold and imperturbable gaze fixed upon the infant's neck, from which a small medal was suspended by a gold chain. Without uttering a word, the woman slipped the

chain over the child's head, threw it into the face of the savage, and hurried to her bed.

"The devil's in the woman!" muttered her husband, apparently not a little uneasy at her violence.

"The red warrior," said the Indian, with immovable calm, "will pay with beaver-skins for the milk that his little daughter drinks, but he will keep what he has found, and the door must open when he comes for the child."

"That's all very well," said the tavern-keeper, to whom it suddenly appeared to occur that some farther explanation might not be altogether superfluous; "and I'll keep the child willingly enough, though, thank God, I've plenty of my own. But if the parents should come, or the white father hear of the child, what then? The red chief knows that his hand reaches far."

The Indian remained for a while silent, and then replied in a significant tone—

"The child's mother will never come. The night is very dark, the storm howls in the forest—to-morrow nothing will be seen of the red men's footsteps. It is far to the wigwam of the white father. If he hears of the child, my white brother will have told him. If he takes it, then will the red chief take the scalps of his white brother's children."

"Then take your child back again," said the backwoodsman, in a decided tone—"I'll have nought to do with it."

The Indian drew his knife, upon which fresh blood-stains were visible, and cast an ominous glance towards the bed.

"We will take care of it; no one shall hear of it!" screamed the horror-struck woman. The Indian calmly replaced the knife in his girdle, and again spoke.

"The throats of the red men are dry," said he.

A muttering was heard behind the curtains of the bed, sounding not unlike the Christian wish that every drop the bloodhounds swallowed might prove poison to them; the host, however, whose humanity was less vindictive than that of his wife, hastened to the bar to comply with his guest's demand. The chief drank a half-gill of whisky at a draught, and then passed the glass to his neighbour. When a sixth bottle had been emptied, he suddenly rose, threw a Spanish gold-piece upon the table, opened the curtains of the bed, and hung a string of corals, which he took from his wampum girdle, round the neck of the child.

"The red men will know the daughter of a warrior," said he, fixing his eyes upon the infant, which now lay wrapped in flannel upon the bosom of the hostess. He gave a second glance at woman and child, and then passing silently out at the door, disappeared with his companions in the darkness.

"The hurricane is over," said the tavern-keeper, who had followed the Indians with his eyes as they

glided like dim shadows to their birch canoes upon the Coosa.

"In heaven's name! who is that incarnate red devil?" cried his wife, drawing a deep breath of relief, and shuddering as she spoke.

"Hush, woman!—hold your tongue! till the Coosa's between it and the redskins. This is no joking matter, I can tell you."

As he spoke he closed the door; and taking up the light, approached the bed, where his wife was suckling the child.

"Poor little thing!" said he, "if you could speak you would tell us a tale that might well make our hair stand on end. This affair may cost us dear yet; those red devils are come from a scalping expedition,—of that there is no doubt. But in what direction, God alone knows. Well, if it were only amongst the Spaniards," continued he, glancing alternately at the child and at the gold coin in his hand, "I should not much care about it, but——"

And without finishing the sentence he resumed his place in the bed, although some hours elapsed before the recollection of the strange scene that had occurred allowed sleep to revisit his eyelids.

In defiance of the menaces of the savages, Captain John Copeland, the rough but worthy host of the Indian King, instituted inquiries concerning the parentage of the infant so unceremoniously imposed upon him. Various obstacles were thrown in the way

of his researches by the disturbed state of the country, and by the Indians themselves, who suspected his intentions, and kept a strict watch on his movements; and when at last a more settled state of things enabled him to prosecute his inquiries, it was with small success, or at least he did not admit that he had discovered anything, although he suspected the little girl to belong to one of the French or Spanish planters on the Mississippi.

Seven years elapsed, during which the numbers of the backwoodsman's family were doubled, and his worldly wealth augmented in a far larger proportion. The shores of the Coosa had become populous and flourishing, the solitary block-house was now a roomy and convenient dwelling, situated in the midst of smiling plantations, and Captain Copeland was well to do, and much respected by his neighbours.

One summer evening, however, the Captain was disturbed at his supper, and his family frightened from their propriety, by the appearance of a tall, gaunt Indian, who entered the room unannounced, and was recognised by a missionary there present as Tokeah, the miko or king of the Oconees, the principal tribe of the Creek Indians. Tokeah was one of the most deadly and persevering enemies of the white men, whom he detested with a bitter hate, because they had driven his nation from its hunting-grounds. He it was who, seven years previously, gave the little girl in charge to Copeland and his wife;

since then he had regularly sent furs and beaver-skins as payment for her maintenance, and he now came to claim her as his property. Resistance to his demand would have been in vain, for he was backed by an imposing force of Indian warriors; the entreaties of Mrs Copeland and the missionary were insufficient to turn him from his purpose, and he took away the child, who had been christened by the name of Rosa.

Time ran on, and another lapse of seven years has to be recorded. We are now at the end of the year 1814. At the northern extremity of the Sabine lake, and in the midst of the reed and cypress swamps that extend southwards to the sea, there lies, between the rivers Sabine and Natchez, a narrow tongue of land, which, widening in proportion as the rivers recede, forms a gently swelling eminence, enclosed by the clear and beautiful waters of the two streams. The latter flow through dark thickets of cypress and palmetto, to the lake above named, which, in its turn, is united with the Gulf of Mexico, and it would almost appear as if nature, in a capricious moment, had chosen thus distinctly to mark the boundary of the two vast countries which the Sabine severs. On the right bank of that river rises a black and impenetrable forest, so thickly matted and united by enormous thorns, that even the hunted deer or savanna wolf will rarely attempt an entrance. The earth is overgrown by an impenetrable carpet of creeping plants, under whose treacherous shelter in-

numerable rattlesnakes, king's-heads, and copperheads writhe themselves, or lie coiled up on the watch for the wild pigeons, mocking-birds, parroquets, and black squirrels, who share with them the shelter of the thicket. Rarely is the maze broken by a clearing, and where it is so, is seen a chaos of mouldering tree-trunks, uprooted by the frequent tornadoes, and piled up like some artificial fortification. The wild luxuriance of the place reaches its acme in the neighbourhood of the cypress swamp; but on the further side of that it assumes a softer character, and the perplexed wanderer through these beautiful scenes finds himself on a sudden transported into one of the most enchanting of Mexican landscapes, where the myrtle, the stately tulip-tree, and the palma-christi alternate with the dark-leaved mangrove, and on the rising grounds the cotton-tree and sycamore spread their silver-green branches above a sward of the tenderest verdure. The whole forest is interwoven, like a vast tent or awning, with the jessamine and the wild vine, which, springing from the ground, grapple themselves to the tree-trunks, ascend to the highest branches, and then again descending, cling to another stem, and creeping from mangrove to myrtle, from magnesia to papaw, from papaw to the tulip-tree, form one vast and interminable bower. The broad belt of land, in the centre of which the waters of the Natchez flow, presents to the beholder a waving and luxuriant field of rustling palmettos, extending from the forest a full half-mile to

the stream, in whose waters the mangrove and cypress dip their drooping foliage.

It was an afternoon of that magnificent latter autumn known as the Indian summer, and the sun, golden and glorious, as it is only to be seen in that country and at that season, was declining behind the summits of the trees which fringe the western shore of the Natchez. Its beams already assumed that rich variety of tint, so beautiful to behold, varying from bright green to golden, from purple to orange, as the rays passed between the leaves of the myrtle, the palma-christi, or some other variety of the surrounding foliage. Not a cloud was in the heavens, the air was balm itself, the soft evening stillness was only now and then broken by some babbling parroquet, by the whistling tones of the mocking-bird, or the sudden rising of a flock of water-fowl, thousands of which floated on the broad bosom of the Natchez, and dressed their plumage for their winter flight. Along a narrow path between the forest and the palmetto field above referred to, a female figure was seen tripping towards a small opening in the wood, formed by the uprooting of a mighty sycamore. On reaching the prostrate tree she leaned against a branch, apparently to take breath. She was a young girl of about twenty years of age, whose complexion denoted Indian parentage, but whose countenance had something in the highest degree interesting, even noble, in its expression. Her forehead was well formed, her black

eyes had an arch, almost a roguish, glance, her finely cut lips, and the whole contour of her physiognomy, betrayed a frank and joyous disposition, whilst the slight curve of her Roman nose gave her an air of decision and self-reliance, with which her bearing and costume corresponded. This costume was far superior to the usual dress of Indian girls, and as remarkable for simplicity as for good taste. She wore a sleeveless calico gown, reaching to the ankles, and her hair, instead of hanging long and straight down her back, as is customary with Indian women, was twisted into a knot, and held together on the crown of the head by an elegant comb. A pair of gold ear-rings, bracelets of the same metal, and half-boots of alligator's skin and scarlet cloth, completed her graceful exterior. From her girdle was suspended a pocket-knife of considerable length, and in her hand she carried an empty basket. Her step could be called neither walking nor running; it was an odd sort of frisking springing movement. After each ten or twelve paces she stopped, looked back along the path, and then again sprang forward, again to stop and look behind her.

"But, Rosa!" cried she at last, as she leaned panting against the sycamore; "but, Rosa!" she repeated in the Indian tongue, and in a tone of slight impatience, retracing her steps, and hurrying to meet another young girl who now advanced along the winding path, "why do you remain behind, Rosa?"

And so saying, she threw herself upon her knees before the new-comer, and clasped her arms around her with a rapidity and suppleness that almost resembled the coilings of a snake.

"Ah, the White Rose!" cried she, in a tone of melancholy reproach; "she is no longer the same. See, the grass grows upon the path which her foot used often to press. Why is my White Rose sorrowful?"

The complaining tones of the Indian maiden were so touching, her whole posture so imploring, love and anxiety were so plainly depicted on her countenance, that it seemed uncertain whether the interest she took in her friend had its source in the ties of near relationship, or was caused by the manifold charms and graces of the young girl whom she now so tenderly caressed, and who had as yet scarcely emerged from childhood. This was the same Rosa whose acquaintance we have already made, seven years previously, at the tavern of the Indian King, and who now stood in an attitude of enchanting and unstudied grace, her dark eyes, shaded by their long and silky lashes, alternately reposing their glances upon her kneeling friend, or gazing out into the distance with a mournful, pensive look. The gently swelling breast, the cheeks overspread with the most delicate tint of the rose, the airy and elastic form, might have belonged to the goddess of love herself, in the days of her freshest youth; but on the other hand, the child-

ish innocent glance, the nobly formed forehead, the rosy mouth, of which the coral lips were rather indicated than displayed, and an indescribable something in her whole appearance, gave her an air of purity and dignified modesty calculated to prevent her beauty from exciting the slightest sensual thought. Her hair, of a dark gold colour, fell in long tresses around a snow-white and exquisitely moulded neck; a gown of green silk enveloped her person, and reached to a pair of the minutest feet that ever supported the form of woman. Her mocassins were similar to those of the Indian girl, a white silk kerchief veiled her neck, and in her hand she carried a straw hat.

A tear gathered in the eyes of Rosa as she gazed kindly, but mournfully, at her friend, and then stooping down she folded her in her arms, and pressed a kiss upon her lips. For a short time, no sound was audible save the sobbing of the maidens. At last the Indian spoke, in a plaintive tone.

"See," said she, "Canondah's bosom is open to the grief of Rosa!"

"My dearest Canondah!" exclaimed the beautiful girl thus addressed; and again a flood of tears gushed from her eyes.

"Oh!" implored the Indian, "tell thy Canondah the cause of this grief. See," continued she, in tones melodiously mournful, "see, these arms bore the White Rose when yet she was very little, on these shoulders did she hang when we crossed the great river, on this

bosom did she lie like a water-fowl that suns itself on the broad mirror of the Natchez. Day and night, like the doe after his fawn, did Canondah follow the steps of the White Rose, to shield her from harm; and yet, now that she is a woman, and has become the White Rose of the Oconees, she shuts her from her heart. Tell thy Canondah what it is that makes thy bosom heave and thy cheek grow pale."

"Does not Canondah know?" replied Rosa in a gentle tone. "Poor Rosa has good cause to be sad and heavy of heart."

"Is the great chief of the Salt Lake the cause of her grief?"

Rosa shuddered, took a step backwards, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud. The Indian girl sprang to her feet, and throwing her arm round her friend's waist, drew her gently towards a neighbouring cotton-tree, up which a vine had crept and twined itself, and now dangled its graceful festoons, tasselled with ripe grapes, from the very topmost branches. "Sad is the path of an Oconee maiden," said Canondah, after a long pause, during which she had filled her basket with the grapes. "Whilst the warriors are absent at the hunting-grounds, we sigh away our days in the wigwam, or labour wearily in the fields. Would that Canondah were a man!"

"And El Sol?" lisped Rosa with a melancholy smile. "Canondah should not complain."

The Indian girl placed one hand upon the lips of her friend, whilst with the other she playfully menaced her.

"Yes," said she, "El Sol is a great chief, and Canondah owes him her life. She will cook his venison, and sew his hunting-shirts, and follow him with a light heart. Let the White Rose listen to the words of her sister. Soon will El Sol visit the wigwam of the Oconees, and then will Canondah whisper softly in his ear. He is a great warrior, and the Miko will hear his words, and return the presents to the chief of the Salt Lake, and the White Rose shall never see his wigwam."

Rosa shook her head doubtingly.

"Does Canondah know her father so little? The storm may bow the feeble reed, but not the silver stem of the mighty tree. It may be uprooted, and broken in its fall, but never bent. The Miko," continued she with a desponding sigh, "sees the chief of the Salt Lake with the eye of a warrior, not of a maiden. He has promised him Rosa for his wife, but Rosa would rather die than——"

"No, no," interrupted Canondah, "Rosa must not die. El Sol loves Canondah, and the Miko of the Oconees knows that he is a far greater warrior than the chief of the Salt Lake. But listen! what is that?" cried she, turning her head in the direction of the swamp, whence a loud splashing was now audible.

"What is it?" repeated Rosa.

"Perhaps an alligator or a bear," replied the Indian girl.

The noise continued, although less loud than before. "Canondah!" exclaimed Rosa with visible uneasiness, "you will not again hunt the great water-snake?"

Her words were in vain. With the swiftness of a deer the Indian maiden sprang through the reeds, and in a moment had disappeared. Rosa had no choice but to follow. Whilst making her way through the innumerable stems that barred her passage, she heard a loud cry, but it was not Canondah's voice. A noise like that of a heavy body falling into the water immediately followed, accompanied by a short but violent splashing and beating in the mud, and then all was again still. Breathless and terrified, Rosa forced her way through the reeds, and at length reached the river-bank, where she descried her companion standing among the cypresses and mangroves which grew down into the water.

"Canondah!" she exclaimed, in a tone of bitter reproach, as her friend pointed to an enormous alligator that lay beating the mud with its tail in the agonies of death. "Why do you do these things? Must Rosa lose her sister, because she foolishly wishes to be a man and to fight the water-snake?"

"See there!" replied Canondah, pointing to a deep wound in the neck of the alligator, and triumphantly

waving her bloody knife; "I plunged it to the hilt in his throat. The daughter of the Miko of the Oconees knows how to strike the water-snake. But," added she, indifferently, "this one was young, and already benumbed, for the water begins to be cold. Canondah is only a weak girl, but she could teach the young white man to strike the water-snake." As she spoke the last words, she glanced in the direction of a cypress-tree which sprang out of the shallow water at a few paces from the bank.

"The young white man?" said Rosa, inquiringly.

The Indian girl laid her forefinger significantly upon her lips, washed the blood from her hands and knife, and approached the tree. Separating the impending branches with her left hand, she held out her right, open and with the palm upwards, in sign of friendship, and then pointed to the shore, towards which she herself slowly advanced. The boughs were put aside, and a young man appeared, walking cautiously and with difficulty towards the bank, clutching for support at the reeds that grew around him. Rosa gazed in astonishment at the stranger.

"How came he here?" said she softly to her friend.

The Indian girl pointed in silence to a boat entangled amongst the reeds, through which an attempt had evidently been made to force it. The stranger had now arrived within a few paces of the shore, when he began to stagger, and Canondah, who hurried to his

assistance, was just in time to prevent his falling back into the water. Supporting him in her arms, she assisted him to the bank, and the cause of his weakness became apparent in a stream of blood that flowed from his leg, severely wounded by the jaws of the alligator. Canondah hastened to Rosa.

"Your white brother has been bitten by the water-snake," said she, "and you see that Canondah has only her gown."

Whilst speaking, she untied the silk kerchief from her friend's neck, then stooping down she gathered, with the quickness of thought, a handful of a certain herb, broke a young palma-christi across her knee, and took out the delicate fleshy substance found under the bark of that tree. Returning to the stranger, she filled the wound with the pith, overlaid it with herbs, and bound it with the handkerchief. The whole was the work of an instant, and so rapid and decided were Canondah's movements, that Rosa's neckerchief was tied round the leg of the stranger before the blush that its loss occasioned had faded from the cheek of its owner.

When the bandaging of the wounded limb was completed to Canondah's satisfaction, she again stepped into the water and carefully examined the boat in which the stranger had arrived; then returning to her patient, she gazed steadfastly at him for a moment, returned a second time to the boat, and finally, approaching Rosa, whispered in her ear a

few words which brought a paleness like that of death over the young girl's countenance. In her turn Rosa gazed earnestly at the stranger, the contraction of whose features and the dull glaze that overspread his eyes betrayed the highest degree of exhaustion. His ashy-pale complexion, sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes bespoke long privations and severe suffering; he looked more like a corpse thrown up by the waves than a living creature. His hair, bleached by the action of sea-water, hung in tangled locks over his neck and forehead, and the original colour of his apparel could only be guessed at. He appeared very young, and his features, allowance made for their emaciation, were by no means disagreeable, as he sat leaning against the trunk of a cypress-tree, through the branches of which the sunbeams played upon his countenance and lit up its suffering expression.

"Our white brother's canoe," said Canondah, "is that of the chief of the Salt Lake, but he is not one of his warriors."

"He is perhaps what they call a sailor," remarked Rosa.

"No," replied Canondah, in a decided tone. "Look at his hands: they are small and delicate as those of a girl, though the sea-water has stained them brown."

"He may be a messenger," suggested Rosa, doubtfully.

The Indian maiden again shook her head. "See,"

said she, "he comes from the great salt lake which drinks the waters of our river, and yet he knows not how to bring his boat through the thick grass. He took the water-snake for a rotten tree, and stepped upon it, and it buried its teeth in his flesh. Thy white brother has fled from the chief of the Salt Lake."

She spoke these words with as much confidence and decision as if she had herself accompanied the stranger on his adventurous voyage.

"And will Canondah," said Rosa, "leave her brother to perish of fever in the cold night air—he who never harmed her or hers?"

"My sister speaks with the tongue of a white, but Canondah is the daughter of the great Miko," replied the Indian girl, with some severity of manner. The next moment her countenance again brightened, and she took Rosa's hand.

"Canondah will listen to the words of her sister," said she, "and will befriend her white brother. She will take him to the hollow tree."

The two maidens now raised the young man, and, each taking one of his arms, assisted him through the thick growth of reeds. It was a long and wearisome task, for loss of blood and previous privations had rendered the stranger nearly helpless, and they were hardly able, by the utmost exertion of their strength, to keep him on his feet and convey him along. At one moment, when half-way through the palmettos,

he seemed about to breathe his last; his strength left him, and it was only by the most laborious and painful efforts that the young girls got him over the rest of the field. Panting and trembling, they at last reached its extremity, and Rosa sank upon the ground, incapable of further exertion. By a last effort Canondah drew her burden out of the palmettos, and then threw herself down by the side of her friend.

The last rays of the sun still played upon the summits of the loftier trees, of which the lower branches were dimly seen in the rapidly thickening twilight, when Rosa approached the Indian maiden, and with the words, "The sun is low," roused her from her state of exhaustion and semi-unconsciousness. Canondah sprang to her feet, and the two girls tripped side by side into the wood, until they at last paused before an enormous cotton-tree. Several gigantic vines, in whose powerful and enervating embrace the mighty trunk had perished, still clasped the magnificent colossus with their shining red tendrils, whilst the interior of the tree, hollowed by the tooth of time, was of a fantastical configuration not unlike a Gothic chapel, and sufficiently spacious to contain twenty men. The care with which the hollow had been swept out, and the neighbourhood of a salt spring, showed that it was used by the Indian hunters as a resting-place and ambush. Canondah cautiously approached the tree, and returned to Rosa with the

intelligence that it was unoccupied. From the branches of a neighbouring cypress, the two girls now stripped quantities of Spanish moss, wherewith they speedily composed a soft and luxurious bed in the interior of the cotton-tree. This done, they rolled blocks of wood and fragments of trees to the entrance —apparently to form a rampart against the nocturnal intrusion of bear or panther. These preparations completed, they returned to the wounded man. Canondah passed her left arm under his legs, and signed to Rosa to grasp her hand, whilst their arms should serve as a support to his back. Rosa blushed and hesitated.

"Does the White Rose," said Canondah, "fear to touch her brother, for whose life she was lately so anxious?"

For sole reply, the young girl took her friend's hand, and raising the stranger from the ground, they carried him to the hollow tree, and laid him down upon his mossy couch.

"When the earth is covered with darkness," said Canondah, bending over him, "Canondah will visit her brother, and pour balsam into his wounds."

But her words were unmarked by the person addressed, who, with the exception of a faint breathing, gave no sign of life. The two maidens struck into the path by which they had first approached the river, and along which we will now precede them in order to introduce the reader into an entirely new world.

II.

At a short distance from the scene of the adventure above narrated, was a wide clearing, extending for about three miles along the shore. It had originally been part of a palmetto field covering the bank of the river for the breadth of half a mile, at which distance a limit was put to it by the colossal stems of the aboriginal forest. The clearing had been made by the burning of the palmettos, in whose place a carpet of luxuriant grass had sprung up, dotted with groups of magnificent trees, and intersected by natural hedges of myrtle, mangrove, palm, and tulip trees, giving to the whole tract of land the appearance of a beautiful artificial park. Here and there, through the branches of the sycamore and cotton trees, small swirls of smoke were seen curling upwards, telling of the presence of man, and on nearer inspection there became visible, under various groups of trees, one or more huts, surrounded by little plantations of Indian corn and tobacco, and forming collectively a scattered hamlet of some fifty habitations.

No particular rule had been observed in the architecture of these modest dwellings, whose builders had been more remarkable for indolence than for refinement of taste, and had carefully avoided overworking themselves during their construction. The simplest materials had sufficed, and had been used in the same

rough state in which nature afforded them. The walls were constructed of the smaller boughs of the cotton-tree, with Spanish moss stuffed into the interstices. Instead of the clapboards, wherewith, to the west of the Alleghany range, the dwellings of the poorer class of country people are usually roofed, the palmetto reed had been made use of, a selection that gave the hamlet a peculiar air of rustic simplicity. The houses were for the most part without windows, and their interior received light through the chimney or door, which latter, instead of being of wood, consisted of a buffalo hide suspended in front of the doorway, and thrown back during the day upon the low roof. The principal charm of the village, however, lay not in its style of building, but in the manner in which the humble dwellings seemed to nestle under the numerous clusters of trees. The universal cleanliness and absence of all offal formed another remarkable feature, and went far to increase the favourable impression made by the delightful situation of the hamlet. It was truly a lovely spot, as its ruins still show. The broad Natchez flowing majestically by, on its way to the sea; the dark framework of cypresses and mangroves fringing its shores, their tall shadows reflected in the clear waters; the innumerable groups of trees, with huts peeping out of their shade like so many hermitages; and, finally, the spacious clearing itself, enclosed at either end by the waving palmettos, and bounded on the third side by a wall of gigantic and

venerable trees, gave to the whole scene an air of enchanting repose and seclusion.

The inhabitants of this retired spot, although offering fewer charms than did their residence, were in many respects scarcely less interesting. In front of the foremost hut was assembled a group of creatures with dark shining skins, which, at a first glance, and owing to their comical movements, might well have been taken for a herd of apes. Now, like those animals, they leaped the hedges and bushes, and then, like snakes, wound along the ground, or rolled down the river-bank with a rapidity of motion that the eye could scarcely follow. Further on in the village were seen lads of a maturer age, practising warlike games and exercises. They were performing the spy-dance. Whilst one party crept stealthily over the grass, others lay upon the ground in a listening posture, and with their ears pressed to the earth, strove to distinguish the movements of their antagonists. At last, when the two parties had approached each other, they sprang suddenly up, and forming themselves in Indian file, commenced a combat in which they dealt furious blows with their blunt wooden tomahawks, exhibiting in every movement an extraordinary degree of activity and natural grace. Little interest was shown in these evolutions by the adult inhabitants of the village, whose extreme apathy and indifference contrasted curiously with the display of violent exertion on the part of the young Indians. Before the

open doors of the huts sat the squaws and their daughters, stripping the maize from the ear, beating hemp, or picking tobacco; the children, who, according to Indian custom, are from their very birth kept in an upright posture, hanging against the outer walls on long concave boards or pieces of bark, to which their hands and feet were fastened by thongs of buffalo hide, their only garment a strip of calico round the hips.

At a short distance from the upper part of the clearing stood two wooden huts, which might have passed for two of the school or meeting houses often met with in the American backwoods. Like the other dwellings composing the hamlet, they were propped against sycamore-trees, but they were distinguished by their larger dimensions and more careful style of building, by the bowers of palm and mangrove that surrounded them, and the plots of smooth turf before their doors. In front of one of these little houses, and in the centre of the lawn, about fifty men were squatted upon the ground, enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, proceeding from tobacco-pipes three to five feet in length, with which all of them were provided. They were attired in hunting-shirts, open in front, and showing the naked breast down to the wampum girdle, to which a second garment, reaching to the knee, was attached. Instead of the shaved head and scalping-tuft adopted by many Indian tribes, they wore the whole of their hair.

They appeared to have taken their places according to their rank, the inner half-circle being composed of the older warriors, whilst the young men formed a second and third line. In the centre of the curve sat an old warrior, on whom the eyes of the assembly were respectfully fixed, and whose remarkable exterior, combined with the deference shown him, bespoke the chief of the tribe. It would be difficult to imagine a more singular, and at the same time interesting-looking person, than this old man, whose body seemed to consist of nothing but skin and bone. All the coarse and fleshy portions of his frame were dried up, and only veins and sinews remained. His open hunting-shirt disclosed a breast far broader than that of any one of his companions, resembling a board that had been chopped and hacked, so covered was it with the scars of many wounds. The chief characteristic of his countenance was a gloomy stoical gravity, mingled with a resigned expression, telling a tale of many a fearful struggle, and of grievous mental suffering. The fall of his tribe, and seven years' exile, had brought about this change in the Miko of the Oconees.

The old man was Tokeah, who, driven by the Americans from his hunting-grounds, had taken refuge, with the remnant of his tribe, upon Mexican territory. Canondah was his daughter, and the young man whom she rescued from the jaws of the alligator was an English midshipman belonging to a frigate em-

ployed in sounding the entrances of the Mississippi, preparatory to the expedition against New Orleans. Whilst away from his ship on a turtling party, he and two of his comrades had been captured by Lafitte, the famous French pirate, whose chief haunt was on the island of Barataria, in the Gulf of Mexico, whence, from amidst shoals and swamps impenetrable to those unacquainted with their intricacies, he issued forth to commit depredations on the high seas, and especially in the Mexican Gulf. During an inland excursion, about two years previously to the date of this chapter, Lafitte discovered the Indian village on the Natchez, and was at first about to attack and plunder it; but the determined attitude of its defenders, and still more, the reflection that their alliance might be useful to him against the Louisianian authorities, who had set a price upon his head, induced him to change his intention, and to hold out the right hand of good-fellowship to the red men. Tokeah, whose ruling passion was hatred of the Americans, gladly concluded an alliance with the pirate, who professed an equal detestation of them. The Frenchman speedily ingratiated himself with the old chief, with whom he bartered a portion of his plunder for provisions of various kinds; and after a time, Tokeah, unsuspicious of the real character of his disreputable ally, whom he believed the chief of an independent tribe living on the sea-shore, promised him Rosa in marriage—an arrangement to which, as has already

been seen, the poor girl was anything but a consenting party.

Early upon the morrow of the arrival of the midshipman, who owned the unromantic name of James Hodges, the Oconee warriors departed on a hunting expedition, and the wounded man was removed to a hut in the village. During their absence, Canondah, at the entreaty of Rosa, between whom and the young Englishman a kindness had grown up during the convalescence of the latter, and who feared for his life should Tokeah discover him, disguised the midshipman in Indian paint and apparel, supplied him with arms, and explained to him the road to New Orleans, which he trusted to find occupied by British troops. She guided him through the swamp, and ferried him across the Sabine, when some words she let fall apprised him of the peril she and Rosa would be in from her father's anger when he returned from his hunting party, and was informed by the squaws of the evasion of one of the detested Americans, to which nation he would naturally feel assured that the English midshipman belonged. To avert all danger from the heads of his deliverers, the young man then wished to go back to the village, but this the noble-minded girl refused to allow, and pushed off her canoe from the shore, to which all his entreaties were insufficient to induce her to return. She retraced her steps to the hamlet, and, shut up in her wigwam with Rosa, awaited in alarm

and deep dejection her father's return from the chase.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed, during the whole of which time Canondah had not left her hut, nor had any of the squaws been to visit her. At last, towards morning, the voices of men were heard upon the shore. It was the Miko and his hunters. His daughter rose, her knees trembling under her, and looked out of the window. She saw the old squaws whispering to the men, and pointing to the wigwam in which the Englishman had dwelt. Presently the Miko entered his hut, followed by several warriors, and Canondah stepped forward to welcome her father. With hands folded upon her throbbing bosom, she silently awaited his commands.

"The men of the Oconees," he began, after a pause, during which he seemed to read his daughter's soul, "have told their Miko that a messenger from the chief of the Salt Lake has reached his wigwam. Why do not my eyes behold him?"

The trembling girl made no reply, but remained with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Has Canondah so forgotten her father's blood as to bring a Yankee into his wigwam, and to show him the path that leads to the villages of the pale-faces? The Miko thought he had a daughter," said the old man, with the most cutting scorn; "but Canondah is not the daughter of the Miko of the Oconees. Go!" continued he, in an accent of un-

speakable disgust; "a miserable Seminole deceived her mother, and gave life to a traitress."

On hearing these terrible words, the maiden sank to the ground as if struck by lightning, and, writhing like a worm, crept to her father's feet, and laid hold of his garment. He pushed her from him with loathing.

"Go!" said he; "she sang in the ears of the Miko, and implored the Great Spirit to protect him, whilst she cherished and concealed the foe of his race. Therefore could not the White Rose sing the night-song, because the spy was waiting for her in the forest. The Miko has nourished a snake in his bosom, his beaver-skins have been thrown away, and the White Rose has brought a spy into his wigwam to betray him to his foes. In a few suns he and his will be hunted by their enemies like the wild panther of the forests."

An angry howl escaped the Indians, and two of the most ferocious-looking glided towards the curtain of Rosa's apartment. Canondah was lying speechless, apparently almost senseless, upon the ground, but hardly had the red men taken a step, when she suddenly stood before them.

"It is I," she cried; "it is Canondah, who guided the pale-face across the swamp, and showed him the path he should follow. The White Rose knows it not."

Scarcely had she spoken, when the curtain was

lifted and Rosa appeared. The Indian girl clasped her in her arms as if to shield her from harm, and the two maidens stood with drooping heads before the incensed Miko. The eyes of the chief had followed the rapid movement of his daughter, and he appeared astounded at the boldness with which she interposed between him and the intended sacrifice to his wrath. On beholding Rosa, a grim smile distorted his features; he made a step forward, and raised his knife.

"It was I!" cried the affrighted Canondah.

"No!" exclaimed Rosa, in trembling tones; "I it was who brought the white youth into the wigwam."

The Miko stood like one petrified. Gradually, however, the generous rivalry and self-devotion of the two beautiful beings before him produced its effect on his savage nature. The expression of his features softened.

"Go!" said he, with bitter scorn; "does Canondah think the Miko a fool, and that his eyes do not see who brought the white spy into the wigwam? It was the foot of Canondah that opened the path, but the treacherous tongue of the White Rose prevailed with her to do it."

"Will my father," said Canondah, folding her hands humbly on her breast—"will my father loosen the tongue of his daughter?"

A long pause ensued, during which anger and pater-

nal feeling held a visible contest in the bosom of the deeply moved chief. Finally the latter prevailed.

"Canondah may speak."

"My father, the white youth has sworn to me that he is no spy, and not one of the Yengheese. He is from the island of the foolish chief, the land of which you have told me that it is cold and icy. His people are on the war-path against our foes, the Yengheese. It is but a few suns since he and his friends came across the great salt lake; they will go up the great river and burn the wigwams of our enemies. The chief of the Salt Lake, he says, is a thief, who overpowered him and his brothers whilst they caught oysters and turtle, and took them to his wigwam. He escaped, and for eight suns he suffered hunger. His people will hang the chief of the Salt Lake by the neck to a tree. See, father, thy daughter delivered him from the jaws of the great water-snake, and he was already nearly dead. He has returned to his brothers, to lift the hatchet against your foes. He is no spy; his hands are soft, and he was weak."

"Has Canondah more lies to tell her father?" said the old man, in a milder tone. "Her tongue is very nimble."

The abashed maiden cast her eyes to the ground. Her words, however, had visibly made a deep impression upon the Miko, and he remained for a while sunk in reflection. Tokeah was a savage by birth,

habit, and education; but he was neither bloodthirsty nor cruel. Under other circumstances, and in a civilised land, he might have been a hero, a benefactor of thousands or millions of his fellow-creatures; but in his wild condition, despised, goaded, and insulted as he felt himself, his better feelings blunted, and his whole nature soured by real and fancied injuries, what wonder was it that he raised his knife even against his own daughter, entering the hut as he did with the full persuasion that the young man she had sheltered was a spy and emissary of his bitterest foes?

The account given of himself by the midshipman, and the imputations cast by him on the chief of the Salt Lake, as Lafitte was called by the Indians, received strong confirmation from two handbills, which Tokeah, who had learned to read English in the course of his long intercourse with the white men, had torn, during his recent expedition, from a wall in one of the new Louisianian settlements. One of these papers was a proclamation by the authorities of Louisiana, enumerating the crimes and cruelties of the pirate of Barataria, and offering a reward of five hundred dollars for his head. The other was an address to the citizens of the State, summoning them to the defence of their country against the British. Notwithstanding this corroborative evidence of the correctness of his daughter's statement, Tokeah, unwilling to remain with the smallest doubt

upon his mind, or to risk the discovery of the nook in which, for seven years, he had been unseen by an American eye, set off with a party of warriors in pursuit of the young Englishman.

III.

The mood of mind in which we left our young Englishman may aptly be compared with that of the assassin neophytes, whom, according to the tale, the Old Man of the Mountain was wont to introduce into an enchanted garden, peopled with ravishing houris, whence, after a short enjoyment of the most voluptuous delights, he again thrust them forth into the dark and dismal night of the desert, with nothing remaining of their past pleasures save a wild confusion of the senses, a chaos of images and visions, and a burning desire to recover the lost paradise. True it is, as our readers know, that the young sailor had no such enjoyments to regret, and equally true that his own wish had driven him from his Eden; but he nevertheless experienced the tumult and confusion of thought, and the longing to return, above described. It seemed as if the nobler and inferior qualities of his nature were striving within him, the two principles alternately, as either got the upper hand, impelling him onwards and calling him back. A full hour elapsed, during which he several times

walked away from the shore and then again returned to it, until at last he was surprised by the first beams of the sun, disclosing to him a scene whose sight assisted him to a prompt decision.

Agreeably with what Canondah had told him, he found the left bank of the Sabine bare of trees, with the exception of a few stunted firs and cedars growing along the shore. Before him was spread a landscape which the most skilful pencil could but imperfectly sketch, the most powerful fancy with difficulty conceive. It was an interminable tract of meadow land, its long grass waving in the morning breeze, presenting an endless succession of gentle undulations, whilst in the far distance isolated groups of trees appeared to rock like ships upon the boundless ocean. Nowhere was a fixed point to be seen, and the whole stupendous landscape swam before his eyes, waving like the surface of the sea in a soft tropical breeze. Towards the north, the plain rose gradually into highlands, between whose picturesque clusters of trees his eye penetrated to the extremity of the vast panorama, where the bright tints of the landscape blended with those of the horizon. Eastward the huge meadow sank down into bottoms, shaded by trees, and overgrown with reeds and palmettos, shining, as the wind stirred them, like sails in the sunshine. The profound stillness of the sky-bounded plain, only broken by the plash of the water-fowl, or the distant howl of the savanna wolf, and the splen-

dour of the rising sun, imparted an indescribable solemnity and grandeur to the scene. Lower down the river were detached groups of trees, amongst which grazed deer, who, with wondering glances, seemed to ask the wanderer whence he came; and after gazing at him for a while, tossed their antlers proudly in the air, and, as if displeased at the intrusion upon their territory, paced slowly back into the thicket. The whole landscape was dotted with diminutive hillocks of a conical form, the habitations of small brown animals, who sat in front of them with their faces to the sun, making their breakfast on the tender grass.

The district just described is the western portion of Louisiana, which, from the alluvial land of the Mississippi, Red River, Atchafalaya, and other smaller but deep streams, swells gradually upwards towards the west, and ends in these vast and magnificent savannas. The detached pictures that we have laid before our readers, in the endeavour to convey to them some idea of the whole, burst at once upon the young Englishman; and their view put him in much the same state of mind with the seaman, who, having left his ship during the night in a frail skiff, finds himself in the morning alone upon the wide waters, and hesitates whether he shall not, by one desperate plunge, avoid the misery and suffering that await him. This feeling of isolation and helplessness, like the last grain thrown into the balance, suddenly ter-

minated the young man's indecision, and induced him to take a step, which, whilst it seemed to ensure his own destruction, attested the triumph of the better principle within. Hastily stripping off his clothes, he tied them in a bundle, and jumping into the chilly stream, in a quarter of an hour reached the opposite shore. The parting words of the noble Indian girl had decided him to return to the village, and give himself up to the fury of the terrible Miko. Any other consideration was subordinate to that generous motive.

Upon reaching the right bank of the river, Hodges proceeded to seek the path through the thicket. But the difficulties he encountered were such as might well deter the most persevering. The western side of the Sabine, like that of the Natchez, is a gentle slope, ending in a ridge which again sinks gradually and imperceptibly down to the swamp. The black masses of cypress and cedar allowed him to penetrate a few hundred paces through them, and to reach the summit of the rising ground; but as soon as the descent began, he found it impossible to get a step further. The slope was covered with a description of tree which he had never before seen or heard of. The stems were not thicker than a man's body, but they grew close together, and were covered with thorns as long as his arm, presenting the appearance of millions of brown bayonets, so thickly planted, and so manifold in their direction, as scarcely to

allow a squirrel to set foot upon the trees on which they grew. He tried to call to mind the position of the path along which Canondah had conducted him; he investigated every thicket and opening in the bushes, but all in vain; hours passed away, and he had not found it. When he detected the trace of footsteps, they invariably proved to be his own. At last fortune seemed to smile upon him; he discovered the place where the canoe was concealed. He had still long to look, however, before he could find the track leading through the forest; and when he did hit upon it, it was so intricate, and led in such a zigzag line, now up the slope and then down again, that darkness came on, and he had not yet reached the swamp. Hungry and fatigued, he returned to the Sabine, and, fully determined to try his luck again next morning, he trusted with better success, he loaded the canoe upon his shoulders, launched it upon the water, and rowed to the opposite bank, where he had left the provisions with which Canondah had supplied him. Taking them with him, he recrossed the river, and after a short but hearty meal, busied himself in the preparation of a sleeping-place. In that heavenly region, nature has supplied the means for a simple but delightful bed, in the tillandsea or Spanish moss, whose long, delicate, horsehair-like threads compose the most luxurious couch. With this moss Hodges now filled the canoe, and carried it to the hiding-place where he had found it.

This had been selected between two cedars, whose lower boughs served as rollers, upon which he only had to raise the boat to be secure from observation. His gun at his side, and wrapped in his blanket, he fell asleep.

The fatigues of the day procured the young Englishman several hours of profound and untroubled slumber, but at the end of that time he was tormented by a strange dream. He thought he saw the corpses of Rosa and Canondah lying pale and bleeding before him, whilst over them strode a fantastical-looking monster, a knife in its claws, levelled at his heart. He turned round, he fought and wrestled, and strove to seize his gun. The desperate struggle awoke him.

That which had been a dream had now become reality. A grim savage really stood over him, one foot upon the canoe, in his hand a tomahawk, which he waved above his head with a scowl of triumph. One blow, and all would be over. Quick as thought the young Englishman raised his rifle, and pointed it at the breast of the Indian, who started on one side. The tomahawk descended, but, fortunately for Hodges, his sudden movement overturned the canoe at the very moment that the blow fell. This saved his life. Clasping the knees of the Indian with the strength of desperation, he brought him to the ground, and threw himself upon him. The deadly scalping-knife was about to pierce his heart, when he caught the

wrist of the savage in his right hand, and with his left clutched his throat. For a moment the Indian struggled, glared at him with an expression of inveterate hate, and then his breath left him, his features became distorted, and he let the knife fall. The next instant it glittered in the hand of Hodges, and the Indian lay defenceless, his antagonist's knee on his breast, awaiting, with set teeth and staring eyes, the death which he deemed inevitable. During one second, the young man appeared to hesitate; then he sprang to his feet.

"Go," said he; "I will not sully myself with your blood."

"My young brother is really a friend of the red men," said a voice behind him.

Hodges turned, and beheld another Indian, a scalping-knife in his hand, which he seemed about to plunge into his back. Springing on one side, he confronted this new foe.

"My brother need not fear," said the second Indian, behind whom the other had now retreated, not unlike a dog, who, feeling himself guilty of a misdeed, creeps, with tail between his legs, behind the back of his master. The new-comer surveyed him with a severe glance.

"Milimach," said he, "would have taken a scalp from a sleeping man, but he has to thank the white youth that his own is still upon his head. Milimach has disobeyed the Miko."

"Are you the Miko?" cried Hodges—"the Miko of the Oconees?"

The old man fixed his calm and penetrating look upon his interrogator, and replied with much dignity, "My young brother has said it. He has nothing to fear; the Miko stretches out to him his hand in peace and friendship."

"You the Miko of the Oconees!" repeated Hodges, grasping the Indian's hand, and heartily shaking it. "I am delighted to see you; and, to say the truth, I was on my way to your village."

"The maidens," said the chief, "told the Miko that the son of the great father who owns the two Canadas, had escaped from the chief of the Salt Lake, and sought shelter in his wigwam. My eyes have seen, and my soul believes what is true. But my brother has travelled very little of the path leading to his people."

"I will tell you why," said the young man. "You have an excellent girl for a daughter—Heaven bless her!—and she and that angel, Rosa, were like sisters to me. I would gladly have remained longer, had not the voice of duty called me away. But when your daughter left me upon the other side of the river, something escaped her that made it my first duty to return to your wigwam."

The chief had listened with much attention. "What did my daughter whisper in the ear of my young brother?" said he.

"Few words," was the reply, "but weighty ones. I understood that the poor girls would suffer for their goodness to me; and that, suspecting they had brought a Yankee spy into your wigwam, you would perhaps kill them."

"And my brother?" said the Miko.

"Held himself bound to return, to avert the danger from their innocent heads."

The Indian stood for a while in silent reflection. Then his countenance brightened, and once more he stretched out his hand to the Englishman, to whom this sign of good-will was rendered the more welcome by the appearance of a long line of savages who just then glided out of the thicket, and ranged themselves behind their leader.

"Does my brother wish to go to the village of the whites?" said Tokeah, after a pause.

"I do wish," said Hodges, "to rejoin my ship as soon as possible. I am a British officer, and must not be wanting at my post."

The Indian shook his head. "The Miko," said he, "knows the sons of the great father of the Canadas; he has lifted the war-hatchet with them against the Yankees. Great warriors are they, but in our forests blind as the night-owl. My brother would never reach his people; he would perish of hunger in the wide wilderness. See," continued he, pointing to a group of trees that appeared like a black speck on the distant horizon, "my brother will go to

those trees, but when he gets there, his head will dance and turn round, and he will wander in a circle, like a dog pursuing his own tail. In a hundred suns he will not find his way out of the meadows."

The comparison was not a very elegant one; but a single glance at the vast plain before him convinced the young man that the Indian spoke the truth.

"Answer me one question," said he. "Have the maidens nothing to fear, and will the Miko generously forgive them for having brought a stranger into his wigwam?"

"The Miko will look upon his daughters with a well-pleased eye."

"Then I have nothing to do but to be off as quickly as possible. If I can only get to the Mississippi, I shall find our ships there."

The Indian seemed to reflect. "My brother's path is very long," said he, "and the canoes of his people are far away. His great father has many warriors, but the Yankees have more. Will my brother listen to the words of an old man, who has seen many summers, and whose hair is grey with age and sorrow?"

Hodges bowed his head, perhaps even lower than he intended to do.

"Let my young brother return to the wigwam of the Miko. The warriors will smoke with him, and the maidens will sing in his ears. In two suns the chief of the Salt Lake will come. To him will the

Miko whisper, and he will take my brother in his canoe and restore him to his people."

"The chief of the Salt Lake! The pirate take me back to my people?" exclaimed Hodges, shaking his head. "My dear Miko, you are vastly mistaken. He will take good care not to do so, for his welcome would be a halter."

"Is the chief of the Salt Lake also at war with my brother's tribe?" inquired the Miko.

"Not at war; but he is a pirate, who robs and plunders wherever he goes, and, if taken, will of course be hung."

The countenance of the Indian darkened, and Hodges feared that he had touched a dangerous string.

"My brother is right," said Tokeah; "he must go. But if he will remain, the wigwam of the Miko is open to him; the White Rose will cook his venison, and he shall be the son of Tokeah."

The Englishman took the old warrior's hand, and pressed it kindly.

"When the Oconees," said he, adopting the Indian phraseology, "have sworn to their Miko to lift the war-hatchet in his behalf, they must keep their word, or they are dogs. Even so must the son of the great father of the Canadas observe the oath that he has taken. He must hasten to his brothers, or he will be looked upon as a coward, and his name will be spoken with contempt."

These words, uttered with feeling and emphasis, were decisive. The chief nodded his approbation.

"The sun was low behind the hills," said he, "when my young brother approached the wigwam of Tokeah, and the chief was buried in sleep. His footsteps must not be seen by the white men. Will my brother swear by Him whom the Oconees call the Great Spirit, and the pale-faces name their God, that he will not betray Tokeah to his enemies?"

"I swear it solemnly."

"Will he promise never to say that the Miko and the chief of the Salt Lake have been friends?"

"I promise that also," replied Hodges, after a brief pause.

"Then may the bones of his fathers moulder in peace," said the old man, laying his hands on the shoulders of the Englishman. "The Miko will clear his brother's path from thorns, and his runners shall show him the way to the Coshattoes. But my brother is hungry," he added, "and his path is a long one."

He made a sign to his followers, and one of them emptied a hunting-pouch upon the grass; the Miko sat down, and beckoning Hodges to do the same, offered him some cold game, of which he himself sparingly partook. A handful of roasted corn, and a calabash of tolerable wine, completed the repast. The meal despatched, Tokeah rose, nodded in a friendly manner, and plunged into the forest, fol-

lowed by all but one of the Indians. Hodges cast a last glance after their dark figures, as they disappeared between the trees, and then seized the canoe to carry it to the water. Upon reaching the opposite shore, the Indian concealed the boat amongst the bushes, and started off across the prairie at a pace with which the young Englishman had some difficulty in keeping up.

IV.

Tokeah and his Indians returned to their village upon the banks of the Natchez. There, upon the day after the arrival of the warriors, the Indians assembled and deliberated in their council-house. Some important matter was evidently in agitation: an ominous gloom hung over the village; and Canondah, to whom her father had not spoken since his return, and who was in complete ignorance of what passed between him and Hodges, was shut up in her wigwam with Rosa. The absence of one of the Indians, sent as a guide with the Englishman, the silence of Tokeah, and their state of semi-captivity, rendered the two girls sad and anxious, and they busied themselves with a thousand conjectures as to what has occurred, when a shrill whistle attracted them to the window. The sight that there presented itself chased the blood from the cheeks of

Rosa, and caused her to sink, terrified and half-fainting, into the arms of her friend.

A large boat, of similar build to the one in which Hodges had arrived, ascended the river, impelled by the strokes of six vigorous rowers. Besides these, two other men were seated in the skiff, which now entered the creek where the canoes were moored. The Englishman's boat was amongst the latter, and seemed to attract the particular notice of one of the two men; he glanced sharply at it, and then made a remark to his companion, who nodded his head, as if assenting to his observation. The man who had spoken stepped on shore. He was of the middle height and slightly made, with a sunburnt complexion, hollow cheeks, in which the smallpox had left black, unpleasant-looking scars, and a pointed and rather red nose. The expression of his eyes, which were sunken and of a dark-grey colour, and his enormous whiskers and moustaches, gave him anything but an agreeable physiognomy. There was an air about him as if he strove to appear natural and unassuming, but at times his false side-glances and malicious smile more than neutralised all his efforts. His dress was a short blue frock, buttoned up to the chin, trousers of the same colour, and a cap. After addressing a few words to his companion, who had also come ashore, he walked with a quick step and military gait towards the Miko's wigwam. Just then the Indian council broke up; the old chief strode

slowly and gravely towards his dwelling; whilst the warriors hurried in various directions to their respective wigwams. It seemed as if they avoided the new-comer; for not one of them crossed his path, although he evidently expected them so to do. He gazed silently after the receding groups, shook his head, and entered the Miko's hut.

"Here I am, friend Tokeah!" cried he, with a forced smile, stretching out his hand to the Miko, who was seated upon his couch, calm, and with his head bowed upon his breast. "I'm a man of my word, you see. Arrived only last night in the bay; but the devil take me if I could keep quiet: started off again, and rowed all night and all day; and here you see me, old friend, as hungry as a sea-lawyer, and as dry as a dolphin." He spoke in English, fluently enough, but with a strong French accent.

Tokeah knocked with his finger upon the table, and Canondah came out of her room.

"Canondah!" cried the man, stepping forward with an air of gallantry to salute her. The young girl avoided his embrace, and with the single word, "Welcome!" slipped out at the door. Our guest appeared thunderstruck.

"What does this mean, friend Miko?" cried he. "Am I in disgrace? Should really be sorry for it. As I came across the meadow, your people made all sail from me, as if I had been a privateer; and now you are as cold as a nor'-wester, and your daughter

as stiff as a frozen cable. *Apropos*—you have had a visit. The young Englishman, I see, has been amongst you."

As he spoke these last words, the stranger cast a lowering glance at the old man.

"Of whom does my brother speak?" said the chief.

"Of a prisoner — a young fellow who escaped whilst I was at sea."

"My young brother has been here and is gone," replied Tokeah, drily.

"Gone!" repeated the other; "you probably did not know that he had escaped from me. But it matters not," added he, indifferently.

"The Miko knew," replied the old man in a firm tone, "that his young brother had escaped from the chief of the Salt Lake. My brother ought not to have made him prisoner."

"What! would not the Miko of the Oconees seize the Yankee who came as a spy into his wigwam?"

"And was my young brother a Yankee?" inquired Tokeah, with a penetrating glance.

"Not exactly; but an enemy——"

"My brother," interrupted the Miko, "has too many enemies—the Yankees, and the warriors of the great father of the Canadas."

The man bit his lips. "Pshaw!" said he; "you have the Americans on the wrong side of your heart, and I have both. That's all the difference."

"The Miko," said the old chief, "lifts the war-hatchet to protect his people against the pale-faces, and to avenge his slain brethren. But my brother has lifted the tomahawk against every one, and, like a thief, steals women and children."

A burning crimson overspread the countenance of Tokeah's visitor, and his teeth chattered with rage. "Truly, Miko," said he, "you say things which I can hardly stomach;" and with gleaming eye he measured the old man from head to foot. Suddenly, however, resuming his former smile—"Nonsense!" said he; "we won't quarrel about trifles. Let every man do what he likes, and answer for what he does."

"When the Miko of the Oconees gave his right hand to the chief of the Salt Lake, and welcomed him to his wigwam, he held him for a friend and a brother, who had declared war against the Yengheese. Had he known that he was a thief——"

"Monsieur Miko!" interrupted the pirate, threateningly.

"He would not have taken him for his friend. Tokeah," continued the Indian with dignity, "lifted the tomahawk against the pale-faces as the Miko of his people, but the chief of the Salt Lake has made him a robber. What shall he, the chief of the Oconees, say to the Yengheese warriors when he falls into their snares? They will hang him on a tree."

The truth, thus fearlessly and decidedly spoken,

made an impression upon the pirate. He walked several times hastily up and down the room, and then again stopped opposite to the old man.

"We'll say no more about that, friend Tokeah," said he. "I do not count the scalps that you have stripped from the skulls of the Yankees, and you must not reckon too severely with me. What is done is done; but the future will be very different. I am fully decided to abandon my wild course of life, and then we'll sit down quietly, and live together in a little paradise, half *à l'Indienne*, half *à la Française*, —jovial and joyous."

"The Miko of the Oconees," replied Tokeah, "has never stained his hand with the blood of his friends. He is poor, but his hand has never touched what belonged not to him. His fathers would look down on him with grief, if he lived in friendship with a thief; the Great Spirit would hide his face, if he disgraced his people by an alliance with the robber."

The Frenchman had listened to these words more tranquilly than might have been expected, but with a slight twitching of his features, that showed they touched him to the quick. Suddenly he turned away.

"Is that your way of thinking?" said he. "You fancy you can get on better without Lafitte? I've no objection. If I had known it sooner, I would have spared myself the trouble of listening to your insolence, and you that of uttering it. Adieu, Monsieur Miko."

"My brother is hungry," said the Indian, starting

up, and greatly shocked. "He must eat. Canondah has prepared his favourite repast."

"And after he has eaten, he may make himself scarce?" said the pirate, surlily.

"My brother is welcome in the wigwam of the Miko. His hand never closes when it has once been opened," said the old man, soothingly.

"Come, that sounds like reason. I thought my old friend had only caught a fit of spleen from the Englishman. I trust it will soon be over. Meanwhile, we'll see what the ladies are doing."

He stepped up to the curtain, and tried to open it, but in vain.

"Is it not allowed?" said he to the old man.

"My brother must seek another squaw. Rosa shall not enter his wigwam."

In the adjoining chamber a sound was heard. It resembled a cry of joy, but presently subsided into a gentle murmur, of one in prayer.

The pirate stood stupefied opposite to the curtain. "Our alliance broken off, the door shut in my face!" muttered he. "*Eh bien! nous verrons.*" And so saying, he left the hut. The next minute he again put his head in at the door.

"I suppose I may make use of my own boat?" said he. "It is likely that I may have unwelcome visitors during my absence."

"When the chief of the Salt Lake is on the war-path, he knows how to meet his foes."

"Sensibly spoken for once," said the pirate.

"My brother is hungry," said the Miko, pointing to his daughter, who now entered the room with several dishes.

"We'll come directly. Duty before pleasure."

And so saying, the buccaneer hurried down to the shore, and approached his companion, a short square-built man, who was walking up and down with folded arms, and whose dark olive countenance was so buried in an enormous beard, that scarcely any part of it except a long fiery Bardolphian nose was visible. This man, so soon as he saw the pirate, assumed a less *nonchalant* attitude, and his hands fell by his side into the position proper to a subordinate.

"Nothing happened, lieutenant?" said Lafitte.

"So little that I should almost doubt this to be the Miko's village, did not my eyes convince me of it. Beg pardon, captain, but what does it all mean?"

"I might ask you the same question," replied the other, sulkily.

"On our former visits," continued the lieutenant, "it was like a fair; but to-day not a creature comes near us. The squaws and girls seemed inclined to come down, but the men prevented them."

The lieutenant paused, for his commanding officer was evidently getting more and more out of humour.

"How many hands have we below on Lake Sabine?"

"Thirty," was the reply. "To-morrow, the others will have finished clearing out."

"Giacomo and George," said the pirate, in a sharp peremptory tone, "will go back and take them orders to come up here. Let every man bring his musket and bayonet, pistols and hanger, and let them wait instructions in the great bend of the river, two miles below this place. Don't look down-stream, and then at me," said he angrily to the lieutenant, who had cast a glance down the river; "the young Englishman has been here, and the old savage has let him go."

"That's what you did with his companions, captain. I wouldn't have done it."

"There are many things that Monsieur Cloraud would not have done," replied the pirate, sarcastically. "But this younker has made an infernal confusion."

"Anything else happened, captain?"

"Nothing particular, except that the old man is tired of our alliance."

"Pshaw! we don't want him any more, and may well indulge the people with a merry hour."

The buccaneer glanced at his subordinate with unspeakable scorn.

"And therefore, as Monsieur Cloraud thinks, do I send for the men. The hour's pleasure would be dearly bought. I hate such folly. You shall learn my intentions hereafter."

The lieutenant's low bow showed that the lawless

pirate was on no very familiar footing even with his first officer, and that he well knew how to make his captain's dignity respected. Monsieur Cloraud now turned to the rowers, and communicated to them the orders he had received. In a few seconds, the boat in which the Englishman had come was pushed off, and glided swiftly down the stream.

"Now then, to dinner. Have some wine brought up, lieutenant."

The person addressed made a sign to one of the sailors; the man took up several bottles, and followed his officers to the wigwam of the chief.

"Take no notice, lieutenant," said Lafitte; "be as cheerful and natural as possible. We must try and find out what the old fellow has got upon his mind."

The two men entered the wigwam, and took their places at the table. A buffalo hump, that most delicious of all roast-beef, which Canondah had carefully cooked under the embers, was smoking upon it.

"You won't refuse to drink with me?" said the pirate, filling three glasses, and offering one to the chief.

"Tokeah is not thirsty," was the reply.

"Well, then, rum?" said Lafitte. "Have a bottle brought, lieutenant."

"Tokeah is not thirsty," repeated the chief in a louder tone.

"As you please," said the pirate, carelessly. "Isn't

it strange," continued he to his lieutenant, "that the whole juice and strength of the beast should centre in this hump? If this is to be the food of the Indians in their happy hunting-grounds, it would be almost worth while turning Indian. Enjoyments of this kind are rather more substantial than the lies of our hungry priests."

As in duty bound, the lieutenant laughed heartily at the facetiousness of his commander. The Miko, who was sitting in his usual attitude, his head sunk upon his breast, looked up, gazed for a few seconds at the pirate, and then relapsed into his previous brooding mood.

"Make the most of it, lieutenant," said the pirate. "We shall not enjoy many more such tit-bits. The Great Spirit would hide his face from us if we despised his gifts. But come, friend Miko, you must empty a glass to the health of your guests, unless you wish to see them depart this very night. I like a little pride, but too much is unwholesome."

"My brother," said the Miko, "is welcome. Tokeah has never raised his tomahawk against the stranger whom he received in his hut, nor has he counted the suns that he dwelt with him."

"I am certain," said the Frenchman, "that Tokeah is my friend; and, if an evil tongue has sown discord on the path between us, the wise Miko will know how to step over it."

"The Oconees are men and warriors," said the

chief; "they listen to the words of the Miko, but their hands are free."

"Yes, yes, I know that. Yours is a sort of republic, of which you are hereditary consul. Well, for to-night let the matter rest. To-morrow we will discuss it further."

The lieutenant had left the wigwam; night had come on, and the moon's slender crescent sank behind the summits of the western trees. The old Indian arose, and with his guest stepped silently out before the door.

"My brother," said he, with emotion in his voice, "is no longer young; but his words are more silly than those of a foolish girl, who for the first time hangs glass beads around her neck. My brother has foes sufficient; he needs not to make an enemy of the Great Spirit."

"Oh!" said the pirate laughing, "we won't bother our heads about him."

"My brother," continued the Indian, "has long deceived the eyes of the Miko; but the Great Spirit has at last opened them, that he may warn his people. See," said he, and his long meagre form seemed to increase to a gigantic stature as he pointed to the moon swimming behind the topmost branches of the trees; "that great light shines on the shores of the Natchez, and it shines in the villages of the whites; neither the chief of the Salt Lake nor the Miko of the Oconees made it; it is the Great Spirit

who gave it brightness. Here," said he, pointing to the palmetto field, whose soft rustle came murmuring across the meadow, "here is heard the sighing of the Miko's fathers; in the forest where he was born it howls in the storm; both are the breath of the Great Spirit, the winds which he places in the mouths of the departed, who are his messengers. Listen!" he continued, again drawing up his weather-beaten form to its utmost height—"the Miko has read your book of life; when yet a young man he learned your letters, for he saw that the cunning of the pale-faces came from their dead friends. That book says, what the wise men of his people have also told him, that there is one Great Spirit, one great father. The Miko," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "was sent from his people to the great father of the pale-faces, and when he came with the other chiefs to the villages where the whites worship the Great Spirit in the lofty council wigwams, he found them very good, and they received him and his as brothers. Tokeah spoke with the great father—see, this is from him"—he showed a silver medal with the head of Washington. "He asked the great father, who was a wise father and a very great warrior, if he believed in the Great Spirit of his book, and he answered that he did believe, and that his Great Spirit was the same whom the red men worship. When the Miko returned to his wigwam and came towards the setting sun, his soul remembered the words of the great

father, and his eyes were wide open. So long as he saw the high walls of the eouneil wigwams, where the pale-faees pray to their Great Spirit, the red men were treated as brothers; but when they approached their own forests, the eountenanees of the white men grew dark, beeause the Great Spirit no longer lighted them up. Tokeah saw that the men who did not worship the Great Spirit were not good men. And my brother scoffs at the Great Spirit, and yet would be a friend of the Oconees? He would be a friend of the Miko, who would already have sunk under his burden had not his fathers beekoned to him from the happy hunting-grounds! Go!" said the old man, turning away from the pirate with a gesture of disgust; "you would rob the Miko and his people of their last hope."

"Good night," said Lafitte, yawning. "There's been a good Methodist parson spoilt in you." And so saying he turned towards the eouneil wigwam, his usual dwelling when at the village. Tokeah stepped baek into his hut. No night-song soothed the oppressed spirit of the old chief; and only the shrill whistle of the wateh, repeated every two hours from the shore and before the wigwam of the pirate, told of the presence of living creatures in the village.

V.

Upon the following morning Lafitte's lieutenant roused him from his sleep, and informed him that there was an unusual stir and bustle amongst the Indians. The pirate hastily dressed, and repaired to the wigwam of the Miko, whom he found restless and excited. The cause of this soon became apparent.

On a sudden the village resounded with a long joyous shout, which, spreading like wildfire from hut to hut, swelled at last into one wild and universal chorus, in which men, women, and children united their voices. The Miko had betaken himself in haste to the council wigwam, and the whole village was in an uproar. From behind each hedge, from out of every hut, the Oconees emerged and rushed towards the council-house; even the presence of Tokeah was insufficient to keep them within bounds. On the further side of the Natchez was seen a party of thirty Indians, all on horseback. Some of them were seeking a ford; but presently a young man, impatient of the delay, plunged with his horse into the water, and all thirty followed him, in the same order in which they had appoached the river. The breadth of the stream, opposite to the wigwam, was about five hundred feet, and the depth considerable. Nevertheless the gallant little troop seemed in their element, and,

almost without breaking their ranks, they swam their steeds across. Meanwhile the pirate stood upon the shore, watching their approach with the most uncontrolled fury depicted on his countenance.

"Had we but ten good marksmen," muttered he to the lieutenant.

"*Pardon, capitaine*, they are not Oconees, but those devils of Comanches. I made their acquaintance in my Mexican campaigns."

The little squadron had now reached the creek. Swinging their legs over their horses, they sprang upon shore, drew the animals after them, and again flung themselves upon their backs with a swiftness and dexterity that recalled the fable of the centaur. The foremost of the strangers had arrived within a few paces of the Oconees, who, with the Miko at their head, were assembled in front of the council-house, when the circle opened, and Tokeah stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"The great chief of the mighty Comanches, and of the Pawnees of the Toyask, is welcome," said he, gravely.

The young Indian to whom these words were addressed halted and listened attentively, and with head reverently bowed, to the greeting. When the old chief had spoken, he sprang from his horse and advanced towards him, his right hand extended. Coming close up to Tokeah, he again bowed himself, took the Miko's hand, and placed it upon his own

head. The interchange of greetings was remarkable for dignity, and derived a peculiar interest from the contrast between the two chiefs. Nothing could be in stronger opposition than the gaunt meagre form of the Miko, who stood like the weather-beaten trunk of some gigantic tree, stiff, mute, and melancholy, and the open, manly, dignified and yet gentle aspect of the young chief of the Comanches. His oval-shaped head was covered with a picturesque head-dress of fur and feathers; his high arched forehead and blooming complexion, of a light copper colour, scorned the wild war-paint of his companions; the expressive black eyes and aquiline nose were in admirable harmony with the manly contour of his person, which his style of dress and equipment showed off to the greatest advantage. A doublet of blue fox fur covered his breast, and from his shoulders, on which it was fastened by golden clasps, hung the skin of a panther, draping a form that would have enchanted Thorwaldsen or Canova. It was a magnificent model of manly beauty, that had grown up untrammelled and without blemish in the enchanting prairies of Mexico, and in the midst of a mighty people owning no master but the Great Spirit. A dagger with a hilt of wrought gold, a short rifle, and a lance nine feet long, decorated with a horse-tail, completed an equipment which for richness and utility combined could scarcely be surpassed. The young chief's horse, of extraordinary beauty, was almost covered with a panther-skin,

secured on its back and shoulders by four golden buckles. It had neither saddle nor stirrups, but on either side, at the end of a strap, hung a small leathern bucket, in which the muzzle of the rifle and butt of the lance reposed.

Similar to those above described were the dress and arms of other four of the warriors, also belonging to the powerful Indian tribe of the Comanches. They wore their hair combed back on either side of the forehead; their complexion was a mixture of olive and copper-colour. Their bearing was proud, and they seemed almost to look down upon the Pawnees who accompanied them. Round the necks of their steeds hung the lasso, that terrible weapon with which the Mexican riders capture, with wonderful skill and dexterity, the horse, the buffalo, or a human foe.

The remainder of the troop were Pawnees of the Toyask tribe. Their heads were clean shaven, excepting of one carefully plaited tuft upon the crown. Upon their shoulders were buffalo-skins, the leather dyed red, the hair worn inwards; and similar hides served them for saddles. They wore broad girdles, to which their calico under-garment was fastened. About half of them were armed with muskets and rifles, but all had lances, a long knife, or rather hanger, and a tomahawk. They were well-made and powerful men, compared with whom the thin-armed, narrow-shouldered Oconees had the appearance of children.

"My brother is thrice welcome," repeated the Miko after a pause, during which his eyes dwelt with an expression of the purest satisfaction upon his stately guest and his companions. "Has the great El Sol reflected on the words which Tokeah sent him through his runners?"

"His ears are open and his heart large," replied the young chief gravely. "Are the words of the great Miko for El Sol alone, or may the warriors of the Comanches and Pawnees also hear them?"

"The chiefs and warriors of the Comanches and Pawnees are welcome in the council wigwam of the Oconees. They are their brothers."

When the Miko had spoken these words, the four Comanches and a like number of Pawnees dismounted from their horses, and followed the chiefs to the council wigwam. The others also dismounted, and forming a semicircle, stood leaning against their horses' shoulders. Nearer to the council-house were ranged the Oconee warriors, armed only with their long scalping-knives; and behind them, at a respectful distance, the young men of the village had stationed themselves, also in a half-circle. Again, far behind these, were the squaws and children, to whom the strict rules of Indian etiquette did not allow a nearer approach. The village had gradually assumed the appearance of a little camp, with various corps of troops formed up in it. On the shore stood the four pirates leaning on their muskets, whilst their

captain and lieutenant paced up and down among the bushes. With the exception of a sharp quick glance occasionally cast towards the groups of Indians, they appeared to take no particular interest in what was passing.

El Sol, the young chief of the Comanches, was the affianced husband of Canondah, whom he had come to make his bride. In the council now held, it was decided that the alliance between Tokeah and the pirate should be broken off, and that the remnant of the Oconees should be incorporated with the powerful tribes of the Comanches and Pawnees. The former part of this decision was communicated to Lafitte, who made a violent but unsuccessful claim upon the hand of Rosa, and finally entered his boat and descended the stream. El Sol, who greatly distrusted him, advised Tokeah to be on his guard against treachery; but the Miko denied the possibility of danger, on account of the distance of the pirate's haunt, and because, on the following morning, the village was to be abandoned, and the Oconees and their visitors were to proceed together to the country of the Comanches. He either forgot that the pirate had sent off a boat on the preceding morning, or thought it unnecessary to increase the uneasiness of his guest by adverting to so unimportant a circumstance. In spite of what he had recently learned, he still entertained a feeling of kindness for Lafitte, with whom he had so long been on terms of friendship, and thought him in-

capable of acting towards him in a base or hostile manner.

That evening the nuptials of Canondah and El Sol were celebrated; but the Indian maiden, although fondly attached to the young chief, was weighed down by a foreboding of evil which she found it impossible to shake off. On her marriage-day she was sad and in tears.

"And does Canondah," said the bridegroom mildly, "enter the wigwam of El Sol with a sorrowful heart?"

"El Sol," replied the maiden, "is dearer to Canondah than her own life; his voice is music in her ears, and his love the limit of her wishes; but Canondah's heart is heavy to bursting. The Great Spirit whispers to her, and she has no words to express his whisperings." She clasped Rosa in her arms, and pressed a long and feverish kiss upon her lips. "Rosa," said she, in a stifled voice, "will you be a daughter to the Miko when Canondah is no more?"

"I will," sobbed Rosa.

"Will you promise, by the Great Spirit, not to forsake him?"

"I promise it," replied Rosa, her tears flowing fast.

The Miko, who stood silent and sunk in thought, now made a sign; El Sol threw his arm round Canondah, and led her away in the direction of the council wigwam.

The wedding had been celebrated with great re-

joicings; the Indians, who had indulged largely, many of them to excess, in the fire-water of the pale-faces, retired to their huts, to sleep off the effects of their libations. It was past midnight, and the village and its environs were buried in profound repose, when a man, carrying a naked sabre under his arm, advanced with stealthy steps from the shore, towards the Miko's wigwam. He reached the trees in front of the dwelling; and after casting a cautious and searching glance around him, was about to retrace his steps, when, with the quickness of light, a noose of buffalo-hide encircled his neck, and he was thrown to the ground with a shock so sudden and irresistible, that it seemed caused by a supernatural rather than a human power. His sabre fell from his hand before he had time to raise it to his neck and sever the noose; and so rapidly and silently did all this take place, that a group of armed men, stationed between the creek and the cottage, at scarcely forty paces from the latter, were perfectly unaware of what occurred. Now, however, a yell that might have roused the dead from their graves was heard; the door of the council wigwam, in which the bridal-bed of Canondah and El Sol had been spread, was burst furiously open, and by the flash of several muskets, just then fired from the shore, a powerful figure, bearing something heavy in its arms, was seen to rush out and plunge into the neighbouring thicket. Other cries, proceeding apparently from a thousand throats, multiplied

themselves in every direction, behind hedge and bush, over land and water, in accents as wild and fierce as if the demons of hell had been unchained, and were rejoicing in a nocturnal revel. Simultaneously with this uproar, a regular platoon fire commenced upon the shore, and blue flames issued from various cottages of the peaceful Indian hamlet, rapidly increasing till they burst out into a bright red blaze, that spread hissing and crackling over wall and roof. In the midst of this frightful tumult another shout was uttered, resembling the roar of the lion when he rages in his utmost fury. It was the war-whoop of El Sol.

The noble Mexican had been lulled to sleep by the night-song of his bride, when the well-known yell of his tribe awakened him. Clasping his beloved wife with one arm, he grasped his knife and rifle, and darted through the door of the wigwam. A discharge of musketry greeted his appearance. The chief felt his left arm pierced by a ball; he trembled, and a slight shudder came over him. "Canondah!" cried he, in a hoarse tone, leaping the hedges like a wounded deer, and hurrying towards the forest; "Canondah, fear nothing—you are in the arms of El Sol!"

She answered not; her head had sunk upon her breast, her body writhed with a convulsive spasm, and then again stretched itself out. For one moment a horrible thought paralysed the very soul of her

husband;—but no—it was impossible; his arm had received the bullet, her silence was the result of sudden terror, the blood that flowed over him was from his own wound. He was still flying from his treacherous and invisible foe, when his howling warriors came almost instinctively to join him; and, before he reached the forest, he found himself surrounded by the most trusty of his followers. "It is the pirate," he whispered to his wife; and then, pressing a kiss upon her lips, he laid her softly upon the grass, stepped forward into the midst of his warriors, and uttered his terrible war-cry. "Behold," cried he, pointing to the blazing cottages, "the faith of the white thief!"

It was a wildly beautiful, almost an awful sight. Already more than thirty huts were converted into blazing piles, lighting up the whole of that glorious shore, reflected in ruddy brilliancy from the still surface of the water, and illuminating the avenues of cypress and mangroves with long streaks of flame. Scattered shots were still heard, and after each report another hut began to blaze. In the group of Indians assembled round El Sol a deep silence now reigned, only broken by the tardy arrival of some yelling Pawnee or Oconee, who, roused out of his drunken slumber, was scarcely even yet aware of the cause of the uproar.

"Where is the Miko?" fifty voices suddenly demanded.

There was no reply. Just then a woman's scream was heard, proceeding from the brink of the water. El Sol had stood silent, his eyes fixed upon the burning huts, beyond which, near to the crest of the shore, the polished musket-barrels of the pirates gleamed in the firelight. Not more than five minutes had elapsed since the first yell proclaimed the presence of a foe, but already the young warrior had combined his plan, and he now gave his orders in a short decided tone, betraying the habit of command, and the certainty of prompt and implicit obedience. One of the Comanches, followed by the majority of the Pawnees and Oconees, glided away through the thick bushes; whilst El Sol himself, with the three remaining Comanches, and a troop of chosen Pawnees, hurried rapidly along the skirt of the forest.

The broad belt of land over which the village was scattered rose near the shore, as already mentioned, into a sort of crest overgrown with mangroves and myrtle bushes, through the middle of which ran a broad footpath. The elevation of this ridge was about twenty feet, and it continued along the whole length of the hamlet, excepting opposite to the creek, where nature had broken it down into a small harbour. Near this the glitter of arms betrayed the presence of a strong picket, placed there doubtless to guard the boats. This picket was each moment strengthened by the return of one or other of the pirates who had been

detached to fire the wigwams. Along the bush-crowned ridge several advanced posts were stationed, intended to maintain the communication between the picket at the creek and a second party which had pressed forward to the habitation of the Miko, and to support either, as need might be. From the whole arrangement, it was evident that the pirate had planned the carrying off the Miko and his adopted daughter; and this he might possibly have accomplished before creating an alarm, had not two of the Comanches taken upon themselves, according to the custom of their nation, to keep guard during the bridal night in front of the wigwam of their chief. These warriors, it is true, had partaken largely of the Miko's extravagant hospitality; but their senses, although duller than usual, were not sufficiently deadened to prevent their overhearing the step of the white men, a sound so easily recognised by Indian ears.

During his two years' intercourse with the Oconees, the pirate had become too well acquainted with their habits not to appreciate the danger of attacking them in broad daylight, when each of his men would furnish an easy target for the Indians, who, on their side, would be sheltered behind trees and in the brushwood. He had therefore chosen the night for his attack; and, in order to ensure himself as much as possible against a counter-surprise in the darkness, and at the same time to spread terror amongst the

assailed, he had caused the huts to be fired. Three practised marksmen were posted at a short distance from the council wigwam, for the express purpose of shooting the young Mexican chief, whom Lafitte justly deemed the most formidable of his opponents. The pirate himself, with a party of picked men, pressed forward to the Miko's dwelling, surrounded it, and seized its two inmates. Tokeah, usually so abstemious, had probably upon this festive occasion overstepped the bounds of sobriety, and he fell unresisting into the hands of his foe. So well arranged, indeed, and rapid had all the movements been, that the first call to arms had hardly died away when the Miko and Rosa were in the power of the buccaneers. Lafitte then formed his men into a small square, and retreated steadily but in double-quick time towards the shore. Not an Indian was to be seen. The little phalanx was already in the neighbourhood of the creek, and at only a few yards from the picket; another dozen paces and they would be in their boats, which a very few strokes of the oar would send into the middle of the stream, and out of bullet-range. A pursuit by canoes, in which each Indian would offer an easy mark, was not to be thought of. Such had been the pirate's calculation, and his plans seemed likely to be crowned with complete success. He was within a step of the shore, when suddenly there was a movement in the bushes immediately opposite to him, and glimpses were caught of the

copper-coloured forms of the Indians, glowing redly in the firelight.

"Steady!" cried the pirate to his men, who marched firmly and calmly onwards, gazing in a sort of wonderment at the bushes, which waved to and fro as if hundreds of anacondas had been winding their way through them. The pirates joined the picket and opened their square.

Lafitte threw Rosa into the arms of a sailor, and then pushed the Miko over the edge of the bank into the boat. The old man sank down like a lifeless mass in the bottom of the skiff, and Lafitte again turned to his men. The picket had already retired behind the ridge, where they were sheltered from the enemy's fire; the square alone was stationary, and seemed destined to observe the movements of the Indians, and to cover the retreat. It was a small but desperate-looking band of about four-and-twenty men, to the composition of which nearly every nation and quarter of the globe, every colour and language, contributed its quota. Thirst of blood gleamed in their eyes as they stood formed in column, in deep silence, and with fixed bayonets, waiting the signal to fire.

Suddenly the Indian war-whoop burst from a hundred throats. A second time the frightful yell was repeated, rendered more hideous by the shrill tones of the squaws and maidens, who struck up the death-song, and were seen running and dancing like demons

round the blazing huts. The next instant, with brandished arms and shouts of fury, the Indians rushed towards the creek.

A malicious smile played over the hard features of the pirate as the red men came charging down upon his band.

"Reserve, forward!" cried he, turning to the picket. The order was obeyed. In profound silence Lafitte allowed the howling Indians to advance to within ten paces of the musket muzzles, and then uttered a hoarse "Fire!" A deadly volley was poured in, and the first rank of the assailants fell to a man. Their comrades started back, but instantly returning to the charge, threw themselves with a desperate leap upon the pirates. The latter coolly tossed their muskets into the hollow of their left arms, and drew their pistols; a second volley, in which the fire of the reserve picket mingled, threw the red men into utter confusion. The slope of the shore was covered with killed and wounded, and the survivors fled howling to the cover of the thicket.

"March!" commanded Lafitte. The picket again approached the boat, followed by the main body.

At that moment, when to all appearance the retreat of the pirates was ensured, four heavy splashes in the water were heard, and Lafitte saw the four men who had been in charge of the boats rise to the surface of the water and then disappear for ever. At the same time the boats themselves, impelled by some

invisible power, shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, into the centre of the stream.

"'Tis the Mexican!" exclaimed the pirate, gnashing his teeth with fury, and firing a brace of pistols at the boat. A hollow laugh replied to the shots. The pirates looked around them, saw that their boats had disappeared, and for a moment stood thunderstruck, but speedily recovering themselves, they reloaded their muskets, and, firm as rocks, awaited a fresh assault. They had not long to wait. A volley from the river warned them of the proximity of a new foe; a second, still better directed, stretched a third of them upon the ground. And now once more the terrible war-cry resounded along the shore, and the Indians, roused to madness by their previous repulses, rushed for a third time upon their enemy. Another volley from the boats, and then the Mexican and his companions sprang like tigers upon the terrified pirates. The struggle was short. Unable to resist the furious attack upon their front and rear, the pirates threw away their weapons, and flung themselves headlong into the river to escape the tomahawks of their raging foes.

Lafitte was the only one who stood firm, and seemed determined to sell his life dearly. His back against the bank, his sabre in his right hand, a pistol in his left, he parried a blow dealt him by an Oconee, who fell, the next instant, with his head nearly severed from his shoulders. A bullet finished another of his

assailants, and he was raising his sabre for the second time, when a lasso was flung over his head, and he fell helpless to the ground. The long and terrible yell that now rang along the shore, and was re-echoed from the adjacent forest, proclaimed the complete and bloody triumph of the red men.

The bullet that grazed the arm of El Sol pierced the heart of Canondah, and the day subsequent to the sanguinary conflict above described, witnessed her interment, and that of the Indians who fell in the fight. At the funeral a difference of opinion arose between the Oconees and Comanches. The number of slain pirates was insufficient to furnish a scalp to be buried with each of the dead Indians, and, to supply the deficiency, the Oconees were anxious to immolate Lafitte and twelve of his companions who had fallen alive into their hands. To this El Sol and his warriors, free from many of the barbarous prejudices of their new brethren, objected. Two of the pirates were sacrificed to an outbreak of Indian fury, but the others were saved by El Sol, and it then became a question how they were to be disposed of. It was proposed to deliver them over to the Americans, that they might deal with them according to their laws; but Tokeah, with a refinement of hatred towards the white men, devised an amendment upon this plan. Sooner or later, he said, they will come to the tree upon which they are to hang. Meanwhile let them go at large, and cause

the blood of the pale-faces to flow, as that of the Oconees has done.

This singular proposition at first startled the vindictive and bloodthirsty Oconees, but when they fully understood it, they received it with a burst of applause. Lafitte and his companions were unbound, and allowed to depart.

The funeral over, the Indians set out for the hunting-grounds of the Comanches, but Tokeah did not accompany them. He had had a dream, enjoining him to disinter his father's bones, which lay buried several hundred miles within the limits of the United States, in a district formerly possessed by the Oconees. He wished Rosa to accompany the tribe to their new residence; but the young girl, mindful of her promise to Canondah, insisted upon encountering with him the perils of the long and wearisome journey he was about to undertake. Whilst the main body of the Indians set off in a westerly direction, Rosa, a young Indian girl, Tokeah, El Sol, and four warriors, turned their steps towards the country of the white men. Thither we will now precede them.

VI.

It was a bright cool December morning, and the sunbeams had just sufficient power to disperse the fog and mist which at that season frequently hang

for a week together over the rivers and lakes of Louisiana. In the county town of Opelousas there was a great and unusual crowd. It seemed astonishing how so many people could have been got together in that thinly populated neighbourhood, and a person who had suddenly arrived in the midst of the concourse, would have been sorely puzzled to conjecture its occasion. To judge from the drinking, dancing, fighting, and pranks of all sorts that went on, a festival was celebrating; but weapons were also to be seen; men were formed up by companies, and nearly everybody had something more or less military in his equipment. Some wore uniforms that had served in the revolutionary war, and were consequently more than thirty years old; others, armed with rifles, ranged themselves in rank and file, and, by a lieutenant of their own election, were manœuvred into a corner, out of which no word of command that he was acquainted with was sufficient to bring them. Another corps had got a band of music, consisting of one fiddler, who marched along at the side of the captain, sawing his catgut with might and main. Those individuals who had not yet attached themselves to any particular corps, shouldered rifles, fowling-pieces, or, in some instances, an old horse-pistol, with nothing wanting but the lock; and the few who had no firearms, had provided themselves with stout bludgeons.

These, however, were merely the outposts. In the

centre of the town the flower of the citizens was assembled, divided into two groups. One of them, consisting of the younger men, had fixed its head-quarters in front of a tavern, the designation of which was indicated by a sign, whose hieroglyphics, according to our firm belief, neither Denon nor Champollion could have deciphered. Under these was written, for those who could read it, the customary announcement of "Entertainment for Man and Beast." In the interior of the establishment a second fiddle was to be heard; the performer upon which, of a less martial turn than his rival, was performing a lively jig for the benefit of a crowd of dancers.

The other group, more gravely disposed, had chosen a more respectable parade-ground, and established itself in front of a store, containing a miscellany of earthen jugs, rolls of chewing tobacco, felt hats, shoes, knives, forks, and spoons, and (the most essential of all) a cask of whisky and a keg of lead and powder. Above the door was a board, with the inscription, "New Shop—Cheap for Cash;" and on the wall of the crazy framehouse was written in chalk—"Whisky, Brandy, Tobacco, Post-office."

On the stump of a tree stood a man who, to judge from his new beaver-hat, clean shirt-collar, and brand-new coat and breeches of a pompadour red, was a candidate for some one of the offices in the gift of the sovereign people. Near him were several other men of equally elegant exterior, to all appearance also

aspirants to the vacant post, and who seemed to wait with some impatience for the termination of his harangue. Comparatively speaking, tranquillity and order reigned here, only excepting the noise of the dancers, and the occasional bellowing of some noisy toper stumbling about through the mud, with which the single street of the little town was covered knee-deep. Such interruptions, however, the orator seemed totally to disregard, and he continued in stentorian tones to inform his auditors how he would whip them damned British, whom he hated worse than skunks. This he was setting forth in the clearest possible manner, when the attention of his hearers was in some degree distracted by a loud "Hallo!" proceeding from two boon companions, who, after having for some time floundered about the street, had at last rambled towards the edge of the forest, and now suddenly began to shout violently, and to run as fast as their unsteady condition would allow. Amongst their vociferations, the words, "Stop, you cussed redskin!" were clearly distinguishable — sounds far too interesting not to create a sensation amongst backwoodsmen. A dozen of the orator's audience slipped away, just to see "what was the matter with the d—d fools, and why they made such a devil of a row." The example found imitators, and presently not above thirty listeners remained collected round the speaker. Insubordination also broke out in the different corps that were exercising, and a full third

of the men left their ranks and scampered towards the wood. Only the group in front of the chandler's store remained grave and steady in the midst of the general excitement.

From out of the dark cypress forest that stretches southwards from the shore of the Atchafalaya, a figure had emerged which, judging from its dress, belonged to the Indian race. The savage had crept along the edge of the forest in order to get near the town; but alarmed perhaps by the crowd, he had not ventured to take the road leading to it, but had struck into a side-path across a cotton field. He was about to climb over the fence, when he was descried by the two idlers already mentioned, who no sooner saw him than, although their heads were tolerably full of whisky, they commenced a rapid pursuit. One of them first took the precaution to place his pint glass in safety behind a hedge, and then followed his companion, a swift-footed son of the west, who already had the Indian in his clutches. The redskin was so exhausted that he would evidently not have been able to proceed much further. The staggering and unsteady state of his captor, however, did not escape him, and he gave him a sudden push, which stretched him at full length in the mud.

"Stop!" shouted the backwoodsman, no way disconcerted by his fall; "stop! or I will so maul your ugly face that you shan't be able to eat for a week."

The Indian seemed to understand, and stopped accordingly, at the same time assuming an attitude indicative of a firm resolution to defend himself. He grasped his knife, and boldly confronted his pursuers, who on their part examined him with looks of curiosity and of some suspicion. The appearance of an Indian in this neighbourhood was nothing very unusual, seeing that they had a village scarcely a hundred miles off to the north-west, and that they continually made excursions of several hundred miles into the States in all directions, and even to the capital. For a long time past their diminished numbers had not allowed them to attempt anything hostile against their white neighbours, who each year drew nearer to them; and their increasing wants, particularly their insatiable greed after the precious fire-water, had reduced them to be, *de facto*, little better than slaves to fur-dealers and storekeepers, for whom they hunted, and who paid the poor wretches in whisky scarcely the tenth part of the value of their skins.

In the present instance the two backwoodsmen had no evil intention against the Indian; all they wanted was to give him a glass of Monongahela, and to amuse themselves a little at his expense. So at least it appeared from the words of the one who had been knocked down, and who, without taking his tumble at all in ill part, now roared out, that "he must drink a half-pint of whisky with him, or he would put him in his pocket."

"Come, young redskin," cried the other; "come along. You shall help us to fight the cussed Britishers, and drink, ay, drink like a fish."

By this time the little group was surrounded by deserters from the parade-ground, examining the Indian with a rude and unceremonious, but not an ill-natured, curiosity. Without permission or apology they inspected his wardrobe, tried the edge of his scalping-knife, examined his mocassins, and one of them even made an attempt to remove the cap from his head. By these various investigations the stranger seemed more surprised than gratified. His exterior was, it must be confessed, somewhat singular. A fox-skin cap covered his head and extended down over his ears, concealing his light-brown hair, an attempt at disguise which the long fair down upon his upper lip rendered tolerably unsuccessful. His deerskin doublet denoted the Indian, but his trousers were those of a white man. One of his mocassins—the other he had left in some swamp—was of Indian workmanship; one of his cheeks was still daubed with the red and black war-paint, which had been nearly rubbed off the other; his hands, although burnt brown by the sun, were those of a white man. If any doubt could have remained, his features would have settled it; the bold blue eye could no more have belonged to an Indian than could the full rosy cheek and the well-formed mouth. The crowd stared at him with the same sort of stupefaction which they

might have shown had they entered a thicket expecting to find a fat deer, and encountered in its stead a growling bear.

"I should think you've looked at me enough," said the stranger at last, in good English, and in a sort of half-humorous, half-petulant tone; at the same time delivering a blow, with the flat of his knife, upon the horny hand of a backwoodsman, who had again attempted to lift his cap with a view to examine his hair.

It was, as the reader will already have conjectured, our young Englishman, who, having been guided by the Indian runner into the path to the Coshattoes, had at last succeeded in making his way over and through the innumerable swamps, rivers, and forests with which that district is so superabundantly blessed. The comparative coolness of the season, and the shallowness of the swamps and rivers, of the former of which many were entirely dried up and converted into meadows, had favoured his journey, or else he would scarcely have succeeded in reaching the banks of the Atchafalaya. For the preceding three weeks he had lived upon wild geese and ducks, which he had killed and roasted as the Indians had taught him. He had now just emerged from the wilderness, and however great his wish undoubtedly was to find himself once more in civilised society, the grim aspect of the Goliath-like backwoodsmen, their keen eyes and sun-burnt visages, and long horn-handled knives,

were so uninviting, that he was almost tempted to wish himself back again. Nevertheless, he seemed rather amused than disconcerted by the frank, forward familiarity of the people he had come amongst.

"And d—n it!" exclaimed one of the men after a long pause, during which Hodges had been the observed of all eyes, "who, in the devil's name, are you? You are no redskin?"

"No, that I'm not," replied the young man, laughing; "I am an Englishman."

He spoke the last words in the short decided tone, and with all the importance of a baron or count, who, having condescended to arrive in disguise amongst his dependents, on a sudden thinks proper to lay aside his incognito. There was in his look and manner, as he glanced over the crowd, a degree of self-satisfaction, and a curiosity to see the impression made by the announcement, mingled with the feeling of superiority which John Bull willingly entertains, and which he at that time was wont to display towards Brother Jonathan, but which has since entirely disappeared, and given place to a sort of envious uneasiness—a certain proof, in spite of the scorn in which it disguises itself, of his consciousness of the superiority of the detested Brother Jonathan aforesaid.

"An Englishman!" repeated twenty voices.

"A Britisher!" vociferated fifty more, and amongst these a young man in a grass-green coat, who had

just come up with an air of peculiar haste and importance.

"A Britisher!" repeated the gentleman in green; "that's not your only recommendation, is it?"

The person addressed glanced slightly at the speaker, who was measuring him with a pair of lobster-eyes of no very friendly expression, and then carelessly replied—

"For the present, it is my only one."

"And d—n it, what has brought you to Opelousas?" demanded the green man.

"My legs!" replied Hodges. But the joke was not well taken.

"Young man," said an elderly American, "you are in Louisiana state, and see before you citizens of the United States of America. That man there"—he pointed to green-coat—"is the constable. Jokin' is out of place here."

"I come from on board my ship, if you must know."

"From on board his ship!" repeated everybody, and every brow visibly knit, and a low murmur ran through the crowd.

The news of the landing of British troops had just reached the town, and the same courier had brought the unwelcome intelligence of the capture of the American gunboats on the Mississippi. Trifling as this disaster was, compared with the brilliant victories achieved on Lakes Champlain and Erie, and

on the ocean, at every meeting, by American ships over British, it had, nevertheless, produced a general feeling of exasperation.

The constable stepped aside with several other men, and talked with them in a low voice. When they returned, and again surrounded the Englishman, their conference had produced a marked change in their manner. Their rough familiarity and friendly inquisitiveness had given place to a repulsive coldness; the humorous cheerfulness of their countenances was exchanged for a proud, cold earnestness, and they measured Hodges with keen distrustful glances.

"Stranger," said the constable, in a tone of command, "you are a suspicious person, and must follow me."

"And who may you be, who take upon yourself to show me the way?" demanded the midshipman.

"You have already heard who I am. These men are citizens of the United States, presently at war with your country, as you probably know."

The green-clad functionary spoke these words with a certain emphasis, and even dignity, which caused the young man to look with rather less disdain at his shining beaver-hat and verdant inexpressibles.

"I am ready to follow," said he; "but I trust I am in safety amongst you."

"That you will soon see," replied the constable, drily.

And so saying, he, his prisoner, and the crowd, set off in the direction of the town.

The young midshipman was taken before our old

acquaintance, Squire Copeland, who, with the restlessness characteristic of his countrymen, had emigrated some three years before from Georgia to the infant town of Opelousas, and now held the double office of justice of the peace and major of militia. Hodges was examined on suspicion of being an emissary from the British, sent to stir up the Indian tribes against the Americans. He scrupulously observed his promise, made to Tokeah and Canondah, not to reveal their place of abode; and, hampered by this pledge, was unable to give a clear account of himself. Suspicion was confirmed by his disguise, and by certain exclamations which he imprudently allowed to escape him on hearing Major Copeland and his wife make mention of Tokeah, and of Rosa, their foster-child, of whom they now for seven years had heard nothing. The result of his examination—of which the good-natured and unsuspicious squire, having his hands full of business, and being less skilled in the use of the pen than the rifle, requested the prisoner himself to draw up the report—was, that Major Copeland, the constable, and Hodges, set off for a town upon the Mississippi, then the headquarters of the Louisianian militia.

VII.

It may be necessary to remind our readers, that when the British troops, under Sir Edward Paken-

ham, menaced New Orleans, the constitution of Louisiana was temporarily and arbitrarily suspended by General Jackson, commanding the American forces in the south, with a view to greater unity in the defensive operations. This suspension excited great indignation amongst the Louisianians, who viewed it as a direct attack upon their liberties, unjustified by circumstances. Meetings were called, and the general's conduct was made the subject of vehement censure. When the news of the peace between England and the United States, concluded in Europe before the fight of New Orleans took place, arrived, judicial proceedings were instituted against Jackson; he was found guilty of a violation of the Habeas Corpus Act, and condemned to a fine of two thousand dollars. This fine the Louisianian Creoles were anxious to pay for him; but he preferred paying it himself, and did so with a good grace, thereby augmenting the popularity he had acquired by his victories over the Creek Indians, and by the still more important repulse of Pakenham's ill-planned and worse-fated expedition.

Captain Percy, a young officer of regulars, brought the announcement of the suspension of the Louisianian constitution to a town on the Mississippi, then the headquarters of the militia, who, at the moment of his arrival, were assembled on parade. The general commanding read the despatch with grave dissatisfaction, and communicated its contents to his

officers. The news had already got wind through some passengers by the steamboat which brought the despatch-bearer, and discontent was rife amongst the militia. The parade was dismissed, the troops dispersed, and the officers were about to return to their quarters, when they were detained by the following incident.

From the opposite shore of the river, two boats had some time previously pushed off, one of them seeming at first uncertain what direction to take. It had turned first up, then down stream, but had at last pulled obliquely across the river towards the bayou or creek, on the shore of which the little town was situated. It was manned by sailors, judging from their shirts of blue and red flannel; but there were also other persons on board, differently dressed, one of whom reconnoitred the shore of the bayou with a telescope. It was the strange appearance of these persons that now attracted the attention of the officers. They were about twelve in number; some of them had their heads bound up, others had their arms in slings; several had great plasters upon their faces. They were of foreign aspect, and, judging from the style of their brown, yellow, and black physiognomies, of no very respectable class. As if wishing to escape observation, they sat with their backs to the bayou. At a word from General Billow, an officer stepped down to meet them.

The boat was close to shore, but as soon as the

suspicious-looking strangers perceived the approach of the militia officer, it was turned into the creek and shot rapidly up it. Suddenly it was brought to land; one of the better dressed of the men stepped out and approached the captain of regulars, who just then came out of the guard-house. With a military salute he handed him a paper, saluted again, and returned to his companions in the boat. After a short time the whole party ascended the bank of the bayou, and walked off in the direction of the town. The captain looked alternately at the men and at the paper, and then approached the group of officers.

"What do those people want?" inquired General Billow.

The officer handed him the paper.

"Read it yourself, general. I can hardly believe my eyes. A passport for Armand, Marceau, Bernardin, Cordon, &c., planters from Nacogdoches, delivered by the Mexican authorities, and countersigned by the general-in-chief."

"Have you inquired their destination?"

Captain Percy shrugged his shoulders. "New Orleans. Anything further, the man tells me, is known to the general-in-chief. A most suspicious rabble, and who seem quite at home here."

"Ah, Mister Billow and Barrow, how goes it? Glad to see you. You look magnificent in your scarfs and plumes."

This boisterous greeting, uttered in a rough, good-humoured voice, proceeded from our friend Squire Copeland, who had just landed from the second boat with his companions and horses, and having given the latter to a negro to hold, now stepped into the circle of officers, his broad-brimmed Quaker-looking hat decorated with the magnificent bunch of feathers, for which his daughters had laid the tenants of the poultry-yard under such severe contribution.

"Gentlemen," said he, half seriously and half laughing, "you see Major Copeland before you. To-morrow my battalion will be here."

"You are welcome, major," said the general and other officers, with a gravity that seemed intended as a slight check on the loquacity of their new brother in arms.

"And these men," continued the major, who either did not or would not understand the hint, "you might perhaps take for my aides-de-camp. This one, Dick Gloom, is our county constable; and as to the other"—he pointed to the Englishman—"I myself hardly know what to call him."

"I will help you, then," interrupted Hodges, impatient at this singular introduction. "I am an Englishman, midshipman of his Majesty's frigate Thunderer, from which I have, by mishap, been separated. I demand a prompt investigation of the fact, and report to your headquarters."

The general glanced slightly at the overhasty

speaker, and then at the written examination which the squire handed to him.

"This is your department, Captain Percy," said he; "be pleased to do the needful."

The officer looked over the paper, and called an orderly.

"Let this young man be kept in strict confinement. A sentinel with loaded musket before his door, and no one to have access to him."

"I really do not know which is the most suspicious," said the general; "this spy, as he is called, or the queer customers who have just walked away."

Squire Copeland had heard with some discontent the quick decided orders given by the captain of regulars.

"All that might be spared," said he. "He's as nice a lad as ever I saw. I was sitting yesterday at breakfast, when a parcel of my fellows, who are half horse, half alligator, and a trifle beyond, came tumbling into the house as if they would have pulled it down. Didn't know what it meant, till Joe Drum and Sam Shad brought the younker before me, and wanted to make him out a spy. I had half a mind to treat the thing as nonsense; but as we sat at table he let out something about Tokeah; and when the women spoke of Rosa—you know who I mean, Colonel Parker; Rosa, whom I've so often told you of—he got as red as any turkey-cock. Thinks I to myself, 'tisn't all right; better take him with you.

You know Tokeah, the Indian, who gave us so much trouble some fifteen years ago?"

"Tokeah, the chief of the Oconees?"

"The same," continued the squire. "I chanced to mention his name, and the lad blurted out, 'Tokeah! Do you know him?' and when Mistress Copeland spoke of Rosa——"

"But, my dear major, this circumstance is very important, and I see no mention of it in your report," said the general reprovingly.

"I daresay not," replied the loquacious justice of peace; "he'd hardly be such a fool as to put that down. I had my head and hands so full that I asked him just to draw up an account of the matter himself."

The officers looked at each other.

"Upon my word, squire," said the general, "you take the duties of your office pretty easily. Who ever heard of setting a spy to take down his own examination, and a foreigner too? How could you so expose yourself and us?"

The squire scratched himself behind the ear. "Damn it, you're right!" said he.

During this dialogue the officers had approached one of the five taverns, composing nearly a third part of the infant town, towards which the ill-looking strangers had betaken themselves. The latter seemed very anxious to reach the house first, but owing to the tardiness of some of their party, who walked

with difficulty, they were presently overtaken by the prisoner and his escort. When the foremost of them caught a sight of the Englishman's face, he started and hastily turned away. Hodges sprang on one side, stared him full in the face, and was on the point of rushing upon him, when one of his guards roughly seized his arm and pointed forwards.

"Stop!" cried the midshipman; "I know that man."

"May be," replied the orderly, drily. "Forward!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Hodges. "It is the pirate."

"Pirate?" repeated the soldier, who had again laid hold of his prisoner. "If you cut any more such capers, I'll take you to prison in a way that your bones will remember for a week to come. This young man says," added he to the officers, who just then came up, "that yonder fellow is a pirate."

"Obey your orders," was the sole reply of the general; and again the orderly pushed his prisoner onwards.

"And you?" said the militia general, turning to the foreigners—"who may you be?"

One of the strangers, half of whose face was bound up with a black silk bandage, whilst of the other half, which was covered with a large plaster, only a grey eye was visible, now stepped forward, and bowed with an air of easy confidence.

"I believe I have the honour to address officers of

militia, preparing for the approaching conflict. If, as I hope, you go down-stream to-morrow, we shall have the pleasure of accompanying you."

"Very kind," replied the general.

"Not bashful," added the squire.

"We also are come," continued the stranger in the same free-and-easy tone, "to lay our humble offering upon the altar of the land of liberty, the happy asylum of the persecuted and oppressed. Who would not risk his best blood for the greatest of earth's blessings?"

"You are very liberal with your best blood," replied the general, drily. "How is it that, being already wounded, you come so far to seek fresh wounds in a foreign service?"

"Our wounds were received from a party of Osages who attacked us on the road, and paid dearly for their temerity. We are not quite strangers here; we have for many years had connections in New Orleans, and some of the produce of our plantations will follow us in a few days."

"And this gentleman," said Colonel Parker, who, after staring for some time at one of the adventurers, now seized him by the collar, and in spite of his struggles dragged him forward; "does he also come to make an offering upon liberty's altar?"

With a blow of his hand he knocked off the man's cap, and with it a bandage covering part of his face.

"By Jingo! dat our Pompey, what run from Massa

John in New Orlean," tittered the colonel's black servant, who stood a little on one side with the horses.

"Pompey not know massa. Pompey free Mexican. Noding to massa," screamed the runaway slave..

"You'll soon learn to know me," said the colonel. "Orderly, take this man to jail, and clap irons on his neck and ankles."

"You will remain here," said the general in a tone of command to the spokesman of the party, who had looked on with an appearance of perfect indifference during the detection and arrest of his black confederate.

"It will be at your peril if you detain us," was the reply. "We are ordered to repair to headquarters as speedily as possible."

"The surgeon will examine you, and if you are really wounded, you will be at liberty to fix your temporary abode in the town. If not, the prison will be your lodging."

"Sir!" said the man, with an assumption of haughtiness.

"Say no more about it," replied the general coldly; "the commander-in-chief shall be informed of your arrival, and you will wait his orders here."

The stranger stepped forward, as if he would have expostulated, but the general turned his back upon him, and walked away. A party of militia now took

charge of the gang, and conducted them to the guard-house.

This scarred and ill-looking crew was Lafitte and the remnant of his band, who had come, according to a private understanding with General Jackson, to serve the American artillery against the British. Their bandages and plasters being found to cover real wounds, they were allowed to quarter themselves at the *estaminet* of the Garde Imperiale, kept by a Spaniard called Benito, once a member of Lafitte's band, but now settled in Louisiana, married, and, comparatively speaking, an honest man. Benito was greatly alarmed at the sight of his former captain and comrades, and still more so when they insisted upon his aiding them that very night to rescue Pompey the negro, lest he should betray their real character to the militia officers. Lafitte promised to have the runaway slave conveyed across the Mississippi; but as this would require the absence, for at least three hours, of several of the pirates, who, although at liberty, were kept under a species of surveillance, the real intention was to make away with the unfortunate Pompey as soon as the boat was at a certain distance from land. The negro was confined in a large building used as a cotton store, built of boards, and in a dilapidated condition; the militia on guard left their post to listen to the proceedings of a meeting then holding for the discussion of General Jackson's unconstitutional conduct, and,

profiting by their absence, Benito and four of the pirates, Mexican Spaniards, contrived the escape of a prisoner whom they believe to be Pompey. In the darkness they mistook their man, and brought away Hodges, who was confined in the same building. This occurred at midnight. The meeting, which absorbed the attention of the militia, was not yet over, when the four pirates, Benito, and the rescued prisoner, arrived at the junction of the creek and the Mississippi, and, unmooring a boat, prepare to embark.

At this moment a second boat became visible, gliding gently down the bayou towards the stream.

"*Que diablo!*" muttered the Mexicans. "What is that?"

The boat drew near; a man was in it.

"Who is that?" whispered the pirates, and then one of them sprang suddenly into the strange skiff, whence the clanking of chains was heard to proceed. The Mexican stared the unwelcome witness hard in the face.

"Ah, Massa Miguel!" cried the new-comer with a grin. "Pompey not stop in jail. Pompey not love the ninetail."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Mexican; "it is Pompey. Who is the other, then? We are seven instead of six. What does all this mean?"

"*Santiago!*" cried the pirates. "Who is he?" they whispered, surrounding the seventh, and, as it seemed, superfluous member of their society.

"No Spanish. Speak English," was the reply.

"*Santa Virgen!* How came you here?"

"You ought to know, since you brought me."

The men stepped back, and whispered to each other in Spanish. "Come, then!" said one of them at last.

"Not a step till I know who you are, and where you go."

"Fool! Who we are matters little to you, and where we go, as little. Any place is better for you than this. Stop here and I would not give a real for your neck."

"Leave him! Leave him!" muttered the others.

"Be off, and back again quickly," whispered the tavern-keeper, "or you are all lost."

"Stop!" cried the Englishman. "I will go with you."

The negro had already jumped into the Mexicans' boat, and, with the heedlessness of his race, had left his own adrift.

"Ingles," said one of the pirates, "sit you here," —and he showed him his place in the bow of the boat next to a young Mexican,—"and Pompey in the middle, and now let's be off."

"Stop!" cried Hodges. "Had we not better divide ourselves between the two boats?"

"Ah, massa never rowed across the Sippi," tittered the lazy negro. "Massa not get over in six hours, and come to land at Point Coupé."

"Hush, Pompey," muttered his neighbour, and the boat, impelled by six pair of hands, darted swiftly out into the stream.

"Ah, Massa Manuel, let Pompey file off him chains," grumbled the black. "Pompey been in upper jail—been cunning," laughed he to himself; "took file and helped himself out. Massa Parker stare when he see Pompey gone."

"Hold your tongue, doctor," commanded a voice from the hinder part of the boat, "and let your chains be till you get across."

The negro shook his head discontentedly. "Massa Felipe wouldn't like to be in the collars," said he; but nevertheless he put away his file, and whilst with one hand he managed the oar, with the other he held the chain connecting the ankle irons with the collar, and which had been filed in too close to the latter. This collar consisted of a ring two inches broad, and as thick as a man's finger, encircling the neck, and from which three long hooks rose up over the crown of the head. With a sort of childish wonder he weighed the chain in his hand, staring at it the while, and then let it fall into the bottom of the boat, which now advanced towards the middle of the stream.

"Poor Lolli!" said the negro, after a short silence —"she be sad not to see Pompey. She live in St John's, behind the cathedral."

"Pompey!" cried the Mexican who sat forward on

the same bench with Hodges, "your cursed chain is rubbing the skin off my ankles."

"Sit still, Pompey," said the negro's neighbour. "I'll take it out of the way."

"Ah! massa hurt poor Pompey," cried the black to his next man, who had wound the chain round his feet, and now gave it so sudden a pull that the negro let go his oar and fell back in the boat. The young Englishman became suddenly attentive to what passed.

"What are you about?" cried he; "what are you doing to the poor negro?"

"Gor-a-mighty's sake, massa, not joke so with poor Pompey," groaned the negro. "Massa strangle poor nigger."

"It's nothing at all, Pompey; think of your fat Lolli behind the cathedral, and don't forget the way to Nacogdoches," said the man on the sternmost bench, who had taken the chain from his comrade, passed it through the neck-iron, and violently pulling it, drew the unhappy negro up into a heap.

"Massa, massa, ma——!" gasped the negro, whose breath was leaving him.

The whole had been the work of a moment, and the stifled groans and sobs of the agonised slave were nearly drowned by the rush of the waters and splash of the oar-strokes.

"The devil!" cried the Englishman, "what is all this?"

At that moment the board on which he sat was lifted, his fellow-rower threw himself against him with all his force, and nearly succeeded in precipitating him into the stream. Hodges staggered, but managed to regain his balance, and turning quickly upon his treacherous neighbour, dealt him a blow with his fist that knocked him overboard.

"*Buen viage á los infiernos!*" cried the other Mexicans with a burst of hellish laughter, hearing the splash, but misapprehending its cause.

"Go to hell yourself!" shouted the Englishman, grasping his oar, and dealing the man in front of him a blow that stretched him by the side of the negro.

"*Santa Virgen!* who is that?" cried the two sternmost pirates.

"The Englishman!" exclaimed one of them, pressing forward towards Hodges, but stumbling over the men at the bottom of the boat, which now rocked violently from the furious struggle going on within it.

"Ma—— ma——!" groaned the negro again, now seemingly in the death-agony. His eyes stood out from their sockets, and glittered like stars in the darkness; his tongue hung from his mouth, swollen and convulsed.

"By the living God! if you don't unfasten the negro, I'll knock you all into the river."

"*Maldito Ingles! Picaro gojo!*"

"Let him go! Let him go! Holy Virgin!" yelled the three Mexicans, as one of them who had approached the Englishman was knocked bellowing into his place by a furious blow of the oar. "It's the devil himself!" cried the pirates, and one of them pushed the negro towards Hodges.

"Stand back!" cried the midshipman, "and take off his neck-iron. If you strangle him, you are all dead men."

One of the Mexicans laid hold of the negro, who was coiled up like a ball, and drew the chain out of the collar. The poor slave's limbs fell back, dead and powerless as pieces of wood. A gasping, rattling noise in his throat alone denoted that life was still in him.

"Stand back!" repeated Hodges, stooping down, and endeavouring, by vigorous friction with a blanket, to restore the negro to consciousness. During this life-and-death struggle, the boat, left at the mercy of the waters, had been borne swiftly away by the stream, and was now floating amongst a number of the enormous trees which the Mississippi carries down by thousands to the sea. The Mexicans resumed their places, and with their utmost strength began to pull up-stream. Not far from the frail skiff, beneath the mantle of fog covering the river, a huge tree-trunk was seen coming directly towards the boat—Hodges had barely time to bid the Mexicans be careful, when it shot by them. As it did so,

a strange, unnatural cry saluted their ears, and straining his eyes through the darkness, the young Englishman saw a head and a hand appearing above one of the limbs of the forest giant.

"*Misericordia!*" cried the voice—"*Socorro! Por Dios!*"

It was the Mexican whom Hodges had knocked into the water, and who, by means of the tree, had saved himself from drowning.

"Turn the boat!" cried Hodges, "your countryman is still alive."

"*Es verdad!*" exclaimed the desperadoes, and the boat was turned. Meanwhile the negro had come gradually to himself, and now crouched down at the feet of his deliverer. He peered over the gunwale at the half-drowned Mexican.

"Gor-a-mighty, massa!" cried he, seizing the Englishman's oar—"dat Miguel—trike him dead, massa; Miguel very bad mans."

"Keep still, Pompey," answered Hodges, pulling with might and main to the assistance of the Mexican. The boat shot alongside the floating tree, and the half-drowned wretch had just sufficient strength left to extend his hand, which the Englishman grasped.

"Take care, massa! the pirates will kill us both," cried the negro.

At that moment the boat received a violent shock, a wave dashed over it, and threw the Mexican on

the gunwale, across which he lay more dead than alive.

"Lay hold of him," said Hodges to the negro.

"Ah, Pompey not such dam' fool—Pompey lub massa too much. The others don't row. Look, massa, they only wait to kill massa."

"Hark ye!" cried Hodges to the Mexicans, at the same time giving the nearest to him a blow with his oar—"the first who leaves off rowing—you understand me?"

The boat rocked on the huge sheet of water, in the midst of the floating trees, menaced each moment with destruction from the latter, or with being swallowed up by the troubled and impetuous stream; the Mexicans cowered upon their benches—thirst of blood, and rage, suppressed only by fear, gleaming in their black rolling eyes and ferocious countenances. The negro now twisted the boat-rope round the body of the rescued man, who, still groaning and imploring mercy, was dragged on board.

"Ah, massa! Miguel good swimmer; bath not hurt him, massa," mumbled the restless black. "Massa not forget to take his oar with him out of the boat."

"And Pompey not forget to handle his own a little more diligently," was the reply of Hodges.

For a time the negro obeyed the injunction, and then looked at the young Englishman, who appeared to listen attentively to some distant sound.

"Massa never fear, militiaman sleep well—only Sippi's noise. Pompey know the road, Massa Parker not eatch him."

A quarter of an hour passed away, and the strength of the rowers began to diminish under their continued and laborious efforts.

"Massa soon see land—out of the current already," cried the negro.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and they reached the shore; Hodges jumped out of the boat, and was followed by the negro, still loaded with his fetters. The Mexicans sprang after them.

"Stop by your boat!" cried Hodges in a threatening tone. Instead of an answer, a knife, thrown by a sure and practised hand, struck him on the breast. The deerskin vest with which Canondah had equipped him proved his protection. The weapon stuck in it, and remained hanging there.

"Vile assassins!" cried Hodges, who now broke off the flat part of his oar, and grasping the other half, was about to rush upon the bandits, when the negro threw his arms round him.

"Massa not be a fool! pirates have more knives, and be glad if he go near them. Kill him then easy."

"You are right, Pompey," said Hodges, half laughing, half angry, at the negro, who was showing his white teeth in an agony of fear and anxiety. "The dogs are not worth the killing."

For a moment the three assassins stood undecided;

then yelling out a "*Buen viage á los infiernos!*" got into their boat and speedily disappeared in the fog and darkness.

Hodges was pursued and recaptured, but Tokeah and Rosa, who, with their companions, were brought in by a party of militia, and the latter of whom was joyfully recognised and welcomed by the worthy Squire Copeland, cleared him of the charge of spying, and he remained a prisoner of war. The troops took their departure for New Orleans, and the Indians were detained at the town, whence, however, Tokeah and El Sol departed in the night-time, and continued their journey. The old chief accomplished his object, disinterred his father's bones, and returned to fetch Rosa, and proceed with her to his new home in the country of the Comanches. Meanwhile the action of New Orleans had been fought, and he finds, to his grief and astonishment, that Lafitte, whose life he had spared in the expectation of his meeting punishment at the hands of the Americans, had actually been fighting in their ranks, and had received, as a reward for his services, a free pardon, coupled, however, with an injunction to quit the territory of the United States. Through an advertisement in an old newspaper, traces had been discovered of Rosa's father, who was a Mexican of high rank. She had been stolen by a tribe of Indians with whom Tokeah was at war, and from whose hands he rescued her. Tokeah had an interview with General Jackson, who

cautioned him against the further indulgence of his inveterate hostility to the Americans, and permitted him to depart. Rosa now went to take leave of the old chief, who was as yet unaware that she was not to accompany him.

When Rosa, Squire Copeland, and Hodges entered the *estaminet* of the Garde Imperiale, they found the two chiefs and their followers seated in their usual manner upon the floor of the room, which had no other occupants. El Sol rose at their entrance, and, advancing a few steps, took Rosa's hand and conducted her to a chair. She did not sit down, but ran to the Miko and affectionately embraced him. The old chief gazed at her with a cold and inquiring look.

"Miko," said the squire, "Miss Rosa has come to take leave of you, and to thank you for the kindness you have shown her. You yourself shall fix the sum that will compensate you for your expenses on her account."

"Tokeah," replied the Indian, misunderstanding Major Copeland's words, and taking a leather bag from his wampum belt, "will willingly pay what the white chief claims for food and drink given to the White Rose."

"You are mistaken," replied the squire; "payment is due to you. Strictly speaking, the amount should be fixed by a jury, but you have only to ask, and any reasonable sum shall be paid at once."

"The white chief," said the Indian, "may take whatever he pleases."

"I tell you it is I, and not you, who have to pay," returned the squire.

"Has my daughter bid farewell to her foster-father?" said the Indian to Rosa, who had listened to this dialogue with some uneasiness. "Rosa must leave the wigwam of the white men; the Miko's path is a long one, and his spirit is weary of the pale-faces."

"And must the Miko go?" said Rosa. "Oh! father of my Canondah! remain here; the white men will love thee as a brother."

The Indian looked at her with astonishment.

"What means the White Rose?" said he,—"the pale-faces love Tokeah? Has the White Rose——?" He paused, and surveyed her gloomily and suspiciously. "Tokeah," continued he at last, "is very weary of the white men; he will be gone."

"Miko," said Rosa, timidly—for it was evident that the chief was still in error as to the motive of her visit—"Rosa has come to beg you to remain a while with the white men; but if you must go, she will——"

"The Miko is the father of his people," interrupted Tokeah; "they call him; he must go, and the Rose of the Oconees shall also be the Rose of the Comanches, the squaw of a great chief."

The young girl blushed, and stepped back.

"Miko," said she, "you are the beloved father of my dear Canondah; you saved my life and maintained me, and I thank you heartily; but, Miko, I cannot, I must not, do as you wish. I no longer belong to you, but to my father—my long-lost father."

"Rosa speaks truth—she belongs to her father," said the Miko, not yet undeceived; "my daughter's feet are weak, but she shall sit in a canoe till she reaches the wigwams of the Pawnees, and they have many horses."

"By G—!" cried the squire, "here is a mistake; the Indian thinks to take Rosa with him. My dear boy," continued he to Hodges, "run as quick as you can to Colonel Parker, and bring a party of men. Bayonets are the only things these savages respect. Rosa, say no more to him, he is getting wild."

A change had taken place in the Indian, although it was one which only a keen observer could detect. He began to have an inkling that Rosa was to be taken from him, and his gloomy inanimate physiognomy betrayed a restless agitation, which alarmed the major.

"The White Rose," resumed Tokeah, after a while, "is a dutiful daughter. She will cook her father's venison."

"That would I willingly do for the father of my Canondah," said the young girl; "but a higher duty calls me. Father of my Canondah! Rosa has come to take leave of thee."

The Indian listened attentively.

"Miko," continued the maiden, "the father who gave me life is found. Rosa must hasten to him who for fourteen years has wept and sought her."

"Tokeah gave Rosa her life; he saved her from the tomahawk of Milimach; he paid with skins for the milk she drank."

"But Rosa has another father who is nearer to her, whom the Great Spirit bestowed upon her; to him must she go. I *must* leave you, Miko," said she, with increased firmness of manner.

Upon the countenance of the Indian all the bad passions of his nature were legible. The scales had at last fallen from his eyes; but even now his cold and terrible calmness did not desert him, although the violence of the storm raging within showed itself in the play of his features and the variation of his complexion.

"Miko," said the squire, who foresaw an approaching outburst of fury—"Miko, you heard the words of the great warrior of the pale-faces?"

The Indian took no notice of the caution; his whole frame was agitated by a feverish trembling; his hand sought his scalping-knife; and he cast so terrible a look at Rosa, that the horror-struck squire sprang to her side. To Major Copeland's astonishment, the young girl had regained all her courage, and there was even a certain dignity in her manner.

"Miko," said she, extending her arms, "I must leave you."

"What says my daughter?" demanded the Indian —who even yet seemed unable to believe his ears— his voice assuming so shrill and unnatural a tone, that the tavern-keeper and his wife rushed terrified into the room. "Tokeah is not her father? she will not follow the Miko?"

"She cannot," answered Rosa, firmly.

"And Rosa," continued the Indian, in the same piercing accents, "will leave the Miko; will let him wander alone on his far and weary path?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when, by a sudden and unexpected movement, Tokeah sprang to his feet, caught Rosa in his arms, and with a like rapidity retreating to the side-door of the room, came in such violent contact with it, that its glass panes were shivered into a thousand pieces.

"And does the white snake think," he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "that the Miko is a fool?" He held the maiden in his left arm, whilst his right raised the glittering scalping-knife. "Does the white snake think," continued the raging Indian, with a shrill laugh of scorn, whilst the foam gathered round his mouth, "that the Miko fed and cherished her, and gave skins for her, that she might return to the white men, the venomous pale-faces, whom he spits upon?" And he spat with loathing upon the ground.

"By the God who made you, hold! Hurt the child, and you are a dead man!" cried the squire.

who seized a stool and endeavoured to force his way to Rosa, but was repulsed by the Comanches and Oconees.

"Therefore did the white snake accompany me!" yelled Tokeah. "Does my son know," cried he to El Sol, "that the White Rose has betrayed her father—betrayed him for the pale-faces? Will the white snake follow her father?" screamed the frantic savage.

"I cannot," was the reply. "The voice of my white father calls me."

An expression of intense hatred came over the features of the Indian, as he gazed at the beautiful creature who lay half-fainting on his arm.

"Tokeah will leave the White Rose with her friends," said he, with a low deadly laugh, drawing back his hand and aiming the knife at her bosom.

"Gracious God! he is killing her!" cried the major, breaking furiously through the opposing Indians. But at this critical moment the young Comanche was beforehand with him. With a bound he interposed himself between the chief's armed hand and intended victim, tore Rosa from the grasp of Tokeah, and hurled him back against the door with such force that it flew into fragments.

"Tokeah is indeed a wild cat!" cried he with indignant disgust. "He forgets that he is a chief amongst his people, and brings shame upon the name of the red men. El Sol is ashamed of such a father."

These words, spoken in the Pawnee dialect, had an indescribable effect upon the old savage. He had partly raised himself after his fall, but now again sank down as if lifeless. Just then several file of militia entered the room with bayonets fixed.

"Shall we take the Indian to prison?" said Lieutenant Parker.

The major stood speechless, both his arms clasped round Rosa.

"Lieutenant Parker," said he, "support Rosa for a moment: the Almighty Himself has protected her, and it beseems not us to take vengeance." He approached the old Indian, who still lay upon the floor, lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. "Tokeah," he said, "according to our laws, your life is forfeited, and the halter the least you deserve; nevertheless, begone, and that instantly. You will find your punishment without receiving it at our hands."

"He was my father, my unhappy father!" exclaimed Rosa, and tottering to the Indian, she threw her arms around him. "Father of my Canondah," cried she, "Rosa would never leave you, but the voice of her own father calls. Forgive her who has been a daughter to you!"

The Indian remained mute. She gazed at him for a while with tearful eyes; then turned to El Sol, and bowing her head modestly and respectfully, took leave of him, and left the house with her companions.

The young chief of the Comanches remained as in

a dream, till the major, with Rosa and the militia, were already far from the *estaminet*. Suddenly he came bounding after them, and placing himself before Rosa, took her hands, pressed them to his breast, and bowed his head so mournfully, that the witnesses of the scene stood silent, sympathising with his evident affliction.

"El Sol," whispered he, in a scarcely audible tone, "has seen Rosa: he will never forget her."

And without raising his eyes to her face, he turned away.

"As I live," exclaimed the squire, with some emotion, "the noble savage weeps!"

VIII.

An hour subsequently to this scene, the party of Indians left the bayou in a canoe, and ascended the Mississippi. Upon reaching the mouth of the Red River, they turned into it, and continued their route up-stream. On the tenth day from that of their departure, they found themselves upon the elevated plain where the western district of Arkansas and Louisiana joins the Mexican territory. To their front were the snowy summits of the Ozark range, beyond which are immense steppes extending towards the Rocky Mountains. The sun sank behind the snow-capped peaks, as the Indians landed at the

western extremity of the long table-rock, which there stretches like a wall along the left bank of the Red River. Leaving their canoe, they approached a hill, or rather a mass of rock, that rises not far from the shore in the barren salt steppe, and in whose side exists a cave or grotto, resembling, by its regularity of form, an artificial archway. Here, upon the imaginary boundary-line separating the hunting-grounds of the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe from those of the Cousas and Osages, they took up their quarters for the night. El Sol ordered a fire to be made; for Tokeah, who had just left the warm climate of Louisiana, shivered with cold. Their frugal meal despatched, the Miko and his Oconees stretched themselves upon the ground and slept. El Sol still listened to a legend related by one of the Comanches, when he was startled by a distant noise. In an instant the three warriors were upon their feet, their heads stretched out in the direction of the breeze which had conveyed the sound to their ears.

"The dogs!" murmured the young Comanche; "they bay after a foe in whose power it once was to crush them."

The Oconees were roused from their slumber, and the party hurried to the place where they had left the canoe. The Miko and his warriors got in and descended the stream; whilst El Sol and the two Comanches crept noiselessly along the water's edge in the same direction. After proceeding for about half a

mile, the canoe stopped, and the young chief and his followers entered it, previously breaking the bushes growing upon the shore, so as to leave unmistakable marks of their passage. They continued their progress down the river to the end of the table-rock, and then, leaving the old man in the boat, El Sol and the four warriors again landed, and glided away in the direction of their recently abandoned bivouac. In its vicinity were stationed a troop of twenty horses. Of the Indians to whom these belonged, ten remained mounted, whilst the remainder searched the cave, and followed the trail left by its late occupants. Crouching and crawling upon the ground, the better to distinguish the footmarks dimly visible in the moonlight, it might almost have been doubted whether their dark forms were those of men, or of some strange amphibious animals who had stolen out of the depths of the river for a midnight prowl upon the shore.

His ear against the rock, and motionless as a statue, El Sol observed each movement of the foe. Suddenly, when the Indians who followed the trail were at some distance from the cave, he made a sign to his companions, and, with a noiseless swiftness that defied detection, the five warriors approached the horses. A slight undulation of the plain was all that now separated them from their enemy. El Sol listened, gazed upwards at the moon's silver disc, just then emerging from behind a snow-charged

cloud, raised himself upon his knee, and taking a long and steady aim, nodded to his warriors. The next instant five savages, pierced by as many bullets, fell from their horses to the ground; a terrible yell shattered the stillness of the night; and with lightning swiftness El Sol sprang upon the terrified survivors, who, answering his war-whoop by cries of terror, fled in confusion from the place. It needed all the surprising rapidity and dexterity of the young chief and his followers to secure six of the half-wild horses, whose bridles, so swift and well-calculated had been the movements of the Comanches, might be said to fall from the hands of their slain riders into those of the assailants. The remaining steeds reared in extreme terror, and then, with neigh and snort, dashed madly across the wide waste of the steppe.

Springing upon the backs of the captured animals, the Comanches galloped to the shore. Scarcely had they entered the canoe, astern of which the horses were made to swim, when the bullets and arrows of the pursuing foe whistled around them.

"Will my son promise the Miko to be a good father to the Oconees?" said the old chief in a hollow voice, as they pulled out of range of the fire.

"A father and a brother," answered the Comanche. "But why does my father ask? He will dwell long and happily with his children."

"Will El Sol swear it by the Great Spirit?"

repeated the old man earnestly, but in a fainter voice.

"He will," replied the young chief.

"Will he swear to bury Tokeah and his father's bones in the grave of the warriors of the Comanches?"

"He will," said El Sol.

"So shall the white men not scoff at his ashes, nor at those of his father," groaned the Miko. "But it is the will of the Great Spirit that Tokeah should not see the hunting-grounds of the Comanches; he is doomed to die in the land of the pale-faces."

A rattling in his throat interrupted the old man; he murmured a few broken words in the ears of his Oconees, who broke out into a wild howl of lamentation. Still clasping to his breast the coffin containing his father's bones, he sank back in the boat in the agonies of death. El Sol raised him in his arms, but life had already fled. A bullet had struck him between the shoulders, and inflicted a mortal wound. In silent grief the young chief threw himself upon the corpse, and long after the boat had reached the opposite shore, he lay there, unmindful of all but his sorrow. Roused at length by the whispers of his companions to a sense of the danger of longer delay, he laid the body across a horse, and himself mounting the same animal, took the road to the village of the Pawnees. There, upon the following day, to the wild and mournful music of the death-song, the little party made its sorrowful entrance.

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